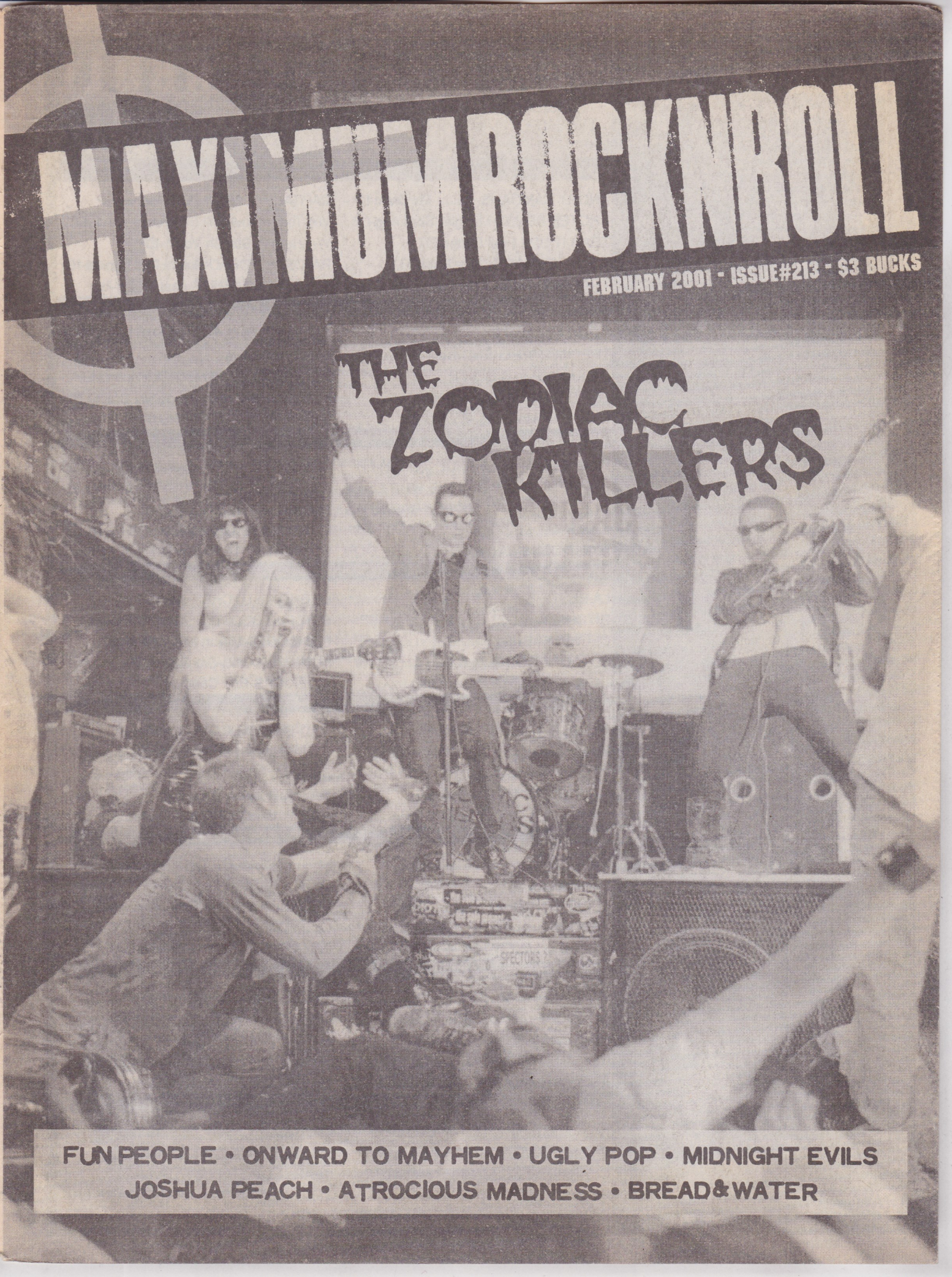
MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

FEBRUARY 2001 - ISSUE#213 - $3 BUCKS



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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

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Let us know which issue to start with!

BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
Back issues 143, 146, 148, 150-163, 165-181, 184-212 are as stated above in subscription info. See descriptions on the page after next.

DEADLINES FOR NEXT ISSUE:
Scene Reports: continuously, with photos!
Interviews: continuously, with photos!
Ad Reservations: call to make sure.
Ad Copy In (with payment): by 15th of previous month–NO LATER!!!
Issue out: by 2nd week of following month.

★★ NEW AD SIZES AND RATES!! ★★
1/6 page: (2 3/8" x 5" high) $25
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We will not accept major label or related ads, or ads for comps or EPs that include major label bands. Send ads properly sized, on paper.

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Please send all records, zines, letters, articles, scene reports, photos, subscriptions, interviews, ads, etc., to:

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(use this mainly for comments & letters. Use phone for ads & other business stuff)

TOP 10

For what it's worth (not much), here's some of the MRR crew's current Top 10 lists of stuff we review.

ROB GOONS

- ANGRY SAMOANS-Inside My Brain-LP
- PROTES BENGT-Manglar Som Agg-LP
- TEAR IT UP-I Feel Better-EP
- YOUTH ENRAGE-Gore Rights-LP
- TRAGEDY-Point Of No Return-LP
- CAPITALIST CASUALTIES-Planned-EP
- V/A-Tommorow Will Be Worse Vol. 2-LP
- V/A-Human Stench Vol. 1-EP
- RATOS DE PORAO-Guerra Civil Canival-10"
- TOTAL FURY/SPAZZ (last show)-live

JEFF HEERMAN

- DOGS-Fed Up-LP
- THE WILD WEEKEND-Next Your...-EP
- SIDEKICKS-In & Out-EP
- LE SHOK/STITCHES-split-EP
- LARRY DIRTY-Drug Abused-EP
- CECILIA ET SUS ENNUIS-Mon Engin-EP
- COME ONS-live
- HOLLYWOODS-Hollywood Delinquents-EP
- ANGRY SAMOANS-Inside My Brain-LP
- X-Home is Where The Floor Is-EP

TOM HOPKINS

- MANNER FARM-LP/TRUE NORTH-LP
- LARRY DIRTY-EP/RITCHIE WHITES-EP
- ONE MAN SHOW LIVE-EP/TRAGEDY-LP
- IMMORTAL LEE COUNTY KILLERS-EP
- MIGHTY JOHN WAYNES-EP/STANDELLS-LPs
- CIVIL RIGHTS-EP/REACHING FORWARD-LP
- ASSEL/SECOND THOUGHT-split-EP/X-EP
- TEAR IT UP-EP/SULTANS-LP
- YOUTH ENRAGE-LP/ERASE ERATA-EP
- LE SHOK/STITCHES-split-EP

CAROLYN KEDDY

- LA PESTE-Better Off Dead-45
- RITCHIE WHITES-Stop Me Before-EP
- CECILIA ET SUS ENNUIS-Mon Engin-EP
- BLOWUP-EP/ST. BUSHMILL'S CHOIR-live
- LARRY DIRTY-Drug Abused-EP
- LE SHOK/STITCHES-split-EP
- SCAT RAG BOOSTERS/DIXIE BUZZARDS
- PLIMSOULS-Million Miles Away-EP
- BUNNY BRAINS-Sin Gulls-CD
- SIDEKICKS-Butt Candy-10"

DULCINEA LOUDMOUTH

- AEROBITCH-Steamrollin-LP
- X-Home Is Where The Floor Is-EP
- NEON HEARTS-Popular Music-LP
- LE SHOK/STITCHES-split-EP
- GG ALLIN & THE JABBERS-EP
- MAD-Eyeball-EP/BELLRAYS-EP
- RITCHIE WHITES-Stop Me Before-EP
- SKREWDRIVER-The Early Years-LP
- BLOWUP-Dead Stars-EP
- ANGRY SAMOANS-Inside My Brain-LP

RAY LUJAN

- YUM YUMS-10"/LAST STAND-CD
- TUULI/BLACK HALOS-split-EP
- LUCKY STRIKE-EP/DEFECTS-CD
- AEROBITCH-LP/DEPRESSIONS-CD
- WORLD IS MINE/MILES APART-split-EP
- SERVO/PEAR OF THE WEST-split-EP
- GERTY FARISH-EP/JOLT-LP
- SHONBEN/MY WINTER JANE-split EP
- LE SHOK/STITCHES-split-EP
- BELLRAYS-CD/NEON HEARTS-LP

TIMOJHEN MARK

- CIVIL RIGHTS-Be As Still-EP
- GODNOSE-Odessa-LP
- MAD-Eyeball-EP/CHARM-Hito-EP
- REACHING FORWARD-For The Cause-LP
- ANGRY SAMOANS-Inside My Brain-LP
- YOUTH ENRAGE-Gore Rights-LP
- TRAGEDY-Point Of No Return-LP
- CATTLE DECAPITATION-EP
- X-Home Is Where The Floor Is-EP
- LE SHOK/STITCHES-split-EP

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON

- WORLD IS MINE/MILES APART-split-EP
- SHONBEN/MY WINTER JANE-split EP
- CHARM-Hito-EP//MANNER FARM-LP
- SERVO/PEAR OF THE WEST-split-EP
- ONE MAN SHOW LIVE-Don't Matter-EP
- CAPITALIST CASUALTIES-Planned-EP
- ERASE ERATA-Cat & Canary-EP
- TEAR IT UP-EP/BLOWUP-EP
- TRUE NORTH-LP/YOUTH ENRAGE-LP
- ANGRY SAMOANS-LP/TRAGEDY-LP

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

TOP 10

Please send us records (2 copies of vinyl, if possible–one for MRR and one for reviewer), or CD-only release. See Records section for where to send tapes.

MUNDO MURGUIA

SKREWDRIVER-The Early Years-LP	LOUDMOUTHS/ROCKS-split-EP
X-Home Is Where The Floor Is-EP	V/A-The Hostage Situation-CD
BOVVER WONDERLAND-Forgotten-CD	AGGRO/VEX-split EP
UK SUBS-The Revolution's Here-EP	NEON HEARTS-Popular Music-LP
THE DIALTONES-Oh Baby Doll-45	LE SHOK/STITCHES-split-EP

BRUCE ROEHRS

BOVVER WONDERLAND-Forgotten-CD	EXPLOSION SACK-What's Joke!?-EP
LIFE ALIVE-The Winning Hand-45	TROOPERS-Troopers-LP
ALLEGIANCE-Heros In The Making-CD	SKREWDRIVER-The Early Years-LP
TEMPLARS-Return of Jacque-LP	V/A-The Hostage Situation/KAAOS-EP
4 SKINS-Low Life-LP/BODIES-EP	LE SHOK/STITCHES-split-EP

ANDREW SCOTT

RITCHIE WHITES-Stop Me Before-EP	ANGRY SAMOANS-Inside My Brain-LP
X-Home Is Where The Floor Is-EP	TRAGEDY-Point Of No Return-LP
AEROBITCH-Steamrollin-LP	ELETRIC EELS-Agitated-EP
DIALTONES-Oh Baby Doll-45	SIDEKICKS-Butt Candy-10"
LARRY DIRTY-Drug Abused-EP	V/A-Flying Bomb Surprise Package-EP

MIKE THORN

PROTES BENGT-LP/KAFKA PROCESS-LP	HARUM SCARUM/STUPOR-split-EP
TRAGEDY-LP/PROTESTERA-LP	ABUSO SONORO/AUTORITAR-split-EP
V/A-South America-LP/SIN DIOS-LP	ASSEL/SECOND THOUGHT-split-EP
V/A-Human Stench-EP/RE-SISTERS-EP	ATROCIOUS MADNESS-live
KAAOS-EP/TEAR IT UP-EP/TOTAL FURY-live	BAD TASTE-Nunca Olivides La Lucha-EP

MAX WARD

CHARM-Hito-EP	V/A-Tommorow Will Be Worse-LP
TEAR IT UP-I Feel Better-EP	BLOWBACK-I Like Time-CD
LIE/LIVE FROM DEATH ROW-split-EP	JUDGEMENT-Just Be...-CD
ASSEL/SECOND THOUGHT-split-EP	PAINT BOX-Earth Ball Sports-CD
SCALPLOCK/SHORT HATE TEMPER-split-EP	TOTAL FURY-live

RYAN WELLS

SUBTONIX-live (finally)	LOS SHAINS-El Ritmo De Los-10"
ERASE ERATA-Cat Canary-EP	DOGS-Fed Up-LP
DREAM DATES-Moans-EP	RITCHIE WHITES-Stop Me Before-EP
SURGEONS-Breaking Rocks-EP	LE SHOK/STITCHES-split-EP
X-Home Is Where The Floor Is-EP	GERTY FARISH-Deadly Attackers-EP

REMA YOUNG / KENNY KAOS

DIALTONES-Oh Baby Doll-7"	AEROBITCH-Steamrollin-LP
YUM YUMS-10"/RETARDED-LP	BELLRAYS-Suicide Baby-45
THE WILD WEEKEND-Next Your-EP	LOUDMOUTHS/ROCKS-split-EP
LE SHOK/STITCHES-split-EP	THE BLOWUP-Dead Stars-EP
THE DONTCARES-Keep Em Rollin'-EP	X-Home Is Where The Floor Is-EP

ZINE TOP TEN

Avow #10	Harbinger #3
Clench #1	On the Bank of the Tumid River #2
Defcult #4	Pear Shaped #4
Element #13	The Romance of Revolution #3
Food Geek #3	Stay Gold Jesse Stay Gold #5

ZINE SHITWORKERS

Sam Atakra	Peter Avery
Aragorn	Paul Barger
Michelle Barnhardt	Jerry Booth
Enrico Cadena	Karoline Collins
Robert Collins	Catherine Cook
Rob Coons	Andy Darling
Rafael DiDonato	Mikel Delgado
Neale Fishback	Jonathan Floyd
Gardner Fusuhara	Brian Gathy
Doug Grime	Katja Gussmann
Lance Hahn	Chris Hall
Harald Hartmann	Jeff Heermann
Missy Hennings	Tom Hopkins
George Impulse	Kenny Kaos
Carolyn Keddy	Mark Kessler
Pete Ketchpel	Melissa Klein
Dulcinea Loudmouth	Gabe Lucas
Michael Lucas	Ray Lujan
Jesse Luscious	Hal MacLean
Bobby Manic	Timojhen Mark
Jeff Mason	Tobia J. Minckler
Mundo Murguia	Allan McNaughton
Jennifer Mushnick	C. Nellie Nelson
Mimi Nguyen	Donna Poole
Jacqueline P.	Sandra Ramos
Spencer Rangitsch	Trent Reinsmith
Casey Ress	Bruce Roehrs
Greta Snider	Denise Scilingo
Steve Spinali	Will Thundercat
Jessie Trashed	Max Ward
Ryan Wells	Shane White
Jeff Yih	Rema Young
Henry Yu	

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Ted Rall	Renae Bryant
Dave Emory	Erin Whupass
Mark Murrmann	Mark Hanford
Felix Von Havoc	Jose Palafox
Queenie	Erich Schulte
Scott Soriano	Stickerguy Pete
John Ringhoff	Dave Dictor
Chris(tine) Boarts	Jessica Mills
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Waylon Holderman	Justin Jozwiak
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Arwen Curry Mike Thorn

Andrew Scott

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#143/Apr '95. Vindictives, Stinkerbell, Jsesu Christ Superfly, New Day, Registrators, Youth Brigade, Pit, Maximum Crime Stories, *Attitude Problem*, "Pioneers—Northwest Noise."

#146/July '95. Riverdales, Head, Bristles, Aut Aut, Schleprock, Spanakorzo, McRackins, YAPO, 10-96, Empress Of Fur, Underhand, Nailed Down.

#148/Sept '95. Soda Jerks, Toe Rag, Thorazine, Scared Straight, Wizo, Opposition Party, Moody Jackson, Adversives, Opcion Crucial, Rebel Rebel, Teen Idols, Walking Ruins, "Pioneers—Sixties Punk Kings".

#150/Nov '95. NY Loose, Snap-Her, Sick Boys, Splatterheads, Pipe, Pregnant Man, Final Conflict, Rawness, Stink, Goblins, Smellie Fingers, "Roots—The Essential 1950s".

#151/Dec '95. Lowdowns, My White Bread Mom, Queen B's, Electric Frankenstein, Turtlehead, Serpico, Trick Babys, In/Humanity, Stains, Varukers, Pist, Terrible Virtue, "The Hardcore Films Of Richard Kern".

#152/Jan '96. Delilah Jacks, Battalion of Saints, Bottom Feeders, Turbonegro, Murder Junkies, Junior, Assfort, Retch Records, Com-Fract, Dead End Kids, *Strange Fruit*, "Scumpit—Florida," "Pioneers—Heartbreakers."

#153/Feb '96. Snort, Hatchetface, Little Ugly Girls, ADZ, Oxymoron, NOTA, Stun Guns, Surfin' Turnips, Gutfiddle, Karen Monster, Dimestore Haloes, "Uncle Sam & the Swastika."

#154/Mar '96. Motards, Subincision, Stisism, Donnas, Stallions, Count Backwards, "Pioneers—Instrumental Madness, Damned."

#155/Apr '96. Hockey Teeth, Turnips, Pussy Crush, Cro-Mags, High Plains Drifters, Slight Slappers, Third Degree, Anti-Flag, "Knights of Malta."

#156 pt 1/May '96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splach 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids, "Roots—Boston".

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, SubRosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal, Ussue 1, Clint Walker.

#157/June '96. Against All Authority, The Criminals, Wardance, Heroines, Brain Brats, Rudiments, Chinese Millionaires, Sons Of Hercules, Your Mother, Yellow Scab, "Roots—Sham 69".

#158/July '96. Workin' Stiffs, The Gain, Ashley Von Hurter, Haters, The Process, Brother Inferior, Judge Nothing, Break-ups, Not For Rent, "Roots—The Buzzcocks".

#159/Aug '96. Smugglers, Brand New Unit, Tone Deaf Pig-Dogs, Round Ear Spocks, David Hayes/Very Small Recs, Man Afraid, Blind Side, Vox Populi, Death Wish Kids, Fun People, Fat Drunk & Stupid, "Roots—The Dickies".

#160/Sept '96. Automatics, Boycot, Toast, Morning Shakes, Mormons, John Q Public, Sex Offenders, Ballgagger, Business, Apocalypse Babys, Good Riddance, Russia Update, "Roots—Eater".

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts, "Pioneers–Ohio '77".

#162/Nov '96. Phantom Surfers, Candy Snatchers, The Stain, National Guard, Torches To Rome, Restos Fosiles, Two Bo's Maniacs, Snuka, Redemption 87, Torture Kitty, "Roots—LA '77".

#163/Dec '96. Last Sons of Krypton, Prostitutes, Wig Hat, Boys, Let It Rock, Enemy Soil, Vulcaneers, Half Empty, Zeros, Deadcats, Teen Idles.

#165/Feb '96. Blanks '77, Emily's Sassy Lime, Real Mckenzies, Millionaires, Dropkick Murphys, Other People's Music, No-Talents, Hives, Sea Monster, He's Dead Jim, Defiance, Bou Sou Nezumi, Freeze, *Migraine*, "Pioneers—Richard Hell."

#166/Mar '97. Walking Abortions, Hickey, '77 Spreads, Sanity Assassins, Cards In Spokes, Joey Tampon & The Toxic Shocks, Adjective Noun, Suicide King, Lenguas Armadas, Trauma, De Crew, "Pioneers—Dead Boys".

#167/Apr '97. Grand Theft Audio, No Fraud, Gauze, Nobodys, Sloppy Seconds, Danko Jones, Viceroys, Forgotten, Sty Zine, "Pioneers—Kuro," "Progressive Vision for Social Change."

#168/May '97. Cretin 66, Fishsticks, UK Subs, Distemper, Enewetak, Fields Of Shit, "Roots—SLF, Undertones".

#169/June '97. Hand Skin, Cluster Bomb Unit, Jihad, Purgen, Speed Queens, Remission, Halflings, The Old Man, Deface, "Roots—Clash, Ramones, Sex Pistols".

#170/July '97. Bristle, Mine, Tedio Boys, The 4 Cockroaches, Absconded, Meanwhile. Broken, (Young) Pioneers, Hoodrat, "You're Dead!", "Pioneer—The Slits".

#171/Aug '97. Strychnine, Idiots, Pelado Recs, Misanthropists, Racetraitor, Violent Society, Knuckleheads.

#172/Sept '97. Withdrawals, Judgement, No Motiv, Oppressed Logic, Truents, Left For Dead, Yellowskin, Weird Lovemakers, Smash Your Face, Flatus, Straight Faced, Klaxon, X-It, web designer Vic Gedris, filmmaker Doug Cawker.

#173/Oct '97. Hot Water Music, Fat Day, Los Tigres Guapos, Les Partisans, Bristols, My 3 Scum, Space Shits, Pessimiser Recs, Reclusives, Nick Qwik, "Pioneers—GG Allin".

#174/Nov '97. Stratford Mercenaries, Lickity Split, Bladder, Piss Shivers, Barnhills, In/Humanity, Education theme issue.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes, "Pioneers—The Henchmen", filmmaker Lech Kowalski.

#176/Jan '97. Scared of Chaka, Voorhees, Stalingrad, Upstairs People, Squid Boy, Izgoy, Beltones, Sky Grain, 1,4,5s, Ducky Boys, JCCCamp, Info shops and radical bookstores, "Pioneers—Siouxsie."

#177/Feb '98. Superfly TNTs, Submachine, Dropout, Society Gone Madd, Pinhead Circus, Ann Beretta, Blackbird, Naive, Useless ID, Quarantine, "Roots—Generation X.

#178/Mar '98. Economics issue. Forgotten Rebels, Dirtys, Josh Collins, American Steel, Letterbombs, Gyogun Rend's, Go-Devils, Room 41, Tone Deaf Pig Dogs, Garage Rats, *Rust.*

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag, They Still Make Records, "Pioneers—Dangerhouse Records".

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets, "Pioneers—Patti Smith".

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, Stiletto Boys, All Bets Off, Bonecrusher, Summerjack, Cell Blck 5, DDI, Normals, "Pioneers—999", Pirate Radio issue.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Umlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys, "Pioneers—Black Flag".

#185/Oct '98. Traitors, Wimpy Dicks, Armed & Hammered, Dylan McKays, NME, Tezacrifco, Worm, Roswells, Raxola, Beatnik Termites. "Pioneers—Adverts".

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads, "On Our Doorsteps"-on homeless punks, "Pioneers—Spizzenergi".

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, Third Party, No Class, Skabs, Lily & Lance's Holiday in the Sun,, "Pioneers—Dead Kennedys".

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA, "Pioneers—DOA".

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat Recs, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt, "Pioneers—Mechanics".

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode, "Pioneers—Minor Threat", pt 1 of Chomsky's "Propaganda & Control".

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs, Willie Brown, Biotic Baking Brigade, "Pioneers—Vice Squad", pt 2 of Chomsky's "Propaganda & Control".

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets, pt 3 of Chomsky's "Propaganda & Control".

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts, "Pioneers—Elvis Costello."

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres, C.U.Next Tuesday Recs, "Pioneers—Silver Chalice," MP3.

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch Recs, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone 1990-1999".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs, Holidays in the Sun, "Pioneers—Radio Birdman."

#198/Nov '99. Hail Mary, Pressure Point, Bump 'N Uglies, The Victims, A//Political, Outlast, "Pioneers Of Punk– Dictators", "Fuck Unamerican" and "After the Berlin Wall."

#199/Dec '99. Locust, Ratos de Porao, USV, Razlog Za, G-3, Swarm, WHN?, Mt. St. Helens, Black Cat Music, Enemy Soil, "Pioneers—Flipper", "Record Buying on the Net," "Are Keyboards Punk?"

#200/Jan 2000. American Steel, Curse, Gee Vaucher, Hers Never Existed, Cometbus, Active distro, Toxic Narcotic, bibliography of MRR #100-200.

#201/Feb 2000. Beerzone, Towards An End, Daybreak, "Best Punk Singles of the '90s," reports from the WTO riots in Seattle.

#202/March 2000. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, Gore Gore Girls, the Catheters, "ASCGB—Rezillos," "Zines in Prison," scene history of Bulgaria.

#203/April 2000. Spazz, Slang, *Slug & Lettuce* zine, *Suburban Voice* zine, As We Once Were, Red Angel Dragnet, Four Letter Words, Slampt Records, the Wednesdays, the Fuses, "ASCGB—Cult Maniax," "The Murder of Brian Deneke."

#204/May 2000. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, CBGaV, Pillage People, *Reader's Guide To Underground Press*, "ASCGB–Electric Eels."

#205/June 2000. Punks With Kids special. Skudz, 50 Million, Legion, Wilbur Cobb, Coalition Records.

#206/July 2000. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers, *Nose Dive*, "25 Things to Know About the War in Colombia."

#207/Aug 2000. Harum Scarum, Raw Power, Unseen, Pekinska Patka, Hudson Falcons, Dementia 13, Confine, Allergic to Whores, *Short, Fast & Loud!* Tantrums, "ASCGB—Nasty Facts."

#208/Sept 2000. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City Records, Prank Records, Countdown to Oblivion, *The East Village Inky*.

#209/Oct 2000. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone, "A Brief History of the Student Anti-Sweatshop Movement," *Coagula*, scene history of New England.

#210/Nov 2000. J Church, Profane Existence, Pezz, the Pre-Teens, the Templars, This Machine Kills, Subtonix, OB, *How to Stage a Coup*," Scumpit—Florida."

#211/Dec 2000. Fly & Seth Tobocman, Anti/Dogmatikss, Hissyfits, Aus Rotten, Media Blitz, Rocks, Hospital Food, Falsies, White Stripes, 9 Shocks Terror, Tijuana Bibles, *Rumpshaker*.

#212/Jan 2000. Avail, Born Dead Icons, From Ashes Rise, the Voids, the Guilty Pleasures, xLimpwristx, Chachi on Acid, Rave Up Records, *I'm Johnny*, "Scumpit—Swedish Thrash."

WANNA SEND US SOMETHING?!

Scene Reports: PUNK'S NOT DEAD! It's happening out there and MRR readers want to hear about it! MRR relies on you scenesters out there to keep the pulse of what's happening in your town, write up something fun and interesting about it, and send it in to MRR. Photos and artwork are mandatory. Tell us about local bands, zines, and cool and uncool venues. Include info for travelling punks (non-US scene reports are especially welcome!) such as where to find cheap veggie eats, record stores, and strong coffee. Has your punk scene spawned any communally-run enterprises such as show spaces, cafes or record stores? Are racist or homophobic thugs threatening your scene's harmony? Enquiring punk minds want to know! See details below for format info.

Interviews: Boy, is MRR ever looking to improve the quality of our interviews (which shouldn't be hard!) We'd like to get a staff of reliable people across the country and around the world who could turn in some good, probing interviews on a semi-regular basis. We're looking for people who already have some experience doing interviews (perhaps you have your own zine and would like to share some of your best stuff with a wider audience), who can challenge bands (I know, I know, most bands don't have squat to say, but a good interviewer can take them where they haven't been before!) or give some long overdue support for those behind-the-scenes types who do an awful lot of the hard work in punk rock but get little of the ego or monetary rewards. Please give us a call if you are interested. in covering new hardcore, punk or garage bands.

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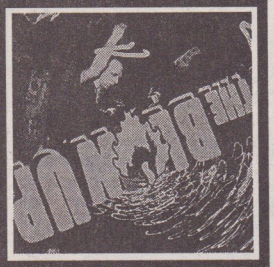

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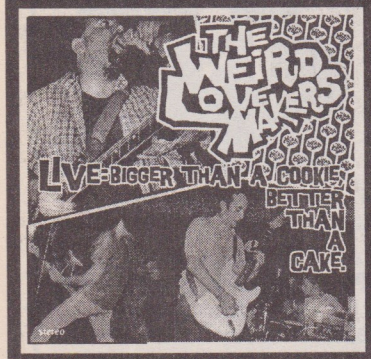

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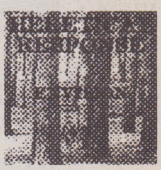

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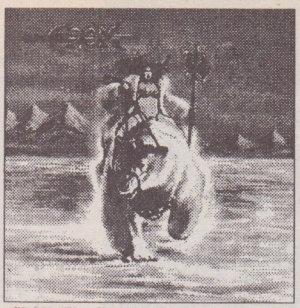

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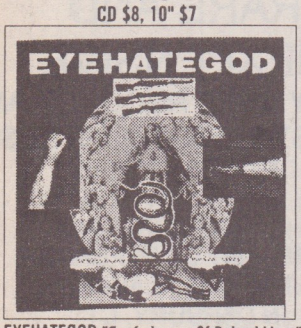

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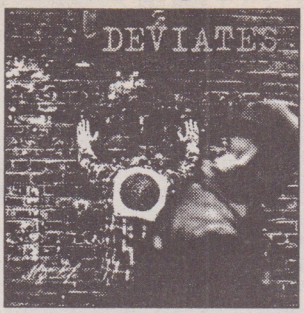

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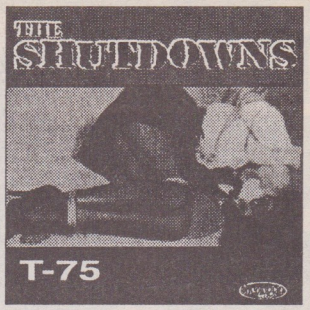

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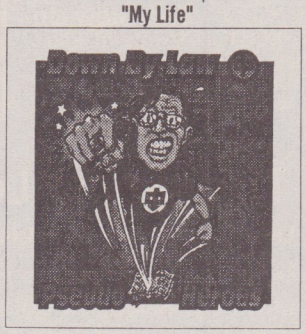

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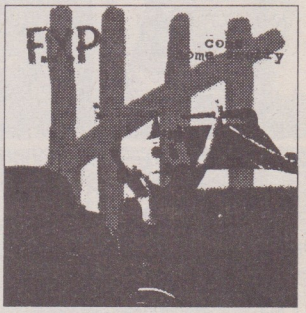

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I wanted to commend Bob Suren on his informative and (mostly) comprehensive Floridian Scumpit article a few issues back, but also wanted to include some releases of (some) note that were not included:

There's not much info I can provide for some of these bands, but they are all Florida punk releases worth mentioning. First up is DAMAGE from Central Florida, Winter Park to be exact. Don't know too much about them myself, but it seems that they must've played a somewhat pivotal part of Florida's hardcore punk past since I've seen them in quite a few scene reports from MRR. They released (at least) one 4 song 7" (1984) and one LP called "Synthology" (1986) which has great songs like "Radio Shack You Suck" and "Ten Reasons Why I Hate Rednecks." I can't imagine either one of these being really rare or sought after, but I think both releases are of some note because it is some of the craziest punk rock I have ever heard with KEYBOARDS (in lieu of a bassist and guitarist, no doubt)!!! The odd thing about these DAMAGE releases is that they are on the mysterious label Spacefish Records, which I think used to be the label of Mike Brown of DAMAGE. Spacefish also released the great "Come Here Often?" LP (1988) by the forgotten Florida band LOVE GODS IN LEISURE SUITS. I'd take the BELCHING PENGUINS "Draft Beer..." LP over this, but I would say that the LGILS are on an almost even keel with BP and early NO FRAUD, playing a sloppy but ambitious hardcore punk/thrash mix. I personally think this LP is incredible and underrated.

Another release that I never hear about, or even know much about is the GOTHIC PLAYGROUND s/t LP (1987). This is a record you would totally pass over a million times, NEVER thinking it would be a punk records. GP were from Northern Florida, up in Tallahassee. This LP isn't the best representation of Florida punk, but considering the time and location, and the fact that this is an LP (which was rare enough for a band from Florida) I still think this warrant an honorable mention. It appears to be self released, as well. And also has some of the most confusing and elusive lyrics ("My room's completely trashed/I can't find my keys/Punks are slamming on the floor/Consumed with the disease/The red flag has been dropped/ Wake up its time to freeze/ Someone's playing saxophone /I've got flea bites on my knees"?) I'd like to know more about this band, so if anyone has anything else or knows anything, get in touch.

And the last addendum to Bob's Florida Scumpit article is a band that I know Bob knows about, and maybe many of the readers do too, but for some reason their first 7" is almost never mentioned. The FUCKBOYZ "Sinnin' Like Mad" 7" (1988) on Destroy Records wasn't the greatest punk record at the time. It just didn't seem to go with NO FRAUD's thrashy punk or BP's metal-edged hardcore. I remember being bored by this band for a long time. In retrospect (to me), this 7" is great. And when you put it in historical context (Matty & Aesop from HICKEY, MIAMI & YOGURT used to be FUCKBOYZ), you can't deny the importance of this 7". There is a direct relation from this FUCKBOYZ 7" to the later releases by the aforementioned (Matty & Aesop) bands. You can hear it in the songs.

That's all. I will gladly trade old Florida punk flyers and tapes of any old Florida punk records, so if you have stuff that you want to trade, get in touch. Thanks to Bob Suren for writing a great article and MRR for running it!
Paul Barger, San Francisco
norecords@hotmail.com

PS - The BLEMISH ON SOCIETY 7" is great Tampa punk. Take Bob's word on how bad it is with a grain of salt. I mean, he did used to be in FLAMING MIDGET!?

Dear *MRR*,

This is in response to a letter in issue #211 from Luk Haas. I would like to explain my position in the matter that he put forward in his letter. I co-own the label Prolefeed Records, along with a guy named Ed. However, earlier this year I relocated to Singapore and have had little contact with him (Ed), nor have I had any business running the label.

My position in the label was the job of scouting bands for compilations and that of obtaining distribution. I was in *no way* involved in any transactions of money. When Mr. Haas first contacted us, I simply relayed all the information to Ed and back to Mr. Haas. I have a serious problem against money and therefore left such matters up to Ed. A few months later I received an email from Mr. Haas. He informed me that he had not received anything from us. By this time I had moved here, to Singapore, and was no longer part of the label. I am not trying to clear my name or anything, but I do feel that I have been harshly misjudged as I was not even aware that the CDs had not been sent. As for the credibility of my label, there are many bands and labels that, if asked, I'm sure will vouch for us, as we have conducted good, for lack of a better word, business with them—the band Shift-D and the Li'l Punx label in Canada, to name a few.

I'm sorry and also very ashamed of this incident occurring. I'm sorry that it has tainted the image of the punk scene in Brunei, and of myself also. This has all been an awful mix up and I hope things can be worked out.
Mike / 27 Mt. Vernon Rd./ Singapore / 368052

Hey everyone,

This is Bill (bassist for the B-Movie Rats). My bass was stolen out of mytruck last night here in L.A. I know a lot of you are nowhere near L.A., but you never know where stolen gear might surface. My bass is a 2000 Fender American Standard P Bass, tobacco sunburst. It has a chip on the top of the body right in the center if you were looking down at it while playing. There are also a couple small dings on the top of the neck around the 4th and 7th frets. It has black Dunlop strap lock mounts, and was in a black molded Fender hardshell case. The only distinctive mark on the case is a Texas Terri and the Stiff Ones sticker on the back side of the case. The serial number on the bass is Z0033642. If anyone sees it or thinks they might have, please contact either myself or the L.A.P.D. Thanks,

Bill/ B-Movie Rats/ (323)550-1475
PS The L.A.P.D. Detectives in charge of the case are at (213) 485-2566 (case # 00-1130228). Thanks again.

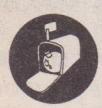
I like *Maximum Rocknroll.* I like the columns written by prisoners/inmates. I think it is very important to discuss the issues of imprisonment. there are increasing numbers of people around the world who are now being imprisoned.

I hope that *Maximum Rocknroll* will print more articles written by womyn who are imprisoned. Womyn comprise 51% of the world's population. therefore it is very important to hear our views expressed. I have heard rumors that womyn are now being imprisoned at the highest per capita rates ever.

I think this issue should be explored. I also wish to see articles written by people who are imprisoned for justifiable reasons (cruelty, unwarranted violence, thievery). I would like to read the opinions of the crazy people who may or not feel remorse for the abuses they committed. Only by understanding such behavior, can we prevent such things. at least that is my opinion...

I am an open minded person who believes in freedom and human rights for all. Thank you *Maximum Rnr*! Even if I disagree with the views of some of the writers, I deeply respect the fact that everybody is able to explain their opinions regardless of whom they may impress or offend...
Sincerely,
Anna Smith

Anna,
To my disappointment, we have yet to receive a single prisoner's column written by a woman. I hope this changes. We also would love a constant rotation of new contributing writers for the column, male and female. Thanks for your encouragement. —Arwen



Hi *MRR*:

First of all, thanks for the kind review for *Suburban Voice* #44. Without sounding like a suck-up (OK, maybe a little), I appreciate all the support you *MRR* folks have given my work over the years.

One correction, though. The zine costs $5.00 postpaid in the US, $6.00 in Canada and $9.00 ppd overseas. These prices were on the cover, but the reviewer apparently missed them. Overseas mailings, in particular, are very expensive. I send them air mail, which costs $4.68. Surface is too fucking slow. So if someone sent $4 from overseas, I end up losing money. I realize $9 for my foreign friends is a bit steep, but the zine is over 150 pages and the CD has 26 songs, most of them unreleased or obscure, plus a four panel booklet.
Thanks again!
Al Q., *Suburban Voice* fanzine,
PO Box 2746, Lynn, MA 01903,
alellen@shore.net

Hello,

My name is Jonas and I play drums in Amulet. First of all, thanks a lot for the Amulet stuff in the June 2000 edition. But there was only one little mistake. Amulet (we) are not from Holland, but from Norway, in Scandinavia. Oops! It's quite funny though, but I just wanted you to know so maybe it would not happen again. Right now we are currently writing new songs for a new album due to be released in spring 2001. We'll be in the studio in December, soon. We are still looking for labels to release our stuff in the US. Let me know if you have some clues or ideas of someone we could contact. Thanks. Our website is under construction but the url is still: www.bounce.to/ amulet. Thanks again,
Jonas

Jonas,
Maybe if we could be bothered to leave the house, we'd have our heads lodged a little less firmly up our asses. For now, we'll have to make do with the impaired view and an apology for you. Sorry.
—Arwen

Hey there *MRR*,

I wrote to tell a story about rent-a-pigs and to give you praise on such a good and well written zine. This summer I decided to go eat with my mom (awww, ain't that cute) at the food court at the mall. They've got some local independent food places, so I ate there. My brother finished eating and decided to go to a store while I finished eating. My mom finished and she decided to take off and run some errands. While walking to go get my brother from the store he was in, I was confronted by a, for lack of a better word, rent-a-pig. He told me to take off my spike bracelets because they are gang paraphernalia. I argued for a bit and just took off to the outside of the mall. My brother was taking forever so I went back in and got him from the fuckin' store and proceeded to walk out. As I was walking out, a sorry excuse for a mall security guard came up to me again and told me to take off the bracelets. This time I didn't back down so easily. I told him "Fuck you, I'm not taking them off. I'm leaving, you fuckin' dick." As I proceeded to leave he kept on telling me stuff and I kept on mouthing off and using profanity quite a bit. It's sad to say but that's the only way they'll listen to you.

He kept on escorting me out and I was leaving out the door where my car was, but he wanted me to leave through the closest exit, so I did. As my brother, the filth, and I approached the door my brother said, "you have no right to do this." The rent-a-pig told my brother, "shut up!" I said, "don't ever fuckin' talk to my brother like that again, and you're the one that should shut the fuck up!" Earlier he had radioed in that I was causing a disturbance and he needed backup. After I had said what I said, he grabbed my arm. I yanked it away and my brother and I continued to walk out the door. As I opened the door I was knocked down and handcuffed by five or six rent-a-pigs. As they took me to their office, the head officer told me, "tell all your little punk friends not to come around here or we'll arrested them too." I replied with a "fuck you!" and a wad of spit. They took me to their office and called the city cops, who took me downtown and kept me there for a while. I called my parents and they came to pick me up. They tried to charge me with criminal trespassing, but they couldn't get that so they charged me with disorderly conduct.

I've got no feeling in my right wrist because the handcuffs killed a lot of nerves and cut me up pretty bad, because they were put on so tight. I don't want any fuckin' sympathy for this, I just wanted to let people know that this kind of shit is still out there and it's not dead at all. I'm just a punk, imagine how it is for minorities. It's pretty fuckin' hypocritical because there's a fuckin' Hot Topic at our new mall, which sux (our mall and Hot Topic).

They don't even allow backwards caps because it may have some gang association. It's fuckin' bullshit. I guess they're just looking for something to do cause there's not much crime at the mall besides an occasional shoplifter. That's pretty much my story. I also wanted to say that more bands should come to the valley (Brownsville, Harlingen and McAllen Texas).
Thanx for at least reading this shit and if anyone has anything to tell me, just email me at Pogopunk77@anarchist.com.
Thanx,
Niko

Greetings,

Sean Sullivan has done more for the anarchist movement than ten Seattles could ever hope. Thank you for printing his articles. Your magazine is not the same without him. I'm no longer agreeing with any of your columnists one hundred percent as I was with him. I hope that you bring another anarchist columnist to your pages. It is a large population of punk I don't think you want to disregard. Kindest thoughts,
Jay Kahos

Wow, that's one for the books. Sean, are you listening? One hundred Seattles, my clean-cut Yankee friend. One hundred!
—Arwen

Hello,

I thought it was about time that I wrote you guys. I have several issues to bring before you and ask what you think about them. I read your magazine fairly regularly. I mainly read it for the reviews so I know what good records and CDs to buy. My letter may seem a little disorganized but that's OK.

First of all, I'd like to say something in general about the punk scene (at least the one here in Columbia, SC). Why are so many punks so pretentious? I love punk music, but would never consider myself a "punk." I like many other styles of music besides punk and hardcore. I think everyone should and if they don't they are just as bad as people who only listen to the stuff on MTV. For this I am called a poser at several shows I go to. How can I be a poser when I'm not trying to be a punk? I don't care enough to go out and buy punk clothes and patches. The only thing that is "punk" about me is my DIY ethic. Most punks don't even practice that anymore. They would much rather buy a punk t-shirt for 15 dollars than go buy an old beat up regular shirt at the thrift store for 75 cents. Why the fuck would anyone pay more money than they have to for clothes?

Now also, there is a big movement between the straightedge and Christian punks in this city. I mean I can get the shit beat out of me if I say I'm an atheist who eats meat and smokes pot. Hey, not all of them are bad; I mean my little brother is a Christian punk and he is cool as hell. However there are many in my city who will not allow others to live their own life.

Now on to to your magazine. I truly respect your magazine and love the columns in it. I do have one problem recently though. Many of you claim to be anarchist but then say you are going to vote for Ralph Nader. The election is over and y'all voted for the wrong man. Why should you vote for the Green Party? They want more government control to help "save the earth." Who cares about saving the earth? I don't. The Libertarian candidate Harry Browne was great. Libertarians are the closest we could ever get to anarchy. They want as small a government as possible. They want to end the drug war. Come on, research your candidates a little bit more. Second, you are inconsistent in your publishing policy. You say no major record labels can advertise in your magazine. That's cool, more power to you. But then you allow your magazine to be sold at places like Borders and Tower Records. Why would you allow this? Keep your magazine to the small, independent retailers.

Oh, by the way, I would like to thank the local band Confederate Fagg for restoring my faith in the punk scene. Keep on writing,
Davie Ferguson

Davie,

Since I live on earth, and I prefer my air and water clean as opposed to poisonous, I care about , uh, "saving the earth," and I'd pick Green over Libertarian (while being far from stoked on either). The long version of why we sell this rag at Borders and Tower ran in the letters section in issue #191, April 1999. The short version is, you're right, it is *a compromise we have made. Our hope is that folks who have never read MRR will find it at a chain store and do their best to patronize smaller, independent retailers and/or become crafty chain store shoplifters after checking out the ideas in these pages. Jeff M.*

Dear *Maximum Rocknroll,*

I was reading the Templars interview in the November issue the other day, and I was surprised when the Templars remembered that I was at the festival in Phoenix, though I barely remember talking to them due to my alcohol level at the time. I also was surprised they called me "kid" in the interview. I don't care anyway, but one thing was true... That one of my objectives in going to Mesa, Arizona was to see the Templars, but most of all, my first objective was to meet the Subway Thugs, because I had to, and because we had heard a lot from each other. Cheers,
Gustavo

PS I am probably older than at least one Templar.

Dear *MRR,*

Greetings! I wish to renew my subscription to your fine publication of elitist thought and exclusionary practices. Being a fifteen-year reader of *MRR* I've become dismayed to find the recurring squabbles between certain *MRR* staffers and *Hit List* staffers taking up valuable space that could be better used to foster independent thought. Unfortunately, the youth who depend on publications such as *Hit L:ist* and *MRR* to provide them with guidance are very much impressionable. I fear that when veteran scenesters such as Arwen Curry and Jeff Bale engage in the—for the most part—petty bickering that has become so prevalent, many kids will either be turned off of punk rock as a lifestyle choice, or will think that this is acceptable behavior. We have so much to fight against together; must we fight each other? By fighting each other, are we not falling into the hands of those who fear a truly united underground? Let's lighten up some and stop taking ourselves so seriously. Because by doing so, we become like the grey-suit power mongers we profess to hate so much.

I don't yet have access to a typewriter. When I do get one, I will send along a prisoner column. If anyone would like to correspond with a 29 year-old punk, please feel free to do so. On a final note: keep up the good work. *MRR* is an institution (oh no! not that!) and a valuable resource. Keep focus and maybe we *can* change the world! Punk rock for 18 years and going on life, peace,
James Duane #214699/ H.V.M.F./ 3201 Bemis Rd./ Ypsilanti, MI 48197-0911

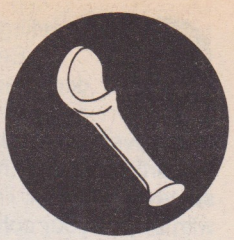
James,

What you're calling "petty bickering" we call "being critical." Examining and arguing about ideas is how our thoughts on various issues become refined. Because punk shit is important to me, I would rather take what other people say seriously than just let it all slide in the name of getting along. Besides, arguing in the letters column is *acceptable behavior—bring it on!*

I guess I have more faith than you in kids just getting interested in punk rock. Many will not stay interested anyway, and I gotta think that those who do will draw on more influences than a handful of "big" magazines. Well thank you for your nice words, and for writing in. Jeff M.

James,
"Veteran scenester"? Let's just say my earliest recollection of electoral politics was a sign on the wall reading "Reagan? Carter? Oh Shit!" —Arwen

SCOOP



(ask a stupid question...)

Q: Is the Warped Tour Punk?

A: No, and I truly believe that any band that participates in this event has absolutely nothing important to say and merely wishes to take the next step to forward their musical career. Not that there is something intrinsically wrong with that, it's just not challenging or threatening to go on a traveling shoe advertisement carnival that is slowly corroding the underground music scene by turning it into an even bigger cartoon than it has already become. This may sound trivial, but I don't think that it's fucking funny when the music that makes me feel llike there's really something to live for is trivialized by jackasses in baggy pants playing octaves and power chords that all sound the same and singing about "punk rock summer camp." God, I could just fucking shit. Augh!
Joey, 18, Covington, LA

A: Is the Warped Tour punk? I recently went to the San Francisco Warped Tour and saw a number of bands play. I'm not into the current punk scene becasue of lack of meaning and wrongful causes expressed by most of the so-called punks I continue to meet. I went to the Warped Tour to see one band and one band only and that was TSOL, one of the only lasting punk bands out there. To me, true punk is sounds of liberty. Not a bunch of ignorant kids spending hours on their appearance screaming "Fuck the government" and doing absolutely nothing about it. Fuck hypocrites!
Steve Venner, 17, Tracy, CA

A: The Warped Tour sure does bring its fair share of bands that used to be "true to da game," as Masta P would say, but every now and then some poor asshole decides to throw in a bullshit headliner (ie. Papa Roach) that has nothing to do with punk rock or its values. I guess you can say yes, the Warped Tour is punk for the most part. Then again, it's the year 2000. What the fuck is punk, anyway?
Steve FSU, Pittsburgh, PA
poindexter_dk@hotmail.com

A: Well, it depends on what you mean by "punk." If by "punk," you mean "a giant living commercial with some punk-rock-sounding background music," then sure! It's totally punk!
Love and kisses,
Robyn

Q: Would you pay to see a cover band playing all your favorite punk songs?

A: Yah, I would pay to see a cover band playing kick ass punk songs, provided they could pull it off. After all, as nice as it is to see a great band play live, it's really about the music itself, when you get down to it. As long as the band's ahving a good time and the audience is having a good time, who cares who's playing?
Michelle, N. Windham, CT

A: Sure I would, if the whole set consisted of the Crucifucks' first LP in its entirety. Otherwise, forget it.
Spooney, Lowell, MA

A: For the most part, cover bands are pretty cheesy, but hey, sometimes cheesy is fun. Right? I come from an area (Rehoboth Beach, Delaware), where the cover band is a staple. Most of these bands play crappy covers of top 40 hits. These bands usually serve one purpose: background noise for drunk people. If it wasn't for these bands, Rehoboth's music scene would be non-existent, or...is it non-existent? Who knows? Up until about last year, a band called the Martians (from Baltimore, not to be confused with New Jersey's Martians) frequented a bar called Sir Guy's. They were a punk band and were damn entertaining, with the exception of one thing—90% of their set was Southern California punk standards. Agent Orange, a lot of Social Distortion, even some Black Flag. I was happy to see them covering so much great music, as I did not know any of their material, and it gave me something to sing along to. I especially liked the part where all the frat boys cleared the bar and gave me more drinking room. Cover bands aren't bad, if they do it right
blitzbaby77, Philadelphia, PA

A: I would and frequently do pay to see a cover band playing my favorite songs. There is a great Misfits cover band that plays in the Bay Area and I'll go see them anytime. I wasn't even born until 1981; most of the great old punk bands either sold out, broke up, or both before I was five, so what choice do I have if I wanna go sweat to the oldies? If that means paying five or six bucks to a bunch of guys who didn't write the songs, then so be it. It's easier than building a time machine.
Bob
P.S. Punk and Christian are mutually exclusive terms.

A: Well if it was five dollars or less, yes; now if the question was would I pay to see a punk band covering my favorite Johnny Cash songs, the answer would be, you bet your pretty little bottom I would.
Mark Hamilton, Appleton, WI

As you may have noticed, the reader's response scoop section we suggested a few issues back hasn't worked out as planned. The big problem is the lag time between our publishing a question, and your sending in a response. We do appreciate all the replies that came in. Perhaps we'll even try the whole thing again someday, but for now, kindly keep your damn opinions to yourself.

PRANK

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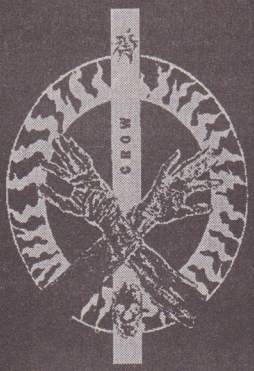

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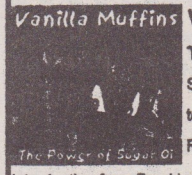

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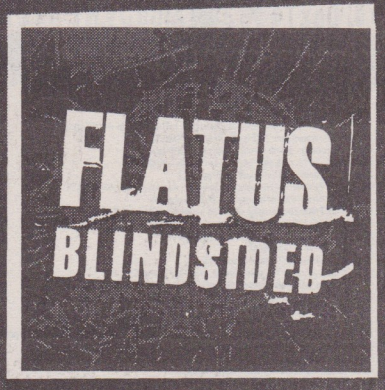

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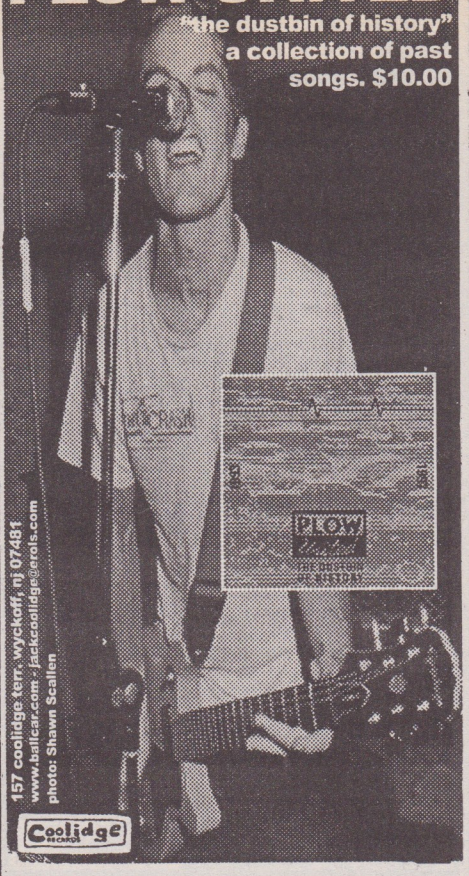

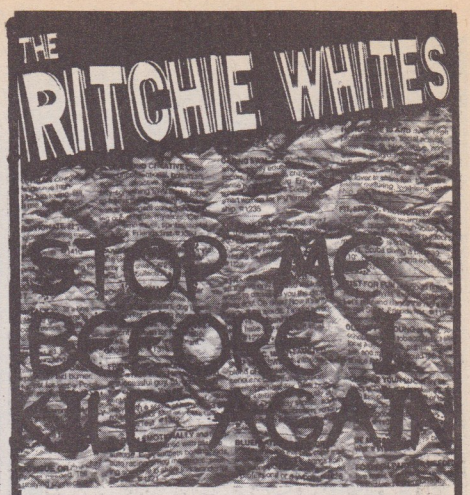

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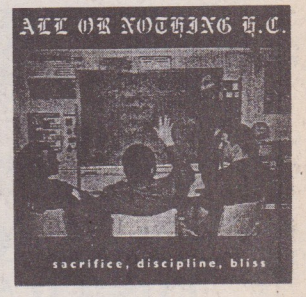

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COLUMNS

"What the fuck is that?" I think to myself as I hear something moving through the dead grass, breaking twigs along the way.

I look over at Wendy, and she's fast asleep.

Suddenly I hear the sound again, and I start to make some noise. I'm scared. It's only my second time ever in the woods.

Wendy opens her eyes, tells me everything will be okay, and rolls over and begins to snore again.

More rustling sounds. But this time it's closer to the window of the cabin I'm staying in.

"Wake up," I say to Wendy, but somehow, it only comes out as a faint whimper.

Then I see them outside.

The eyes of death.

Shimmering in the blankets of darkness. Reflecting the fear that has reached down and seized my soul.

I think it was then I howled in fear.

***

I should have known things were getting strange a few days earlier. I had just finished eating a bowl of rice and beef, and drinking ice water. I was drying my face on the side of the couch, as I usually do, when Wendy took out a suitcase. I looked at her and wondered where the hell she thought she was going.

"You want to go on a trip?" she asks me in that high voice she uses when she talks to me like I'm a three year old.

I look at her, say nothing, then lay down on my back.

"So you are going to ignore me?" Wendy says.

I yawn, and continue to stare at her.

"Fine," she says, and starts to pack up some belongings.

As she does so, I just watch television upside down. It looks better that way.

Finally Wendy finishes filling her bag, and asks me what I'd like to take with me.

I tell her to just pack up my toys and some food, and maybe a coat, if where we are going is cold.

She looks at me as if she understands what I'm saying. But I know she doesn't, because she starts to pack up my shampoo and various sorts of pills. I take lots of those.

"Anything else?" she asks me as she goes into the bathroom with a stool and takes down some freshly cleaned towels.

I scream at her to get off the fucking stool, that it scares me because her balance, well, sucks, but as usual, she just ignores me.

Finally she finishes packing, so I go into the bedroom and whine for her to come to bed. She ignores me so I go back out into the living room and whine in her face some more. Eventually she comes to bed, and I curl up into a little ball next to her warm body and fall asleep, dreaming of finding yummy things to eat on the streets of the city.

The next morning is, well, fucked up.

To say the least.

Wendy tells me we're going to visit my cousins Elijah, Emily, and Loki, then we get into a car, and the next thing I know, she's shoving pills down my throat and I'm falling asleep.

I wake up in complete darkness, what I think is a few hours later. Beneath me I feel heavy rumbling, and I hear Wendy's voice although I can't make out what she's saying.

I feel as though I've been kidnapped, thrown into a bag, and taken somewhere against my will.

So I start to whimper.

"Quiet, P.J.", George says. I know it's him because I smell his cheap cologne.

"It's okay baby," Wendy says, and takes me out of the bag underneath the airplane seat in front of her, and cuddles with me.

"What kind of dog is that?" asks this hot looking woman in a tight blue and red uniform, who seems to be giving out food to everyone but me.

"He's a Yorkie," says George, with his punk rock denim vest over his head, trying to take a nap.

"He's three years old and weighs eight pounds," adds Wendy, before the next questions can be asked.

The lady nods her head and tells me I'm a good boy. If I'm such a good boy, why doesn't she give me any fucking food?

Eventually we land in someplace called California, and I take the longest and best piss of my life against the side of some guy's suitcase. Turns out it's my dad's. George's.

A few days later I find myself staying in this small house. Well, smaller than the house that my cousins Elijah, Emily, and Loki live in. But still ten times larger than my house in New York.

"Are you having a good time?" asks Wendy, my mom, as she sunbathes on a plastic chair in front of the small house, reading one of her smelly magazines.

I think about that. If having a good time means running around with no leash, taking shits outside whenever I feel like it, eating off Emily and Elijah's plate, never mind eating out of Loki's bowl, as well as the bowl of those two cats, then I'm having a GREAT time.

So I bark with joy.

***

Later that night, after taking my final dump of the day, I hop up into bed and settle in for a good night's sleep between my mom and dad.

And I do get some.

For about three hours.

Then I hear it.

The sound.

It wasn't like the noises I hear back at home. It didn't vibrate with those low frequencies like those huge trucks that collect all that yummy stuff in plastic bags. Nor did it go "Wooooo-Woooo!" like those big red trucks and funny blue cars with all the lights.

No.

This sound was different.

It sounded like SOMEONE moving.

Right outside the window.

In the dry grass.

So I made the mistake of looking, and it was then I saw the two eyes of Armageddon.

I began to howl with fear, then bark furiously.

Mom or Dad HAD to wake up.

Finally Wendy speaks.

"What's the matter, honey?" she says, scooping me up in her arms and then falling right back to sleep.

"Screw this," I say to myself, leap up, and bark right in George's face. As loud as I can.

"Huh?" my dad finally says as I wake him out of his little green and little white pill haze.

I scream to George that there is a demon outside the window, staring in, and it's probably here to kill us. And for him to do something.

So my dad does. He gets up, looks out the window I'm barking at, sees the eyes like I do, and screams. Then he runs back into bed, hides under the covers, and wakes up Wendy.

"What's all the noise about?" Mom finally asks.

George tells her that he sees huge devil eyes staring at us.

And that connected to those devil eyes is a mean long face, and horns!

I bark in agreement.

Wendy tells us that we are both nuts and gets up to look for herself.

And when she does, she doesn't scream. She doesn't even cry.

Nope.

She just says, "awwwwwww!"

"What are you 'awwwwwing' about?", screams Dad, "Satan's come to Santa Cruz!"

"Put on your glasses, George," Wendy says as she picks me up, and takes us both to the window.

"See?" she says, as we all look at the horned thing with the big eyes, "It's Bambi, all grown-up!"

"Doh! A deer!" yells dad.

Mom laughs, and that's the end of my shaggy dog story. And I'm sticking to it.

Take My Life, Please.

Endnotes:

1. Chicken Hawks rule.
2. Happy 2001. Who'd have thought that date would actually happen?

The final(ly) installment of the summer tour diary. Next month will mark some changes in this column. So drastic are these changes that one might consider reading this column again. Stay tuned...

June 30th

I awoke as Adam was pulling into downtown Flagstaff at sometime around three in the morning. Jake and I had slept plenty on the way there (read: the whole time), and when everyone else crashed out, we decided to roam around and check out the town. After four hours of this, we went to the first open diner and ate grub. We woke everyone else up and went to another diner so they could grub as well. Soon midday was upon us. We found the Ruinacre house where we were meeting up with the show providers, played a round of disc golf at a great local course, and I bought a new pair of boots. Soon we all took a drive out to the county fairgrounds (where the punks can put on free outdoor shows) and threw discs as everything got set-up. Soon enough, punks had overtaken a pavilion and the bands rocked; first Antagony (metally stuff, so-cal I think) and then DFO.

When the show was over and everything was cleaned up, we headed back into town and promptly went to some party we were invited to. It was a bizarre scene, considering we didn't know anyone and hardly talked to anyone, so we soon walked back to the house and I went to sleep as most of the rest of the gang partied into the wee hours.

July 1st

After spending the morning tightening up the van, we sat down to contemplate our next plan of attack. The next show wasn't until the 5th in Los Angeles, so we had plenty of time to kill. As recommended by our gracious host, we decided to head down to Sedona, which he described as "a more user-friendly version of the Grand Canyon." He also gave us a good lead on a swimming hole which, as Wisconsinites who typically can't throw a rock without landing it in a lake, we designated as our primary destination for the day.

The scenery on the way to Sedona is absolutely unbelievable lush green trees and dry red rocks. We promptly found the swimming hole and frolicked in water for a good hour or two before deciding it would be necessary to find a place to sleep for the night. We found a good food co-op and picked up grub, found a good liquor store and picked up brews, but never did find a good place to camp. All of the campgrounds were filled with lame tourists and we couldn't find a suitable place to just roam off and pitch a tent, although that is precisely what we did after an hour or so. We cooked up some smart dogs and helped set up the boys in some random desert area. Soon thereafter, with Adam crashed in the backseat, Mike and I headed into town to see what kind of nightlife Sedona had to offer. We stopped at the first bar we saw but Mike went to the door and promptly dismissed it as 'a honky-tonk joint.' So we found a different bar, where there was supposedly a rave going on that night. We laughed at the place and went in for a drink. After I actually end up on the dance floor and Mike began watching both of me dance, we knew the night was nearing its end. We drove back to the campsite and after spending an hour trying to find Jake and Chris in the middle of the desert, I gave up and crashed with Mike and Adam in the van.

July 2nd

After waking up and spending a good hour lobbing rocks of a cliff, we pulled back into town to rehydrate ourselves. On the way back to Flagstaff, we stopped for a bit more swimming and, after dipping ourselves in the cold creek, we noticed that the right rear tire on Snags was going to have to be changed without delay.

When we pulled back into Flagstaff, we changed the tire, ate some food and debated between making the Grand Canyon or Las Vegas our day's destination. We screwed up and ended up heading to Las Vegas. After a boring, desolate drive—the only exception being the hour-long traffic back-up and 3-second viewing of the Hoover Dam—we could see the skyline of Sin City on the horizon.

The tale of our Las Vegas adventures will not be included in this tour diary, as it is too overwhelmingly crazy to talk about without going into a long, bizarre, detailed story. You'll have to read the book. Moving right along to the post-Vegas saga...

July 5th

Woke up in what I first believed to be a fire, but later discovered was a Californian desert rest stop. The heat and the craziness of the past three days had drained us, but we were determined to make it to the other ocean. We roasted the whole way to Los Angeles and drove straight to the beach in Santa Monica. After we cooled ourselves of in the Pacific for a bit, we got on the PCH and headed to the PCH Club in Long Beach.

The show ended up being one of the best of the tour. HOG from Mexico was playing their first show of a quick tour of the western states and Konnterpatrol (Los Angeles locals) were playing as well. It was awesome to see the Latino punks at the show and witnessing the community they had going—definitely an inspiring experience. Post-show, a kid was nice enough to let us sleep on his floor, so we stopped for food and wasted no time crawling into our sleeping bags for the night.

June 6th

After an early rise and hustle, we once again braved Los Angeles traffic and head north to Goleta/Santa Barbara. After we arrived and stocked up on food, we shot back to the beach and goofed around for a few more hours. Soon we got a hold of Leslie, who set up the show for the evening and the next thing you know, it's on. HOG played once again, this time with Esperanza, another awesome Latino band, and DFO played one of the best sets of the tour. Lisa (from *Heartattack*) showed me the offices, gave me a bunch of free issues to get rid of, and invited us over the following morning to shop for records. After the show, we were forced to decide between a relaxed evening at Leslie's (and sharing the spot with another band) or going to some dude's house where his roommates were having a going-away away party for a friend from Sweden.

June 7th

All the intoxicants from the previous evening had caused us to get up a bit late, but we moved swiftly so we could stop at the Ebullition office and still make it up to SF with time to spare, since we were meeting up with my brother. After a dually-pleasant experience of talking to Kent and Lisa *and* picking up the new From Ashes Rise LP, we made our way up the coast of CA to Oakland where we drove right to my brother's house.

Adam, Mike, and Chris promptly headed off to Gilman St. to see Dead And Gone and HOG, but I stayed behind because I wanted to be able to spend some time with my brother and his wife, the first familiar faces I had seen in a few weeks. Jake stayed as well, but more to do with the fact that his staying would involve a bunch of good food, a hot tub, and a warm, cushy bed to sleep on. We chatted for hours and it felt good to not sleep on a floor or in a van for a night.

June 8th

Jake and I got some laundry done, and I typed the first

(extremely short) portion of this tour diary, before the rest of the guys showed up, giddy from the previous night's show, and ready to head to Mission Records to play one themselves. The show was a grindcore dream and we got to meet up with Alex from Laughing Dog, whom we had met during our brief stay in Albuquerque. After the bands finished up and we had said all our goodbyes, Chris, Adam, and Jake dropped Mike and I off at a restaurant so we could meet up with my bro again, and headed off to the house of one of Adam's friends he happened to stumble upon earlier in the day. Mike and I were treated to a few plates of incredible food and some equally incredible beer and soon enough were back in the hot tub position at my brother's house. It felt weird to be living the lifestyle of the rich and famous after spending the day at a grind show, but it was almost like a home away from home and after five weeks on the road, we'd take any relaxation we could get.

June 9th

Awoke in the morning as my brother was heading out and he loaded us up with a ton of free goodies for the road. The boys came and picked us up and we promptly headed north towards Eureka. I had never been to the upper Northwest before and was very excited to see the beautiful green surroundings and visit with old friends in Portland and Seattle.

The ride proved to be even more beautiful than anticipated and we of course had to stop off in Mendicino County and swim in the nearest creek. We pulled into Eureka around six o'clock and found the show space to be empty. We drove around for an hour or so trying to find a suitable place to eat (and ignoring one of the other bands' invitations to dine at fucking Burger King) and when we arrived back at the bar\restaurant that the show was at, things were in full swing. I sold a bunch of zines as the bands played (the local band ruled and the band from San Francisco sucked heavily) and by the time DFO played their hearts out, only 10 people or so were left to view the scene. We found a local surfer to put us up for the night and after yet another incident with the cops, we were at his house, downing a plethora of various intoxicants until our brains said we needed sleep.

July 10th

Though he promised to take us surfing in the morning (which none of us had ever done), the combination of bad waves and bad hangovers weren't having it, so our host took us to the beach to show us a huge whale that had washed up on shore a few weeks earlier. It was amazing to see one that close up (and amazingly smelly too!). We said good-bye and headed to Arcata for a quick look around (quick note: Arcata is an awesome city) before heading up north towards a good place to camp on the Oregon coast.

After a brief stop at a pizza joint, we were at a cool campground on the coast. It was nearly dark already so we set up Jake's tent, cracked some beers, walked down to the ocean for a quick glimpse of the end of the sunset, and walked back to the campsite. This was one of those shitty campsites that packs everybody in as tight as they possibly could, so we figured we'd try not to wake up our surrounding neighbors by setting up a makeshift lantern in the tree above the picnic table and playing UNO until we felt like sleeping. Chris decided he wanted to sleep on the beach so he headed off towards the water while the rest of us crashed.

June 11th

After waking up, we moved ourselves down to the beach and climbed to the top of a huge rock on the ocean front and relaxed for a while. Eventually, we (a little bit clumsier now) climbed down and went back to pack up for the road. After a brief but scenic haul up the southern Oregon coast, we were pulling into Portland.

Portland is home (and maybe you remember this from a past column of mine) to a huge number of our friends from Wisconsin. I had thought of Portland as one of those temporary punk meccas that everyone around the country was flocking to because it was the trendy thing to do. As it turns out, most of the punks there had come from Wisconsin. After finding Susanna's house (an old Insight big-wig and incredibly awesome friend), she introduced us to her roommates/pals who greeted us with a friendly "Great...more fucking people from Wisconsin. Is your whole damn state moving here or something?" When we explained that we were just in town to visit friends and play a show, and that you'd have to force us at gunpoint to actually move there, they were much more inviting. It was great to see all the old chums, even if it had only been a few months since we'd last seen them.

After catching up on each other's lives and relaxing on the porch for a while, we went over to a house where a basement show was going on. As it turns out, it was HOG yet again, and they were awesome yet again. This was the last time we'd get to see them as they were turning east towards Salt Lake City and Chicago before heading back to Mexico and we would be going north to Seattle. The show was great, as basement shows typically are, and the evening soon became one large drunk fest. It later included a bike ride to some random hill that overlooked the shitty industrial part of town for yet more drinking, a few bike accidents, a fine from some shithead cop for riding bikes without headlights, and a late bedtime.

July 12th

After waking up and sitting around listening to everyone else's stories from the night before, Susie and Trexel decided to show us around downtown Portland. After what seemed like an endless series of "OK...I think we're ready"s, we finally made it into town. We walked around to a record store (where none of us could afford to buy anything), checked out the Liberation (where they don't sell anything), tried to find the park where Food Not Bombs was serving (with no luck), and settled on three-block, half-hour drive to a cheap pizza joint. It was really close to Reading Frenzy, which is about the coolest store I've ever seen (and it figures that I'd find myself at what is probably the only store in the US that exclusively sells zines and have no money anyway). After that, we drove across the Burnside Bridge so we could see the skatepark and then headed back to the neighborhood. The show DFO was here to play was in the same basement as the show from the night before and it was a doozy. We were excited to hear that Tragedy (you know, most of the guys from that old His Hero band thingee) were going to be playing as we had been listening to their demo tape in the van quite a bit in the past week. They ruled as much as I figured they would. Jeno and Catheder, both of whom played the Mission St. show in SF, gave us two more rounds of brutal thrashy tunes and DFO did some sweating themselves. There was more excessive drinking out back and Mike, Chris, and Adam stayed behind to go to a party while Jake and I went back to Susie's house to crash.

July 13th

Because of our earlier bedtime, Jake and I were up much earlier than everyone else and decided that a "progressive" town like Portland would have a great disc golf course and we were going to go rule it. As it turns out, there are none within the city limits, and the one that we drove a half-hour to get to was about the worst course I've played in my life. We made the best of it and decided to head back before the rest of the guys began wondering if Snags had been stolen.

We got back and after reuniting, we sat around waiting for the illustrious Erik Trexel, who was going to head up to Seattle with us for a few days. Eventually we got on the road and in few hours (and a few games of UNO later) we were looking for the *casa de Bergie*, one of our best friends from Chippewa Falls who had moved away about two years earlier and had taken up residence in Seattle of recent. No one was home when we found his house, so we walked around his neighborhood until we happened to stumble upon him and his girlfriend on their way to get something to eat.

They took us back to his house, where we settled in and spent the night drinking cheap beer and catching up on all kinds of old stories until sleep became necessary.

July 14th

Chris wanted to show us around a bit before the show that night, so we got ready, grabbed a few of Chris' skateboards and headed towards downtown. We first went to Seattle's new skatepark (funded in large part by Pearl Jam, by the way) where all of us out-of-shape tourmates were schooled by Chris, who has been in a great physical shape ever since I'd met him back in 9th grade. From there, we skated over to a local record store to once again look at records we couldn't afford. We skated back to Chris' house (uphill the whole way...grrr) and got ready for the night's show.

We followed Chris to an American Legion-type hall a bit

north of town and settled in for an incredible night of music, including Shitlist, State Of The Union, Remains Of The Day, Jeno, and Catheder. After that, we went back to Chris' and watched some movies over a few more beers.

July 15th

The plan for the day was developed by Chris, who drove us to a local park, stopping at his place of business (he's an arborist) to grab some gear. At the park, he claimed that there was a disc golf course, but it was never located. It mattered not. Chris park us under a huge tree, broke out his gear, and the next thing you know, we were taking turns using his ropes and pulleys to scramble up to the top of it. It was yet another game of "push-lazy-touring-punk-band-to-furthest-limits-of-physical-capacity" but we were having so much fun that we didn't even mind.

Later, we went back to his house, ate food and geared up for the final show of the tour. This one was set up by Chris' neighbors, a few awesome girls in a band called Free Verse and it was them, DFO, and The Fartz. Free Verse was great but the tree-climbing had caught up with me and I spent the entirety of The Fartz' set sleeping in the van. Jake came and woke me up before they played. The crowd really seemed to like them and there was a certain great feeling that came with knowing that this would be the last time I saw them for a while and that our crazy two-month adventure was nearly finished.

We killed the night much like the previous two, sitting at Chris' drinking beer and telling stories, etc.

July 16th

We got everything ready to go over the course of the morning and after saying all our goodbyes, we head off for home. I'll spare you the details of the ride home and say that one stop at the town where they filmed *Twin Peaks*, two shop-lifted meals, one flat tire, countless games of UNO, and 36 hours later, we were home.

I want to quickly thank everyone in Defacto Oppression for taking me along as this tour was the best experience I've had thus far in my short life. If you haven't checked them out, you really should as they managed to rock my ass off over twenty times in the course of two months without ever once boring me. I also want to apologize again to anyone who actually read all of these columns documenting it, as I kind of just used it as filler for the past few months while I'm getting other things in my life in order. Like I said, tune in next month and you'll hear all about the upcoming changes in this column.

Michigan and Ohio are, again, where it's at.

Where what is at?

The pure energy of rock 'n' roll, that's what.

All the white-belt hipster fucks are tuned into the WHITE STRIPES. How did the WHITE STRIPES all the sudden become the darlings of the In crowd? I don't have anything against Mr. and Ms. White, but really I'm left scratching my head as to why they can sell out local clubs across the US when there are plenty of bands doing a similar (if not the same) thing. Is it chemistry? Is it the fact that instead of two drunk, pasty loser punk boys howling over a blaring, scratchy guitar and haunting, stomping drumbeat, there's at least one girl as part of the combo? Is their music just safe enough? Not *too* fucked up, but twisted enough to make the kids come outta the woodwork, clamoring for more! more! more! The White Stripes have become one of those bands that everybody at my work knows about and champions. Call me a selfish fuck, but when a band hits that level—when they become a darling band, an object of wagging tongues and people climbing over each other to be in on the latest HOT HIP BAND, it turns me away. Again, I'm not faulting the Stripes. Fuck, they're just doing what they've been doing. They're just doing the same thing they'd be doing whether their records were on Sympathy or Italy Records.

Regardless of all the hype and bullshit flying around, there's something I must be missing about the White Stripes 'cause they just don't move me. Not like the tortured SOLEDAD BROTHERS and not nearly as much as the new single by LARRY DIRTY on Flying Bomb. Joe Dirty accompanies Larry Dirty and they'll remind you why all the fuss about crashing, bashing two-piece blues-derivative hollerin'. For that matter, check out any of the singles by JUMPIN' BEANS & WILLIE (Ball Records/PO Box 152/Gardiner, ME 04345). You wanna talk about pure howlin' madness, these boys got it in spades. Hell, while you're at it, go ahead and get the JOHN SCHOOLEY'S ONE MAN BAND 7" (also on Ball) and the KING LOUIE 7" I wrote about a while back (on Therapeutic).

There's a lot of great stuff going on in Michigan and Ohio. Everybody seems to slobber all over their tight fitting striped shirts when the CLONE DEFECTS get mentioned. The Defects just finished a US tour, leaving audiences from San Francisco to Chicago feeling all fuzzy inside with a loud reassurance that punk is alive and spittin'. Not that we had any doubts or concerns. I'm sure you've gotten the new CLONE DEFECTS 7", *Lizard Boy e.p.* (Italy/4530 Avery/Detroit, MI 48208), but just in case, it's four songs that are a bit slower, not quite as fucked as their past two singles. It sounds more like the *We've Come For Your Children*-era DEAD BOYS (especially the vocals) than the damaged, crashing sounds of their early output. I'm anxious to hear their upcoming LP. It's sure to spend many hours on many people's turntables.

Also be sure to watch for the due-anyday LOST SOUNDS (featuring senior Jay Reatard) LP on Big Neck Records. I heard it was supposed to be out in November. As of 8 December 2000 it still hasn't been seen. Kinda like the Turbojugend fanclub that was supposed to be launched in September. Ah well...if I've learned one thing since getting into punk, I've learned to be patient. Things don't always happen when people say, but they usually *do* happen.

Back to Michigan...lots of good shit is going on, yessiree. Brian, formerly of the PIRHANAS (who broke up over a year ago) tells me his new band is going well except they can't seem to find a singer. Any belligerent arty types out there willing to step up to the mic? Until they get shit going, you can read the Neus Subjex (PO Box 18051/ Fairfield, OH 45018/ www.neussubjex.cjb.net) to keep up on the bubbling underbelly of the Ohio/Michigan scene. Neus Subjex focuses primarily on the Cincinnati scene (the CPR), but Shawn's reach stretches far across the Midwest. He spews in uncomparable fashion about bands from all over—he's got an especially soft spot in his heart for New York's CRIMSON SWEET. It's definitely worth reading, if nothing else just to be reminded what it's like to read empassioned writing about music that's like a disease which has infected the author's brain.

I don't really have a CD player. I mean, I have one in my computer. I have one in my computer at work. Our DVD player doubles as a CD player and we have a little boombox thing with a CD player. But I don't have one on my stereo. So, I don't listen to CDs as much as I would otherwise. One CD I've *made* time to listen to is the newest by the BRIEFS (Dirtnap/ PO Box 21249/Seattle, WA 98111). I feel like I wrote about these Northwest lads last month....it's hard to remember. Maybe I did, maybe I didn't. If so, they deserve another mention, especially because of their new split 7" with the SPITS. Their song "Silver Bullet" should be hailed at the punk anthem for 2000. The song isn't about downing an ice cold Coors; it's about giving BOB SEEGER what he's had coming to him for 20 years now. It's catchy and clever, to the fucking point. For anybody who has had to suffer, growing up listening to that asshole's classic rock diareha, or worse—having good friends and once punk rock peers decide, "Hey, you know, that Seeger guy's not half bad," this song is for you. It's about time punk bands stepped up to the task of shooting down shitty music again. Thank you guys. Seriously.

The SPITS deliver two great songs as well. "Pissed Off Baby" is a crunching lo-fi song that hums with blaring distortion and a touch of keyboard action. Their second song, "FIRE!!!" steps much farther in the arty/wavy direction, forsaking easily digestible melodies for haunting, robotic rhythms twisted through keyboards and effects. Another great single from Dirtnap!

The BRIEFS full-length *Hit After Hit* offers thirteen songs that work in plenty of that noisy rock-wave damage that seems to be all the rage these days (and that's fine with me!). It's great and the BRIEFS are sure to be one of the most talked about bands in 2001. Expect the LP to be out soon.

Also new on Dirtnap is a split with SCARED OF CHAKA and FATAL FLYIN' GUILLOTEENS. While not quite up to the greatest of the above mentioned 7", it's not too far behind. Don't pass on this either. Have you listened to SCARED OF CHAKA lately? Sometimes when a band is around for a while, it becomes easy to overlook 'em or pass over their records for something new. Well, this is a great time to become reacquainted. You might be surprised. This is way more trashy and fucking amazingly manic than some of their poppier records. To be honest, I was a little surprised (very pleasantly so). Their second song, "Shake It (Oh Yeah)" is a breathless, teetering, screaming, stomping song that smokes so hard you'll worry your needle is on fire. The FATAL FLYIN' GUILLOTEENS hold up the flip side incredibly well with two mid-tempo songs soaked in ear-bleeding distortion. I think the two SCARED OF CHAKA songs left me winded. I recommend listen to the FFG songs first, to get warmed up for SOC.

And since you're becoming more intimate again with SCARED OF CHAKA, this would be an ideal time to grab their new CD on 702 Records (PO Box 204/Reno, NV 89504) that collects a number of their singles and compilation songs. 702 also recently put out a split with the Bay Area's own LOUDMOUTHS and Australia's unstoppable legends, the ROCKS.

I know you're all over the STITCHES/LE SHOK split 7" on GSL (12031 1/2 Regentview Ave/Downey, CA 90241/ BnekkGSL @aol.com/ www.bottlenekk.com). If not, I gotta ask why. Not only is this a beautiful *looking* record (mines on gold & pink vinyl), but it manages to get in your face, get in your head and annoy you all fucking day. The STITCHES song, "Cars of Today," is unshakable. They set a new standard for strutting tall with class and still whipping out an undeniably catchy song in less than two minutes. The lyrics are great, the song just rules from every aspect. When was the last time you heard one song on a single and were just like, "Woah, fuck. That song was *great*! I gotta listen to it again." Well, I guess if you heard the BRIEFS' "Silver Bullet," you might say that. Otherwise, it's probably been a while. Relive the magic.

LE SHOK do what they do best on this record—deliver a piercingly short, to the point song that absolutely doesn't fuck around. You love 'em or you hate 'em. I used to hate 'em, now I love 'em. Such is life. If you hate, 'em, give them another chance. If you love 'em, I'm wasting space writing about them. 'Nuff said.

Hey, did you hear Punk Magazine is making a return? It's true! To celebrate the *original* punk zine's 25 anniversary, John Holmstrom is getting the gang all together to put out a new issue. In addition, there's going to be an anniversary show at CBGB's (where else?) on January 10th. It's guaranteed *the* place to be. For details, check out www.punkmagazine.com.

On a related note, Norton Records (www.nortonrecords.com), in their effort to dig up every unturned stone of rock 'n' roll, have unearthed four old LOU REED tunes and presented them on a great 45. These are *old* REED songs; we're talkin' 1958, back when he was recording with neighborhood friends as the JADES. In addition to a pair of '58 JADES tunes, Norton give us two songs REED recorded in 1962 as LEWIS REED. All four are spunky doo wop influenced rock 'n' roll songs, in fairly standard late-50s/early-60s style.

More of those rascally boot-a-likes have shown up lately. You might remember a few months back I mentioned the 15 7" reissue/bootlegs that surfaced looking *exactly* like the originals. These new ones—LA PESTE (Better Off Dead/Black), the LUBRICANTS (Activated Energy/Trans-Formation Vacation), the MAD (Eyeball) and the HOLLYWOOD SQUARES (Hillside Strangler) are likely done by the same folks. At $7-$10 each, these 7"s are pricey, but nearly as costly as the originals. And they all sound really good.

If you've been looking for the ZERO BOYS *Livin' In the 80's* reissue on Panic Button, word is, it got delayed due to a mastering problem or something. Don't worry, it'll be out soon.

For those wondering, yes, the GIZMOS material (the first three 7"s anyway) has been reissued (legitimately) on vinyl. An Italian label is responsible (possibly Hate Records, though as of press time I haven't been able to confirm nor deny this fact). Also be on the lookout for the new double CD of GIZMOS material on Gulcher Records. This monster collects hours of pre-GIZMOS recordings and demos from 1975-77.

Lunar Lab (PO Box 71357/Pittsburgh, PA 15213) has unleashed 10" of the dreaded LEGIONAIRE'S DISEASE upon the world. Eight songs of blissful, raucous Texas killer punk from the boys whom you probably know best for their amazing song, "I'd Rather See You Dead." Well, you get eight songs from the same session and all the songs really stand up to their well-loved screaming classic. I know there are lots of reissues floating around, but this record is really worth going the extra distance to find. The liner notes offer an amazing look at the band. Read 'em and you'll understand immediately why there aren't bands like this anymore.

All has been mostly quiet on the comp front. Gnome Records recently released *First Belgian Punk Contest, Volume 2*, which includes the full sets recorded at the First Belgian Punk Contest (of 1978) of MODERN WORLD and the RAZORS. The sound quality is supposedly better than the sound on the original *First Belgian Punk Contest* LP, but since I haven't heard it, I can't verify this. Limited to 500, naturally.

Get Back Records out of Italy has released a vinyl version of the VIBRATORS independent singles collection on Anagram.

Besides running one of the best mailorders around, Jim from Underground Medicine also runs Rapid Pulse Records (PO Box 5075/Medford, CT 06460/umedpunk@aol.com). Jim hears a lot of music, good and bad, so you know when he puts out a record, there's a good chance it's gonna smoke. He's put out two new hot 7"s. The RITCHIE WHITES gain instant notoriety by having Toby from the MOTARDS taking on bass guitar duties. But past infamy will only get you so far in the world today, so it's a good thing these boys deliver the goods. Two slower, swaggering melodic songs ("Walkaway"/"Stop Me Before I Kill Again") that have a hint of sneering attitude. It's the kind of record that makes you think they're probably better live, when they can really unleash all their on stage charm. The songs don't quite leap off the vinyl, going for your throat the way I like. Still, this record has spent more than a few turns on my record player.

The other 7", a four song EP by the STRAP-ONS, has a chomping bite that reminds me a bit of the STITCHES—at least vocally. The singer has a similar, too-many-cigarettes snotty roughness. Overall all, the songs are lean, mean, and right in your face. This record is best listened to loud, when you're feeling particularly rowdy.

Now! Records (1615 Sixth St. NE #2/Minneapolis, MN 55413) offers the world yet another new DIALTONES 7". This one features on original, "Oh Baby Doll!" and one BOYS cover, "Not Ready." By now, you should know what to expect from the DIALTONES–rousing DEVIL DOGS-like rock 'n' roll. If, for some weird reason you aren't familiar with the DEVIL DOGS, I'm sending you to detention to do some serious fucking homework.

Speaking of the DEVIL DOGS, people are abuzz with words about ANDY G & the ROLLER KINGS. Andy G. is of course the one and same from the rock 'n' roll powerhouse that was the DEVIL DOGS. Early reports tell that the ROLLER KINGS have earned the hype being generated. Look for a release soon on Sympathy.

Morten Henriksen and the boys known as the YUM YUMS have a new 10" out on Alien Snatch Records (Mörikeweg 1, 74199/Untergruppenbach, Germany/www.aliensnatch.de). Seven strong power pop songs that live up to the title of the album, *Funzone*. The YUM YUMS are so great because they capture a boisterous, loud pop sound and beef it up with a steaming hot injection of pure rock passion. Great songwriting + great production = an amazing record. If you have one pop-leaning bone in your body, you should track this down. Oh, just for trivia sake, Henriksen was part of the VIKINGS and it shows.

Is it just me, or does it seem like Estrus has all but dropped off the face of the Earth? Maybe they just aren't putting out as much as they used to...anyway, I picked up the noisy IMMORTAL LEE COUNTY KILLERS 7". If you pick up this single, you'll be treated to two songs of howling, damaged blues by a simple guitar/drum combo. I guess it's not too much unlike the WHITE STRIPES, BANTAM ROOSTER or the SOLEDAD BROTHERS. Actually, I'd say these guys fall squarely in between those bands. Not quite and blown out as the SOLEDAD BROTHERS, not as stylish as the WHITE STRIPES. Inludes a cover of PUSSY GALORE's "Revolution Summer." Great artwork.

So I've been hearing all this fucking hype about the SUPER BEES. I missed 'em at the Grind, I missed them when they played in San Francisco. When I ran across their 7" (Cabez De

Tornado/203 1/2 Acacia/Huntington Beach, CA 92648) I had to pick up a copy. I had to see what the hype was all about. With songs like "Teenage Animal," you get an idea of what you're in store for and the SUPER BEES come through. Lots of perfectly killer riffs that rev-up their high-charged rock 'n' roll.

Here's a correction regarding my Las Vegas Shakedown report from a few months back. I got my facts all wrong and I don't even drink, fuck:

I'm the guitar player in The Dirty Sweets. Just wanted to correct ya on a few minor details. We are from Austin, TX not Arizona. And The Dirty Looks are from Seattle, not Chicago. Anyway, I had a good laugh about the whole thing and I appreciate the comments. Hopefully we will have a single out early in the new year. Keep your ear to the ground and your eyes peeled.

Shawn Carpetbagger

Thanks for the correction Shawn.

And I don't know how people got the idea that Underground Medicine put out the TOXIC SHOCK LP released this past summer. You're all mistaken. Umed had nothing to do with it, other than getting a few copies to distribute. Stop bugging Jim about it. He doesn't have any. He's not going to get anymore. Go look elsewhere.

Rip Off Records has joined the fray with a hot-looking website (www.ripoffrecords.org) full of information of all your favorite bands. Ha! While you're there, be sure to get the low-down on the upcoming second album from the ZODIAC KILLERS. Mimi and I got to take part of the bloody cover shoot–I'm the guy near the front of the stage with the stump where my right hand used to be. More bands need to forgoe the Karo syrup/chocolate syrup route and just go for the real blood. It looks much more real and absolutely adds to the ambience of a photo. You know?

About once a year I say this and here it is again this year...I know most of you don't give a fuck, but the new LUNGFISH album, *Necrophones* is out. I still love LUNGFISH. There are few bands better suited to completely wrap yourself in at the loudest possible volume and just drown. Well, the STOOGES, but if you're looking for something not quite as electrifying, or electrifying in a much different way, give 'em a shot.

—>THIS JUST IN! A VICTIMS (Australia) LP has surfaced. I haven't seen nor heard it as of writing this, but I saw a few copies for sale through a couple distributors. They're out there...

One last thing, I promise. On Gift Wrapped Crap Radio (www.antennaradio.com) a few months ago, Paul Routenberg did an amazing show of all non-comped Dutch punk from '77 – '84 (or thereabout). Among the songs were three *killer* fucking tunes by PANIC SPECIALS...who is, as I understand, a later incarnation of PANIC. These songs were from their second album, *Wat Kan Het Leven Tock Mooi Zijn*. Can anyone help me track it down? Thank you in advance...

As always, you can read my columns, current and past at: www.blankgeneration.com.

That's it. Now go listen to good music really fucking loud.

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Last week, one of my favorite boys came into town for a visit. It's unreal how great it was to see Bobby! Bobby is one of the first *real* friends I made in the city. Which basically meant he was still around when the lights came on and the crack was gone. Bitch fucking swept up and did the dishes! He even knows my last name, which is really rare. He's sweet and intelligent and sensitive, but still fun to be around. Plus, he's pure fucking sunshine. I swear I've gotten sunburned from the rays that shoot out of his ass. And he came to see me! Looking fucking hot, I might add. He was a cutie when he left us, before he moved to Philadelphia. *I know! Who the fuck moves to Philadelphia?! You don't move TO Philadelphia; you LEAVE Philadelphia. You fuckin' FLEE from Philadelphia... It's cold, it's dreary, they put cream cheese in their sushi and their state bird's a cheesesteak.* Ya know, I have no idea how that boy mingled amongst all that beef and still managed to lose his baby fat. He says it was from climbing stairs all year. Sorry, don't believe that one for a second. But then again, ya' gotta remember Rocky Balboa. Well, I hope Bobby is taking full advantage of all that Brotherly Love n' Stuff, cuz come winter time, he's gonna need to snuggle under someone else's fat rolls if he wants to stay warm. And for that, I can't think of a better place to be than Philadelphia.

Actually I have nothing against Philadelphia. I've never even been anywhere remotely near Philadelphia. But it has Bobby and I don't, so gotta bitch. Anyway, he looked great. Bobby was the first one of us to move and now, I'm the only one left. San Francisco used to be the only place I ever wanted to live. Now, I just want to live somewhere I can afford to pay rent and eat, within the same month. And I want to live in the same place as my friends, which for the most part, ain't here. I'm sure all this whining and complaining gets boring, so I'm gonna end early this month. I'm too sad to write anything happy and too bitter to make shit up.

So til next month, play hard with all your friends. And if you're anything like me... Oops! What a silly thing to say, of course you're not. What I meant was, if you have the same problem that I do, play hard with yourself.

I have this new friend named Ceci P. She's one of those people who isn't a punk rocker but who I definitely consider punk rock. Because hey, remember? Punk rock is more than music and fashion—it's an attitude, a lifestyle, a mindset. It's about thinking for yourself, about questioning authority and the status quo. And about being an individual, doing what you want to do and not giving a fuck what others might think. Ceci doesn't have the punk rock records, the punk rock clothes, or much experience with punk rock—but she definitely has the punk rock.

I brought her to Gilman to see MELT BANANA, and to some gigs around Reno. She fits right in, with one notable exception—she can't stand to be around people who are "TFC" —her often-used personal acronym for Too Fucking Cool. You know who I'm talking about: these holier-than-thou hipsters, dressed in oh-so-cool clothes, who will sooner look you up and down than flash you a smile or say hello. Especially if you're not sporting the piercing of the week or some bitchin' tattoos.

I remember feeling similar alienation when I was first checking out the underground punk scene. Like the first time I ever went to Epicenter, the now-defunct volunteer-run record shop in San Francisco. The kids running the store that day were *definitely* too fucking cool for me. I was from *Reno*, pretty new to the underground punk scene, and didn't know what the fuck I was talking about. (I think I even bought a J-Church record that day, yuck!) I wasn't cool at all and the guy behind the counter made me feel like shit. If it weren't for my total and complete enthusiasm with this subculture that I'd stumbled upon, and its awesome music, I would have never gone back to Epicenter, for fear of having to face another TFC shithead. Fortunately I didn't let one asshole ruin the place for me, and upon subsequent visits to Epicenter I was treated pretty well.

I'm really glad that Ceci got me thinking about all of this. Because nowadays, after having put on hundreds of shows in Reno, having run a record label, and having made stickers for just about every fuckin band out there, I have an identity within the punk scene and I get treated pretty well. I've made friends with a lot of people, even if they appeared to be TFC at first. So I've kind of forgotten what TFC alienation feels like. I think Ceci can be a bit reactionary and judgmental, passing someone off as TFC based on how they look, before talking to them. Hell, she thought I was TFC! But I understand why she gets intimidated by TFC people, and avoids them like the plague. She says she doesn't care about being cool, and that she feels more comfortable around kinda nerdy people who don't care about being cool either.

So, are punk rockers TFC? Like in any subculture, some

definitely are. We've got plenty of punk rock hipsters, wearing all the right clothes, hanging with other "cool" people and name-dropping. These people aren't really freaks, they just like to be freaky, and to them, punk rock is just another fashion trend. These are the people who are too cool to give a fuck about anything. You'll never see them at a protest or at a community meeting. These are the people who you might feel the need to impress with knowledge of old and obscure bands. The people to whom it's not good enough to have the cool records—they have to have the first pressing on colored vinyl. A lot of my friends fit this description, and I don't hate them—but it's hard for me to relate to them on anything that's not cool and punk rock.

At the same time, there are total fuckin' geeks who find refuge in punk rock. They are, in my eyes, the real freaks, truly rejects of society. They don't care what's cool. Their clothes don't fit, they have bad haircuts, and they don't give a fuck. They're not embarrassed to speak out and try to change the things they don't like about the world—even if it means associating with housewives, or old dudes, or—gasp—hippies! They never got rid of their old heavy metal and Weird Al records when they weren't cool anymore.

It's probably no coincidence that a complaint we hear all too often about Resurrection, our volunteer-run record store here in Reno, is that it's really clique-y, and that people don't feel comfortable in there with our sometimes snobbish staff. What is it, I wonder, that's going through these punker kids' heads? The world doesn't make sense to them, so they reject it—and in the process they begin to think they're above everyone else—unless they're punk rockers with the right patches sewn to their jackets, asking for the right records. Either that, or they're just so fuckin' insecure and socially retarded that they couldn't effectively convey a friendly welcome to a customer if they wanted to! I think the latter is true mostly of the younger kids, which is to be expected, I suppose.

What I've never been able to understand about most punk rockers is their inability to relate to other like-minded people if they don't happen to also be punk rockers. Punks are supposed to hate hippies, right? But why? I've always said: sure, their music sucks and they dress funny—but if you look beyond the superficial, they share a lot of the same values with us. I'd rather live in a town full of hippies than in a town full of conservative business types. I probably wouldn't hang out with the hippies, but at least I'd be surrounded by people who care about the environment and their community and art—not just about money. Who's more likely to tolerate a punk club—hippies or Christians? Do you think it's any coincidence that Gilman Street, one of the longest-surviving punk clubs in the USA, is in Berkeley, a town that has historically been a haven for hippies?

I have to bring up another example from Reno. Our local not-for-profit natural foods cooperative recently closed down after twenty-five years of service to this community. A lot of factors contributed to its demise, like the opening of a couple of chain natural foods stores, and the increasing availability of natural foods in "normal" grocery stores. But what really doomed the place was the handful of so-called "hardcore kids" and punkers who started working there. When I first noticed them working there, I thought it was really cool. Our not-for-profit co-op record store was right next door at the time, and righteous vegans could buy Earth Crisis records and animal-free jerky all on the same trip. Turns out these fuckers who started working there would go into the store at night and load up bags of groceries to stock their cupboards, and to give to all their righteous vegan friends. Over the course of about a year, they robbed the place of around $50,000 worth of food.

Now that the place is closed and I have to go to a chain store to get some of the grub I like, I'm totally pissed at the fuckers who led the thievery. Let's call them the RVDs—Righteous Vegan Dudes. Now I don't trust the RVDs as far as I can squirt piss. And when I recently let my feelings be known, by saying I didn't trust them to be hanging around our record store behind the scenes (as a volunteer, or practicing in their band after hours), several long-time volunteers, who remain good friends with the RVDs, were mortally offended, and quit. They defended the RVDs, by saying that they'd never steal from *our* store, because it's *different*. Because the RVDs lived by—get this—the same "punk ethics" as the rest of us—and would never steal from their fellow punkers. Somehow, it's okay to have stolen from the food co-op, because it wasn't run by punkers, but by hippy-ish health nut types.

Well, I don't get it. I mean, it would be one thing to steal from a place like Wild Oats. Yah, it's a giant company, with overpriced stores all over the country, that exists to make money—go ahead and rob the place blind! But the food co-op, like our record store, was created to fill the needs of a certain group of people in our community, by selling products that were unavailable in other stores. Our record store is the only place in town to get the latest releases on Ebullition Records, and the co-op was, for a long time, the only place to get Tofutti Cuties and soy milk. Neither was created for profit.

Being a punk rocker doesn't mean you're better than everyone else. I think it's healthy to reject the status quo, and to create your own community within this bullshit money-driven society we live in—but punk rockers aren't the only ones who have done that! It's contradictory and stupid to separate ourselves from others who have common values just because they don't fit into our scene. I'm not suggesting that we all start hanging out with hippies. I'm saying that we shouldn't think that we're too fuckin' cool to ever associate with them, or that it's somehow within our "punk ethics" to steal from them. And that if we want people to be a part of our subculture, our punk community, we have to welcome the newcomers. We can't allow ourselves to appear snobbish or clique-y, because then only those who are snobbish or clique-y will force their way in.
Be cool, but don't be Too Fuckin' Cool.
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This month we follow the continuing adventures of Code 13 on tour to Australia. Australia was one of the most anticipated stops on our pacific tour. After a month in Asia we were pretty stoked to be back in the English speaking world. I had always been somewhat fascinated with Australia and I think most of the rest of the band considered it to be a high point of the tour as well.

Australia is a huge country, almost as big as the USA. A former English colony, it is fairly sparsely populated, with less than 20 million people. The economy is still primarily resource based, mining and agriculture being the mainstays. Manufacturing and technology are also represented. The culture is quite similar to that of the USA and Canada and not nearly as English influenced as I expected. The traditional Anglo-Irish settlers (who stole the land from the Natives, as in America) have been superseded over the past few decades by waves of immigrants from SE Europe, the Levant and SE Asia, giving Australia a multi-cultural feel that most Americans would relate to.

Australians are supposedly really "laid back" and casual about life in general. The American media stereotype of the bushwhacking macho crocodile wrestler is about as applicable to everyday Australians as the Cowboy stereotype is to everyday Americans. That said, Australia still has a very macho, male-dominated culture, not that different really from that in the USA. There were numerous times walking around suburban Australian neighborhoods where I felt like I could just as easily be in San Diego or Los Angeles. The suburban middle class lifestyle here is quite similar to that of the USA and has produced, not surprisingly, a rebellious punk subculture.

When I set my sights on booking Australia I hoped that there would be one person who could set up the whole tour for us like Masaki had done for Japan. I was unable to contact anyone willing to take on such a task, so I had to book each show individually from the US. Once again, this was only possible due to e-mail and fax making communication so fast and affordable. One advantage of Australian geography is that much of the population is clustered on the East Coast, with the interior sparsely populated and only a few other major cities on the South and West coasts. Trying to tour Australia in ten days was

like trying to tour the US in ten days; we were only able to play on the East coast and had to skip Perth and Western Australia from the start. I wrote and e-mailed distros, bands, and labels from Australia, but my best response came from asking for help in this column. I managed to find people to set up gigs in all of the major East Coast cities. Our timing unfortunately got in the way of playing Adelaide as they had a big festival planned a few days after we would play and no one could set up a gig for us as everything was geared towards the festival. We were just a few days ahead of Good Clean Fun in Australian and they managed to play quite a few more places than we did, I'd be interested to know who set their tour up. If we could do it all over again, I would've stayed longer in order to play more weekend gigs, as the weekday gigs were not as well attended, and to play Canberra, Adelaide and Perth etc.

Our tour began in Brisbane. Aaron of In League with Satan records had set us up there and also hooked us up with our driver, Amanda. Amanda provided a van and driving services for the tour basically just for the cost of gas and maintenance on her van. Without her help, I don't think we would've been able to pull off the tour. Almost every city we played was 8-12 hours away from the next. I don't think there is any way we could've pulled off our tour with a rental van or traveling by air or train, at least not without going deep into debt. Brisbane was unusually cold for that time of year and it was rather a shock for us coming from the tropics. It was late Fall in the Southern Hemisphere, but unseasonably cold for that time of year. When planning the tour I had consulted charts of average annual temperatures and thought it would be 50-60 degrees in Australia during our visit. I told the guys in the band they wouldn't need winter clothes and so we were pretty underdressed. Still, we are Nordic Minnesota types so the coldest Australian winter is still a breeze to us.

Overall it was great to be back in the world of regular toilets, hot and cold running water, shower curtains, and water you could drink right out of the tap. Simple conveniences we take so much for granted in the western world. Hanging out and partying with Australian punks was remarkably similar to hanging out and partying with the punks at home; the backyard barbecue is a big deal in Australia. I remember trying to school Germans on this topic. They couldn't understand eating, much less grilling, corn on the cob.

Australia does not have quite as organized a network of DIY touring as the US or Europe, or even Japan. I talked to a lot of Australian bands who had only played a few out of town gigs, and then only in the closest big city. In general the local bands were all very good and there seemed to be enough of them to keep people engaged without an endless stream of touring bands. Australia has some really funny rivalries between cities and states. I think these have their origins in Football rivalries, but it was really funny to hear people in Melbourne or Sydney talk about Queenslanders maybe the way New Yorkers would talk about bumpkins from the rural South.

Our first gig was in the event room of a pub/hotel in Brisbane. This was a large room and despite it being a weeknight, the gig was very well attended. Australians are probably the tallest people on earth. I swear everyone was six feet tall, even the women. I went from feeling like a giant in Japan to a dwarf in Australia. Punk style in Australia has two main influences. First the UK punk style; I saw a lot of mohawks, leather jackets, short skirts with fishnets, and ripped up Sex Pistols T-shirts. Second, American hardcore; hooded sweatshirts, hockey masks, sneakers and camo pants; the HC kid look.

Not surprisingly Australian punk music has a lot of US and UK influences as well. All the genres present in the US are well represented in Australia. However, most Australian punk music seems to lean in two directions: brutal grindcore and thick heavy hardcore. The brutal grind seems to come from both a crusty punk and a sick metal direction. Meanwhile, the heavy hardcore seems to be the bulk of the scene. I'd say the big influences here are early 80s Boston hardcore like Jerry's Kids, the F.U.'s, and Negative FX as well as fast HC bands like Infest and Crossed Out. I think the band that would go over best here from overseas would be Voorhees. Which brings me to my next observation.

Australia has a totally raging hardcore scene that is virtually unknown outside Australia. There are several reasons for this. First is, of course, the general lack of interest in foreign hardcore in the USA especially. Sad, but true. Second, the relative lack of vinyl documentation of the scene. There are only one or two record pressing plants left in Australia and these are quite expensive. The low relative value of the Australian dollar means that it would be very expensive to have records manufactured in the US and that Australian records cost about twice as much to produce as their American counterparts. Third, Australia has a good network of independent record shops and small distros, but no large distribution entities for punk music such as Ebullition in the US. Fourth, Australian vinyl editions are very small; pressings of 200-500 copies are quite common. Few of these records leave Australia. Fifth, it seems most Australian punk is released on CD, comps and split CDs are especially popular. While this format makes a lot of sense for Australia, comps and split CDs are pretty poor sellers in the US, no matter how good they are.

I urge everyone who loves hardcore to check out some of the great hardcore coming out of Australia. Unfortunately Aaron of In League with Satan and Clint of Short Fuse records are both abroad right now and Spiral Objective Distro is less active than it once was. However, Barcode the World has a great distro; contact them at Con—PO Box 341 Fivedock 2046 NSW Australia. Or to Jay—PO Box 175 Georges Hall 2198 NSW Australia. Check out the CD comps Con of Barcode the world has compiled. My personal favorite Australian band of late is Arms Reach, I urge everyone to check out their discography CD, totally brutal Hardcore. Contact them at 7 Lawson St. Hamilton NSW, 2303, Australia. Another good Aussie label is Chaotic Thoughts, C/A Danny Sano, 14 Rosedale Rd, Gordon NSW, 2072, Australia. Clint and Shortfuse records have moved to the UK but you can still reach him by e-mail shortfuserecords@hotmail.com. Also there is Spiral Objective at PO Box 126 Oaklands Park, South Australia 5046, Australia.

OK, back to the Brisbane gig. We played with B.A. Barachus, Vicious, Sausage Chopper and Upside Down Flag. I'd have to say this was one of the best-promoted gigs I've ever played. Aaron made like five different flyers and posters, which were all over town. A lot of people turned up at the gig. At all of our Aussie gigs it seems that the curiosity of an international band being in town brought out a lot of old timers who hadn't been seen at gigs in a while.

Our Gold Coast gig had fallen through, so we spent the next night hanging out in Brisbane and then went camping in the bush. It was nice to have a break from life on the road and I got to see my first and only Kangaroo in Australia. Having spent a lot of time in the outdoors in the US I was pretty stunned by the Australian rainforest. Rural Australia is very sparsely populated, like the American West. Indeed, the patterns of land use and economic exploitation are quite similar. So too are the environmental problems generated by wholesale exploitation of natural resources by international capital.

Of note as well is that Australia, like the US and Canada was not an uninhabited wilderness to be populated by Europeans, but was home to a Native culture. The Australian Aborigines had their land stolen and were exterminated in a process extremely similar to the European campaigns against the American Indians. In general the Australian punks I met were much more educated and concerned with environmental issues and native treaty rights than all but a small cadre of American activists. Australia socially has a lot of socialistic programs like Europe and Canada. You can exist on the dole for years and college study is, if not free, heavily subsidized. As a result, many young Australians are over educated and environmental studies seem to be pretty popular. Almost everyone we met was either a student or on the dole, like in Germany or Canada. However, they do utilize all that time to start some really kick ass bands!

Our Newcastle gig we showed up late but managed to catch most of Arms Reach who are, as I noted above, my favorite Australian band. I think Conation and some others opened. This gig was in a shed behind a punk house in a mostly industrial area. There was a skate ramp and mad skating during the gig. After the gig there was a barbecue and boozing session that lasted until the early hours. As usual, I was the only non-drinker present. The punk kids in Australia were all really friendly and "laid back," as the stereotype goes. I found the punk scene in Australia to be less

commercialized and superficial than much of the American scene. There was some mindless drunken thuggery, but in general the scene was very non-violent. Our next gig was at the Hornsby PCYC outside of Sydney. This was pretty ironic, as the gig was in a youth club run by the local police and uniformed cops staffed the hall. Also of interest is that AC DC was a regular here in the early 70s. On the bill were Age of Distrust, Deadstare, Charcoal Human, Slug 7, Bleeding Face, and Brand Loyalty. I'd have to say all were pretty ripping, ranging from grind to screamo. The next day we went record shopping and ate at the only Taco Bell we could find in the Pacific. Funny how something incredibly banal in the US is suddenly an exciting reminder of home when abroad. I don't recommend the Sydney Taco Bell, though, it tastes funny and the Mountain Dew is watered down.

The next night we played at the legendary Iron Duke hotel and pub. This gig featured some really great bands: Murder, A.V.O., Iron Sausage, Three Found Dead, World on Welfare, and the Blurters. Murder was really far out in their musicianship, pretty unique for a hardcore band. Iron Sausage was total balls-out grind with very well thought out political lyrics. They have a CD on Chaotic Thoughts. Blurters had a really tough street punk sound with a lot of Hardcore elements and I liked them a lot more than I thought I would. A.V.O. were over-the-top fast HC, their lyrics are filled with hate and venom, but when I met them they were incredibly nice and friendly guys. Three Found Dead were early 80s Boston HC revived, and World on Welfare was an all-out crusty hardcore attack in the Doom, ENT vein.

Just getting a roster of bands like this to play together in the states would be a feat but here everyone seemed to be equally into all the different varieties of punk and hardcore mixed up on one bill. I saw very little evidence of an emo scene but punk, grind, street punk, hardcore and SE seemed to mix pretty well in the scene without much of the schism you would expect in the US. I had a blast bumming around Sydney and Melbourne as the low value of the Australian dollar makes records very cheap. Found lots of UK punk and hardcore at pretty good prices you can't get any better than $5 Ripchord LPs. There were a lot of Goth and Metal records about as well as a great deal of cock rock like Turbonegro. T. Rex must have been huge here in the 70s, I saw a ton of used T. Rex LPs. We left for Melbourne and the curse of Code 13 managed to fall on Amanda's van. Just outside Melbourne the engine seized up. If you've ever hung out with us on tour you know that we have a propensity to cause every vehicle we ride in to have a major breakdown. We put three engines in one of our tour vans alone. We managed to get a train into town in plenty of time to play the gig, though, and had the van towed to a junkyard and a new engine installed in time to make it back to Sydney to catch our flight.

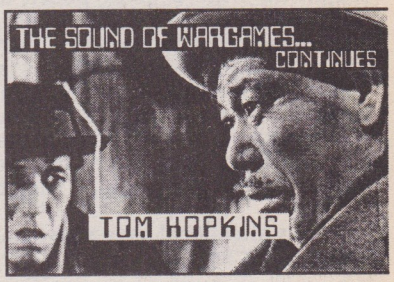
Melbourne was a Monday night gig and so only the diehards showed up. We played with Stamanech, the Kill, Soberphobe and Recalcitrate. This was much more of a crusty punk/drunk punk show than the rest of the Australian gigs. One person noted this was because all the clean cut hardcore kids had to go to work or school the next day while all the crusties were on the dole. Whatever the case, it was still a pretty raging show and the bands were totally brutal, especially The Kill, who played 100 MPH grind with great ferocity.

As AC DC once said about touring, "It's harder than it looks." It takes a special brand of dedication to fly around the world, drive twelve hours, blow an engine, and still make it to a gig for only like fifty people who really care about this sort of music. Staying at the local punk house, you realize punk houses are the same around the world. The unmowed lawn, the piles of empty beer bottles, the dumpstered furniture, the refrigerator covered with punk stickers. Only the band names on the stickers differentiate this punk house from one in Kansas or Montreal.

Another tragic similarity of punk scenes worldwide is the toll speed and heroin is taking on the punks. I sat around and listened to people talk about ex band members and roommates who had O.D'd, been in rehab, etc. Once again it could've been any punk house anywhere, but it illustrates all too clearly how some of the most creative and independent-minded people seem to succumb so quickly to a deadly one-way trip into drug-induced oblivion.

We drove back to Sydney and I have to wonder how Amanda was able to put up with our lewd jokes, endless games of 20 Questions, and a Capella renditions of Queen's "Bohemian Rhapsody," but we made it.

Driving in Australia, you notice that they have the same sort of biker, trucker, hot rod and muscle car culture we have in the US, just on the other side of the road. It's interesting how two similar countries on opposite sides of the world develop parallel cultural phenomenon. The gigs in Australia actually paid very well, better than similar sized gigs in the US. I think mostly this was because we were an international act and the locals played for free or gas money. We sold a fair number of shirts and records but we were crippled in the merchandise department because only one of the four boxes of merch I'd sent from the US arrived in time for the tour. Despite spending something like $600 on air-mail postage, most of it didn't manage to arrive for several months. This along with not having much merch in Singapore and Malaysia really hindered the amount of money we could've made to offset our expenses. Remember that—crass commercialism that it is—merch at gigs is the lifeblood of a band on tour. I still think we managed to make about $1500 in Australia after covering the van, etc. I don't think that would pay but one person's airfare to Australia, but as I said in an earlier column if you could do Australia in conjunction with a Japanese tour it's totally practical. I would actually recommend it as very few international bands come to Australia and there is a great scene. I don't know how Good Clean Fun did, but I'm eager to ask them as they are playing here in a week. After a night in Sydney we flew to New Zealand, which was a blast, but you'll have to wait for next month to hear about that.



I've changed the rules only slightly for this edition of my year end top ten. As with last year, I'm limiting the list to records that were only reviewed in this column. Anything reviewed in the regular section as well wasn't considered. By the way, I'm lying, because I had to include the INSULT TO INJURY LP, which I happen to think is a tremendous record. As a result, I've struck another blow against the metric system by opting for a top eleven.

1) INSULT TO INJURY LP (Belladonna, PO Box 13673, Gainesville, FL 32604)
2) NUZZLE "San Lorenzo's Blues" LP (Troubleman, 16 Willow Street, Bayonne, NJ 07002)
3) CLOCKS "The Saint, the Sinner, the Virgin, and the Dynamo" CD (Track Star, PO Box 60, Forked River, NJ 08731)
4) TRANSITIONAL "The People vs. Transitional" CD (Sound On Sound, PO Box 11794, Berkeley, CA 94712)
5) FAINT "Blank Wave Arcade" LP (Saddle Creek, PO Box 8554, Omaha, NE 68108-0554)
6) SAETIA "Eronel" EP (Witching Hour, no address because it's out of print, but a few distros still have it.)
7) MAN I FELL IN LOVE WITH "The Dis Yourself" 12" (Donut Friends, PO Box, 3192, Kent, OH 44240)
8) 12 HOUR TURN "The Victory Of Myself" LP (No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604)
9) PARTY OF HELICOPTERS "Mt. Forever" LP (Donut Friends, PO Box, 3192, Kent, OH 44240)
10) ETIL VRYE/TIPPING CANOE split LP (Moganono, I can't find an address. Weird.)
11) THREE MINUTE MOVIE "Rhythm of Wind and Water" CD (Snuffy Smile, 4-1-16-201 Daita, Setagaya-ku, Tokyo, 155-0033, JAPAN)

Those familiar with my poo-pooing about CDs are probably as surprised as I am about the number of shiny discs in this list of favorites. They were fucking good enough for me to go back to several times post-review, which is what tips releases into consideration. Oh yeah, send all future contenders to my **NEW** address: **PO Box 11661, Berkeley, CA 94712**.

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Melanie the Pimp would likely tell me that I deserved the rough up because I was drinking cosmopolitans. I can imagine her severe Yankee voice scratching across my eardrums now:

"Jesus, Hopkins, cosmopolitans are old lady drinks!" Regardless of their appeal amongst the geriatric set, they've become my drink of choice. And I chose to drink several of them at my sister's wedding rehearsal dinner. Not so many that I couldn't give a good (though meandering) toast, but enough to render it impossible for me to avoid a political conversation with the most humorless conservative at the table. That conversation required a few more drinks to recover from, which may have been responsible for my thinking it was a grand idea to stumble across the French Quarter for some more carousing. And that's where, as Maus would say, my troubles began.

No matter how I add up the drinks I swallowed, I refuse to accept that the arithmetic of my boozing figured up to the drubbing I received. Nothing I did in the bar that our party ended up in was an offense worthy of being hustled out of the bar by my shirt collar. Could it really be that big of a deal to take a few sips out of someone else's drink? Is my money no longer legal tender just because I played Randy Newman's "Louisiana" four times in a row on the jukebox? Even if these are high crimes and misdemeanors, there really wasn't any reason for the bartender to pull me out of the photo booth mid-session. I was even willing to settle the score by letting him and others register their complaints. Hands above my head and palms flat on the truck outside the saloon, fanny wiggling to and fro, "Come on, motherfuckers, I'll take you all on!" Surely such a fun-filled taunt would put everything back in perspective for those feeling wronged. The volley of feet-to-ass sending me to the ground suggested otherwise. Events took off much faster than memory could run, but this much I caught up with: a quick punch to my lip from above. Stacy cleared the crowd away and our retreat was initiated by the grooms men who had watched the ruckus from indoors. The welcome mat to the bar that I always frequented when visiting New Orleans was snatched away as I remarked "Hey, don't blame me because all of y'alls tattoos suck!" Luckily, a cab made itself available as both the crowd and a mounted police office began to move our way. The photographer promised my mother that the rather small cut on my lip wouldn't ruin my sister's wedding.

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Pay attention, I have a new mailing address: PO Box 11661, Berkeley, CA 94712).

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The Troubleman (16 Willow St., Bayonne, NJ 07002) releases of the past several months have been all over the genre tree. THE WIMP *Fake Fool* EP is part of an ongoing solo series. I haven't heard the others but I'm fairly certain that they're also acoustic guitar and vocals...and that's all. I was interested in hearing this because "The Wimp" is Pete from the MILKY WIMPSHAKES and the Slampt! label and I was curious as to how he would fare on his attempt. Don't tell the boot boys, but I listened to these songs several times. I enjoyed Pete not being phony earnest in his delivery, but just singing very plainly with straightforward lyrics.

Others who have heard THE HEX *No Car* EP must have noticed a strong EX influence. I know it isn't just the resemblance in the names. Slightly arty punk with damaged timing. Sparse instrumentation during the verses come smashing together with cymbal crash during the choruses. The vocals often help create a peculiar bridge from one measure to the next with each word being drawn fully out before the next begins. I can only explain it as a softened version of the singer of SKULL CONTROL/MONORCHID/etc. The CD has two additional songs. (Troubleman)

Speaking of Troubleman CDs, ta da, PARTY OF HELICOPTERS *Mt. Forever*. This is the 5" version of the LP that Donut Friends released this past summer. Hypnotic vocals that I always compare to SHUDDER TO THINK, not because I'm lazy but because I have a hard time adequately describing the grown man sing-song that wraps warmly around the guitar flash traveling through each song. The D&D reference in one song interacts smartly with the barely visible math club/RUSH influence. Look up above for what I thought of the LP version.

I've been caught off guard by what could be quite a development of sound amongst the emo/indie set: BLUE CHEER/BLACK SABBATH soaked jams. Former members of the IMPOSSIBLE FIVE come stumbling out of the custom van in a cloud of smoke, SLEEP playing on the stereo, and a well-thumbed copy of the *Return of the King* in the singer's back pocket. That's my take on the DEAD MEADOW LP. Planeria (PO Box 21340, Washington D.C., www.planeriainc.com) is handling the vinyl for the debut and the CD's on Tolotta. An EXCELSIOR/DEAD MEADOW split EP would kill!

Planeria's also put the YOUR ADVERSARY CD on the fabulous 10" format. Along the way I leant my CD version out and it didn't come home. These songs are worth stealing being so direct and punchy (as a three piece often succeeds at) but also full, rich, and tuneful. My favorite songs have a nearly total instrumental verse with the vocals popping up in the chorus. Ding! Vocals from your brother and sister front a band that combines the melodies of a Chumpire or Plan-It-X band (DISARM, OPERATION CLIFF CLAVIN) with d.i.y. hardcore chops.

The KILL, BABY *Just Keep Thinking...* EP piles the strained screamo vocals right up on an extremely disjointed mess of tin pan drumming and clean picked to distorted mish mash guitar wanderings. Not much to grab a hold of. Way high on the freak out meter. SPIRIT OF VERSAILLES bumpin' with TEN BOY SUMMER? (Last House, 17 South 4th Street, Lebanon, PA 17042)

Council Records (address???) has reappeared with several choice releases. Don't let the glamour of prom queen DEARBORN SS leave the YAPHET KOTTO/SUICIDE NATION EP without a dancing partner. SUICIDE NATION hammers the manic terror of German emo-violence on top of the Wagnerian drama of past Canadian hardcore guitar slingers. YAPHET KOTTO travel through three and a half minutes of emo-core tension. The harsh vocals are set a few feet back from the dual guitar racket that the bass and drums weave between. POLICY OF THREE-ish at times but with more creative tempo changes.

SHADOW COMPANION's *Konstantin* EP combines minimally fuzzed/fucked panic core (JEROME'S DREAM) with electronica rhythm destruction. There are a few points where it clicks remarkably well. Often, it gets lost in GREAT UNRAVELING/CONVOCATION OF space travel. ($4ppd: Ikat Method, PO Box 40422, Saint Paul, MN 55104)

UNDER A DYING SUN tries something nifty on the *These Stitches* EP; one song split onto two sides of a 7". The song is in the familiar territory of SINKER, early STILL LIFE, and POT VALIANT. Slow soft parts. Nearly inaudible vocals. Build ups to rock outs. Never too hectic or shoulder jerking. The record definitely belongs in its silk screened paper bag sleeve. (Unfun, PO Box 2122, Saratoga, CA 95070-0122).

BLACK CAT #13 has broken up, but I'm told to expect a number of posthumous releases, starting with the *Experiment, Vol. 1* LP (Radio One, PO Box 1729, Collingwood, Victoria 3066 AUSTRALIA). Remixes...they're everywhere, including this release. Despite the electrical engineering at work by OH NO THE MODULATOR, the aggressive HUGGY BEAR art and rock-'n'roll backbone still drives the car. The keyboards and electronics are just doing all of the navigating.

Column top five: 1) DEAD MEADOW LP 2) YAPHET KOTTO/SUICIDE NATION split EP 3) UNDER A DYING SUN EP 4) BLACK CAT #13 5) YOUR ADVERSARY 10".

All over, once again. Please send CDs, vinyl, zines, and nudie pics to: PO Box 11661, Berkeley, CA 94712.

KETTERING, OHIO MUNICIPAL COURT, DECEMBER 16, 2004—With nothing less than the fate of the free world and the presidency of the United States at stake, Municipal Court Judge Robert K. Wurtz shocked the world this afternoon by declaring that neither presidential candidate would receive this suburb's critical votes.

"A careful review of the evidence indicates that accidental, fraudulent and mutilated ballots of each candidate cancel each other out exactly," Judge Wurtz announced to a sea of reporters, protesters and employees of local law firms. "Therefore, the 3,270 votes cast in the city must be evenly divided and discarded accordingly."

Judge Judy, the lead attorney and chief spokesman for

Acting President Dennis Hastert, denounced the decision as "pussyfooting" and "partisan." Hastert, who as Speaker of the House became Acting President pending the outcome of the still-unresolved 2000 presidential race between sportscaster/former presidential candidate George W. Bush and CNN pundit/former presidential candidate Al Gore, ran for either election or reelection—depending on which lawyer is doing the talking—against Senator Strom Thurmond, the 112-year-old icon who asserts that the Constitution actually makes him Acting President.

Senator Jesse Helms, speaking for the Thurmond camp, reacted immediately: "I can't believe how fucking old I am," he remarked.

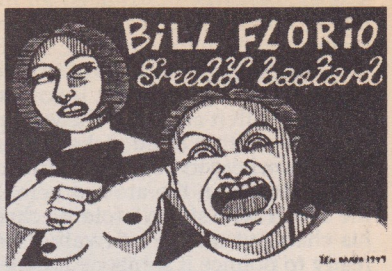
The current electoral crisis, the second in a row, occurred when Hastert and Thurmond split the Electoral College vote 289-281 in Hastert's favor. (The admission of Canada as a state two years ago—the result of an obscure provision of NAFTA—means that a candidate must carry 301 electoral votes to win the presidential election.) In the end, Ohio's 23 electoral votes became decisive, but the Buckeye State's popular vote was so tight—4,333,450 to 4,333,402—that a series of mandatory recounts were ordered by state law, state judges, federal judges and several prominent television personalities. Oddly, each recount came up with different results. Attention soon focused on Montgomery County, a sprawling district of suburbs and farmland surrounding the industrial city of Dayton. But allegations of widespread voting irregularities soon cropped up, all of them centering on Kettering, a town of 72,200 people just south of Dayton. Among the charges:

• Mrs. Tabitha Wakeman of 2995 South Far Hills Avenue forgot about the election until she saw the *Dayton Daily News'* blaring "Dancin' Dennis!" headline on her front porch the next morning. "I was horrified," Mrs. Wakeman told reporters from as far away as Greenland. "I was chronologically disenfranchised." Some Democrats are calling for a return to the Julian calendar.
• Ms. Joanne Kelly, a 52-year-old motor scooter saleswoman from Kettering's tony East Side saw "some dude" ding the side of her three-year-old Ford Extravanganza 10-wheel SUV with his car door as she entered her voting precinct. She claims that she was so upset that she ended up voting for Green Party candidate Julia "Butterfly" Hill. "Anyone who lives in a tree is a nut," Ms. Kelley asserts. Ms. Hill lived in a tree for two years.
• Mr. William Griffin, a Republican, "had such a [hard] time" that "[he] couldn't [even] find the [precinct]." He ended up shopping for stereo equipment rather than exercising his Constitutionally-protected right to cast a ballot. Mr. Griffin has filed lawsuits for invasion of privacy, reverse discrimination and civil rights violations.
• A lot of people didn't bother to vote, but say that they would have done so if they had known that Kettering's votes would have ended up being so important. Why didn't anyone tell them in advance that this might happen?

Under normal circumstances, the presidency would go to a full vote of the House of Representatives, but the U.S. Supreme Court has already ruled that Acting President Hastert's second job as Speaker of the House constitutes a conflict of interest with his third job as an Illinois Congressman. Legal and presidential scholars believe that under election case law the Acting Presidency must next revert to an Acting Acting President selected by a four-judge panel comprised of the chief federal judges of district courts selected by placing the numbers of each court into a shallow plastic basin and drawing them in reverse order.

In the event of a tie, under Article 17.2(c)(3) of the Articles of Confederation, Jeb Bush will become President for Life.

HELP WANTED: I'm looking for someone who's really good at Flash animation on the Web to animate my cartoons online. Yes, you'll get paid (in keeping with my socialist philosophy, we'll split profits 50-50). If you can commit to doing one 90-second Flash animation of my cartoons (check out www.rall.com) each week for at least the next year, and you live in or near New York City, please e-mail me at tedrall@aol.com (include a link to samples if you have them) and let's talk. I only need someone who's really good, so don't bother unless you kick ass.



Me and Tim Yo once actually came to an agreement on something—that *They Live* is the most punk rock movie ever made. Now in case you haven't seen it, it's not some film student movie. It's a cheesy John Carpenter horror film starring Rowdy Roddy Piper. A lot of people disagree with me. There aren't any punk references in it. In fact it doesn't even have a soundtrack. They were too cheap to even hire a composer. Now the reasons I think it's punk are not the same as Tim's though.

The basic plot is that aliens have taken over the world and use mind control to keep us stupid to this fact. Roddy figures out how to see what's going on and ends up saving the world by kicking ass and running out of bubblegum. Anyhow the outward punkrockness to some dumb kid off the street is that the government, the rich, those in power keep us under control. They have their MTV, their Mickey'Ds keep us down, they keep us dumb and they make sure its easy for them to keep the lame status quo while its easy for us to comply. Ah crap. I have too many things on my desk and my dinner just fell into my lap... hold on a sec.

So, where was I? I know I should really get a new pair of pants and I'll totally forget that there's macaroni and cheese stains on them tomorrow when I have to rush to work. So.... The point is, people who agree that it's the most punk rock movie are doing so for the wrong reasons. Here are the real reasons.
1. The whole thing is stupid. Yes everyone around you is a moron but the covert group that Roddy finds is trying to spread the word by setting up a pirate television station with the guy from Supervixens preaching like some guy on 42nd Street. Basically the whole group is getting nowhere, they aren't well connected with other groups and every time there's a meeting less and less people show up. Hmm, just like punk.
2. In the middle of the movie Roddy has to body slam his friend for 20 minutes to try to convince him to change his brand of sunglasses.
3. The music is really lame.
4. When you tell people that you really like *They Live*, they've never heard of it, or they're embarrassed to say they've seen it. Sort of like telling people you write for *Maximum RockNRoll*.

Anyhow now that I'm done with that, I tend to think about this movie a lot. I have to deal with a lot of rich people on a daily basis and most of them in such a different world, I sometimes wonder if they really are aliens in disguise. I can't figure out if their privileged life just allows them to be so unaccepting of people or if they were born this way. I mean a lot of them have had so much plastic surgery it looks like they're wearing a mask already.

What drives these people to be so phony and hollow? And, why are so many people so empty in general? I mean, there are obvious things like manic depression, alcoholism, etc. and I bet at least half of these people are victims of something like this, but what is really sucking their personalities out of them, and did they ever even have a chance of having any? I mean, maybe its me. I'm kind of forward with people, maybe I turn them off, maybe they're afraid I'll jump at them and make them feel bad. I mean I have sort of a big mouth and all, but I have a lot of friends who are quiet and reserved, yet still have a lot in them to make them able to carry on a conversation or give a compliment, maybe even say hello and goodbye like a normal human.

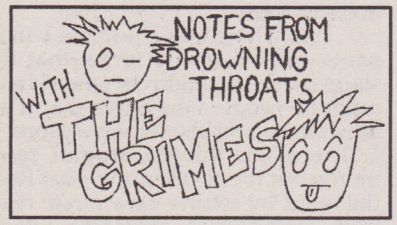
Then there's also the fact that I'm living in New York, people here do have a rep of being sort of cold, but I think that's an observation made by out-of-towners. There's a whole set of rules that only apply to New York. For example, you don't ask for change anywhere. I mean, maybe someone will be nice and give you change if you're buying something, (not just a pack of gum) but for the most part if you ask a clerk (even a bank clerk!) for change here, they will refuse and probably write you off as stupid or from Jersey. I have this problem with change, for a long time the laundry mat I was using only took one dollar bills, so I would start a week before buying things and saving all the

singles. Last week I dumped all my loose (non-quarter)change laying around and it came out to over $30, there were three kinds of train tokens in there, so I haven't done this in a while.

Another no-no is throwing your garbage in someone else garbage pail. For instance, if you buy a yodel at the deli and are walking with it and drop the wrapper in a garbage can that's on the curb waiting to be picked up, some old person will appear out of nowhere to yell at you. In fact I think that's most old people's purpose in life around here. There's this one guy around the corner who sits in a folding chair all day and then just leaves his chair out on the sidewalk. I bet he sits inside his window ready to pounce if someone touches his chair.

Anyhow, I totally forgot what my point was, but basically I feel that punk rock is a good way to find more people that aren't total duds. Usually it attracts people that have been fucked with their whole childhood and they've accepted that they aren't going to fit in, now it's stupid and people will fight for 20 minutes over something that's really not important (hey look at the damn columns and letters in here), they think they have some cause but yet, there really isn't any. They're expressing themselves in a way 99% of the public wouldn't listen to or watch for 20 seconds. *They Live* 100%

Thanks to all the swell people who wrote to me! videoschmoe@flashcom.net



Wow. You would think that slogging through dozens of demo tapes and CD-Rs might not be the funnest way to spend your hours as winter sets in. Conventional wisdom (and the more jaded reviewers and columnists) seems to state that there are a lot of shitty, unoriginal punk bands out there these days. Well, there are. But, this month we were lucky enough to get in quite a few demos that disprove that conventional wisdom. In the reviews and listings below, there are a lot of reviews that might seem to imply unoriginality and lack of inspiration on the band's part by comparing those bands to others from years past; that's really not the case, though. Almost without exception, the bands we reviewed this month all managed to put their own fresh, personal spin on the styles they play. Maybe, as the popularity of punk "out there" ebbs and flows and punk "in here" feels the effects, we go through our own cycles of originality and stagnancy. Things sound like they're on an upswing.

Your homework assignment for this month is to write to one of the bands below.

But before you do, just another reminder that this column is for demo reviews only. We are the ones to send your DIY releases to on cassette or CD-R. We do not want your advanced copies of "official" releases. If it has a bar-code, chances are it shouldn't be sent to us. Send your DIY, punk stuff to us at: PO Box 1113, Portland, OR 97207.

First up this month are Portland locals TREASON, who sent us their eight-song demo tape, *Igniting the Fires of Insurrection*. As you can tell from the title, Treason fall in amongst that crowd of political hardcore punkers. I'm ashamed to say that the missus and I have never seen Treason, because these kids have put out a damned fine demo. Not only is it full of the full-throttle thrash, throaty vocals, and lefty politics that you'd feel short-changed without, but the song writing is just awesome. Treason have a tendency to start their songs with slower, almost new-wavish intros before cutting into the meat of the songs, making each one stand out from the pack of generic hardcore songs out there. This tape kicks ass, and we're not just saying that 'cuz we may have to run into these guys on the rainy streets of Portland. ($3 ppd, Treason, c/o Eddie or Brandon, 1715 NE Killingsworth St., Portland, OR 97211)

We received no less than three different CD-R demos from the DEAD END KIDS this month: a live recording of a show at CBGB's being released by Skanking Skull Records, the seventeen-song *Cosa Nostra* CD-R being released by Lasagna Records out of Poland, and another six-song CD-R of other studio songs. The Dead End Kids have been around for a long time, but if you've never heard them, they have an old-school, early- or mid-eighties hardcore quality to them that they pull off without sounding forced or contrived. If we had to liken them to any one band, it would either be WIRE circa *Chairs Missing* or *Pink Flag* or TSOL in the days of *Dance With Me* or *Property is Theft*. Both of the studio CD-Rs are of the same caliber here, with "Johnny Thunders Killed My Friends" from the self-released CD and their cover of the KINKS' "I'm Not Like Everybody Else" from *Cosa Nostra* being the two shiniest gems. Pick of the month. God bless Florida! (Dead End Kids/Skanking Skull Records, c/o Generic, 40101 Sherydan Glenn, Lady Lake, FL 32159 and Lasagna Records, c/o Tom Bronowski, Kniewskiego 12, 25-402 Kielce, Poland)

Berkeley's ROCK N' ROLL ADVENTURE KIDS sent in a live recording of three songs with heavy 60's punk influences. Musically (and lyrically), the Kids follow in the footsteps of bands like the HI-FIVES, throwing out simple little dance beats and catchy choruses. In the letter included with the tape, they say that these songs will soon be released on vinyl as well. (The Rock n' Roll Adventure Kids, c/o Marcos, 2527 Ridge Rd., Berkeley, CA 94709)

New Jersey's LET IT BURN gave us a five-song demo chock full of youth crew hardcore this month. From the first chugga-chugga chords and slightly off-key singalong vocals, these guys scream straight-edge, and aside from the last song on the tape (an out-of-place but well-done pop-punk song), that's what you get with this. The songs are very fast, high-energy, and well-written, not unlike OIL or REACHING FORWARD or some of the other bands Commitment Records has been putting out. Let It Burn have an interesting sense of aesthetics (xeroxed skulls and stars), though, which leads me to believe that they are in fact "the punks" as opposed to a bunch of New Jersey Nets fans with X's on their hands. Very good. ($3 ppd, Let It Burn, PO Box 1108, Pt. Pleasant Beach, NJ 08742)

Pheonix, AZ's TRAILER PARK ZORROS sent in a thirteen-song CD-R entitled "Hooligan Heart" this month. The guitarist/vocalist's big claim to fame is that he is Sonic Mike Stephens from the RED SQUARES, and the Zorros do their best to preserve that old school spirit. Musically, they sound like a lot of pre-hardcore LA punk bands, and, like a lot of bands from that era, their early rock influences show through. The vocals are gruff but at times shade into either a BIG BOYS croon or a DICKS throaty-rock thing. Lots of whoa-whoas and a couple of oi-ois in the background. ($10 ppd from Sonic Mike Stephens, 8260 East Jacque Drive, Pheonix, AZ 86314)

POLITICALLY ERECT are out of Salt Lake City, as you could guess from the title of their eight-song CD-R, *Free Salt Lake*. They sound like the PINK LINCOLNS playing political hardcore: fast but not thrash, hard but not really heavy, vocals that are angry without sounding emo or unintelligible, a guitar sound that at times sounds almost metal and at others sounds almost pop-punk. ($6 ppd from Salted Records, PO Box 302, Salt Lake City, UT 84101)

As the name implies, TAKING CARE OF BUSINESS have an Elvis fetish, which is okay and not annoying now that there aren't seventy-five thousand tongue in cheek GenX bands out there making fun of the King. We half-expected their thirteen song CD-R to have some kind of old rock-n-roll influences but weren't displeased at all when it turned out to be full of three-chord spastic thrash and break-it-down mosh parts! Hardcore that sounds like it's out of the era that gave us the likes of CAPITOL PUNISHMENT and YOUTH OF TODAY, and from a group of very clean-cut looking young kids. Unyielding, high-energy punk rock. Wahoo! ($5 ppd from TCB, c/o Charles Bruorton, IAF Recordsd, 501 S. Prospect St., Cola, SC 29205)

Halfway through the first song on their four-song *Know the Ropes* CD-R, JOHN HENRY HOLIDAY had me (that would be Doug) pumping my fist in the air along with their tough-guy, East Coast-style hardcore. Good stuff here, very high-energy and with a good balance of haulin' ass parts and break it down parts. At their best, they're kind of like VERBAL ASSAULT at their most angry stage (no address).

MELEE sent in a cassette demo full of political thrash. The DISCHARGE influences are all over this one, although some SUBHUMANS/RUDIMENTARY PENI influences hover around the edges of some of their slower songs. But, there isn't

much time for slowing down on this; Melee work at keeping the tempo up around the speed of sound. ($3 US ppd, $4 world, or trade with thrash bands to Melee, PO Box 471, Allston, MA 02134)

THE FRAGMENTS sent in one of our few pop-punk contributions this month with their *Do The Math* demo tape. Eight melodic punk songs here, all along the lines of DOC HOPPER, J CHURCH, or maybe SCOUTS HONOR, all full of youthful energy and vocal harmonies. Catchy, good-mood music. (The Fragments, 618 N. Ashland Ave., Green Bay, WI 54303).

Thanks to everyone who sent in a punk demo for us to review this month; it sure is making the wintertime a little more tolerable. Once again, no thanks to you corporate dogs trying to send us your advance copies of your major label shit and your washed up reggae acts. Keep sending the punk stuff to us at: PO Box 1113, Portland, OR 97207.

Bonus points for this month go to:

1) POLITICALLY ERECT for their "Salt Lake Liberation Front" "fan club(?)"

2) TCB for "What Would Elvis Do?"

3) LET IT BURN, ROCK N' ROLL ADVENTURE KIDS, MELEE, FRAGMENTS, and TREASON for keeping it real through cassettes instead of CD-Rs

4) The FRAGMENTS for using green tape to hold their mailer together.

PUNK MOVIE NIGHTS

There's a warehouse in Oakland that used to book some of the best all ages punk and hardcore shows, but what was even cooler were the films and art shows that the tenants there managed to squeeze into bills that featured bands such as MELT BANANA, TALK IS POISON, and occasionally impromptu sets by warehouse neighbors like compound residents DYSTOPIA. The tenants at the warehouse were active in the scene to varying degrees. It could be music, art, or Food Not Bombs, but the most important thing was that they were active. Change is inevitable however, and in the case of the warehouse it's been, so far, unfortunate. Many of the old tenants had relocated long before there was any noticeable difference in the way the warehouse ran it's business. The reason that there weren't any obvious changes was mostly due to the efforts of the two final remaining tenants from the warehouse's glory days. But finally even they relocated to Portland. This final move left the fate of the warehouse to a bunch of young, so called artists who's activism in terms of the scene is questionable to say the least.

Okay, now the problem I have with the warehouse these days has to do with a couple of incidents that have taken place. One incident occurred when a friend of mine who used to live there in the warehouse informed me that there were a number of bands who had been blacklisted by the current tenants. I was interested in getting my friend's band booked there, and when it seemed like it might never happen, my friend broke the news of the blacklist to me. The reason my friend's band was blacklisted, along with others, mostly had to do with personality conflicts and or minor political incidents. All of these bands were still being booked at mostly politically correct all ages venues like Gilman, so it's not as if we are talking about the MURDER JUNKIES here. Another incident occurred after a birthday party show for Marcus The Anarchist, who is a prominent member of the very scene active crew known as the Pyrate Punx. It was after this show that the warehouse made it known that they would no longer book punk shows. Since that show, they have rarely booked anything of note (the one exception being the TRAGEDY show) , and when they do book shows they tend to be best described as geekambienttechnoemopopfolk crap. There isn't very much local representation going on there any longer, unless you count bands like THE PATTERN. THE PATTERN is Chrisser—owner of Lookout! Records'—new band. You know Chrisser, the guy who turned the Lookout! catalog over to a Sony-owned company for the sake of holding on to the DONNAS. A decision that was made at the expense of older recordings by landmark Lookout! bands like BLATZ and FILTH, who have consequently relocated those recordings to Oakland's Life Is Abuse Records. I can't imagine that any of the Pyrate Punk acts, or my friend's band, have done anything so oblivious and scene-compromising as that one single move. But the main reason that I am writing about this in the Punk Movie Nights column is that I truly believe in the power of art and community. Art doesn't have to only be represented by music in our scenes, but it can be—and is—found in zines, paintings, and the media that's closest to my heart - FILM. The Oakland warehouse tried to explore those possibilities by recognizing our scene's diverse range of talents, even if it meant that sometimes things had to be a little dangerous or unpredictable. I miss what that warehouse was, and more importantly what it could have become. At least now, when I start my own all ages space, I'll have a partial recipe for how to put together a memorable show. Speaking of which, we're almost late for Punk Movie Night!

BROKE • A film by Matt Goldman

BROKE reminded me of the type of film that would probably blow away a majority of the field at something like the San Francisco State Film Finals. The SFSU Film Finals feature the best that the SFSU film department has to offer in any given year. *BROKE* felt like a film school final project to me. From a technical standpoint, *BROKE* would get an A+ all the way, but the question that needs to be answered here in this column is whether or not *BROKE* succeeds at something more than just being worthy of a film degree.

Matt Goldman combines music video style editing and shot composition with Seinfeld-esque moments of pointless rantings by mentally disturbed characters, who struggle to justify philosophies born of insecurities, and he does so in a short film that is arguably a more significant spotlight for the photographer, rather than the director. There is a particularly clever use of *BROKE'S* bilingual cast members that can't go without mentioning, but these characters are, like all the characters in *BROKE*, begging to be further developed. *BROKE* is much too pretty and slick to totally convey the desperation and ruthless nature that truly being without cash can evoke. It does, in an occasionally entertaining manner, manage to introduce moments of humorous irony, which taken on their own do hint at the potential that a longer, more developed sequel might yield. (Smog Veil Records, 774 Mays #10, PMB 454, Las Vegas, NV 89451 - www.brokefilms.com)

MIDWEST REPRESENT • video comp

A precentage of the proceeds from the sale of this tape will go to a Chicago Food Not Bombs chapter. Keep this fact in mind as you read the rest of this review. Okay, *MIDWEST REPRESENT* can be pretty scary at times. It seems, and this observation comes entirely from watching *MIDWEST REPRESENT*, that punks in the Midwest tend to dress either like HOOTIE AND THE BLOWFISH or Guy Piciotto from RITES OF SPRING (and some other band). That has nothing to do with the music and the performances by the bands on *MIDWEST REPRESENT*, which tend to range from sadly mediocre to pretty damn great. The overall picture quality here is good, but the sound can be sketchy from time to time, and especially in the case of AMBITION MISSION, which was one of the bands that I was really looking forward to checking out. The video samples used in between bands tended to outshine many of the bands they were supposed to be introducing. There are a couple of cases where the bands are just so good that nothing can take away from the power of their live segments.

KUNGFU RICK is amazing here as they ignite a Chicago basement, and I believe them when they introduce songs with explanations like, "This is the song that would burn the down the system." Members leap headfirst into the audience even when it's pretty apparent that there is a good chance they could end up face planting on the basement's floor. I could have watched their entire set from that evening rather than most of the bands that appear on this comp. There is one exception, however.

DILLINGER FOUR, along with KUNGFU RICK, are the band that really legitimizes this video comp. St. Paddy is a killer show all by himself, but D4 as a band continues to be one of the few great bands to successfully follow in that CRIMPSHRINE style of punk rock, and the truth of the matter is that they are even better than most of their influences ever were. What stood

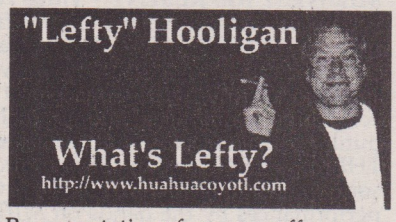
out the most for me was the energy exhibited by the small audience, and I do believe that there was some actual dancing going on, which doesn't often happen at any real punk show these days. Isn't it time we were able to be comfortable around one another? Paddy sure is.

Other bands that appear on this comp are: MUSHUGANAS, LYNARD'S INNARDS, OBLIVION, AMBITION MISSION, HOOK, OPERATION CLIFF CLAVIN, VD, and LA MANTRA DE FHIQRIA. This video also comes with a zine called *SHAZZBUTT*! #2. ($8 ppd c/o Mark Novotny, 5413 S. 6th Avenue, Countryside, IL 60525).

SHAZZBUTT! #2 • (8 1/2" x 5 1/2" • photocopied • 40 pages)

This zine comes with the video comp MIDWEST REPRESENT, because its editor is also the guy behind that video. *SHAZZBUTT!* is pretty good, especially for a second issue, and editor Mark Novotny is definitely drawing inspiration for his zine from the scene he is a part of. In terms of content, *SHAZZBUTT!* is all over the place. There are reviews, which I thought were especially good considering some of the reviews I've read recently in other similarly styled zines. There is a not so bad interview with KUNG FU RICK, and a couple of really interesting pieces about the Trail Of Tears and human rights. There is fluff, but not much. I found reason here to keep an eye out for future issues. ($1 ppd—if you would like just the zine and not the video zine combo—c/o Mark Novotny, 5413 S. 6th Avenue, Countryside, IL 60525)

Well that just about does it for this trip to the movies, but remember to check out next issue's column for more reviews, and possibly a fresh off the vine update from Jackie Joice as she continues to take her film *PUNK PRETTY* around from one film festival to another. As always you can find copies of all past PUNK MOVIE NIGHTS columns online at www.wethepunx.com, and in a quick side note, I recently acquired some 1980s hardcore video tapes which I'm slowly dubbing extra copies of. If you are interested, you can find further details online as well at the same web address listed above. If you'd like your film or video reviewed in the Punk Movie Nights column, then all you have to do is send it to me: Jay Dead, PMB 419, 1442A Walnut Street, Berkeley, CA 94709. FLY and AUS-ROTTEN rule! So if you missed *MRR* issue #211, then make sure you order one before they're gone.



A presidential candidate with unorthodox social views and political positions. A grassroots third political party outside of the Democratic/Republican mainstream. A presidential election so close that it's nearly sent to the House of Representatives for a run-off.

It's 1968. Few people remember that this tumultuous year saw a face-off between Richard Nixon, Hubert Humphrey *and* that arch-segregationist champion of states rights, George Wallace. Wallace's American Independent party was anti-federal government and anti-civil rights, garnered about 13.5% of the popular vote, and won 46 electoral votes. With a few more votes in certain key states, Wallace would have eliminated Nixon's electoral majority and defaulted everything to the House. As it was, he directly contributed to Republican party ideology in support of states rights against a meddlesome federal bureaucracy that culminated in the "Reagan revolution." In the tradition of Strom Thurmond's Dixiecrat party, Wallace also reminded the Democratic party of its conservative southern constituents, indirectly shaping the centrist southern strategy begun with Jimmy Carter and fully realized in New Democrat Bill Clinton's presidency.

That's how the American political system works, by the way. The Democrats and Republicans attempt to secure their two-party political monopoly and discourage viable third parties through winner-take-all single-member districting, ballot access rules, the electoral college and campaign finance rules. The natural tendency in this two party system is for both parties to vie for the political center, so that there winds up being not a "dime's worth of difference" between the Democrats and Republicans, to quote Wallace. Short lived, third party movements then arise on the left or right to splinter off the base-of-support of one or both of the major parties. A third party's electoral successes guarantees that one or both of the major parties will then "steal" its issues, incorporate them into their platforms, and absorb its supporters into their ranks. The third party is ultimately left with no unique positions to stand on and a depleted voter base, and so usually fades away. That's one way, indeed a major way electoral reform works in this country.

The Populist and Farmer-Labor parties played out this dance with the Democratic party in 1892 and from 1920 through 1936 respectively, as did Roosevelt's Progressives in 1912 and LaFollette's Progressives in 1924 with the Republican party. Even the Reform party forced both the Democrats and Republicans to take up Perot's issues of deficit reduction, balanced budgets and federal government reform after 1992. Significantly, in America's long history of third party politics, the only time a third party actually knocked out and thus took the place of one of the top two was in 1856, when the Republican party edged out the Whig party, dooming the Whigs to extinction.

And that's why those whiny-assed Democratic boot-lickers like Larry Livermore are blowing it out their asses when they complain about how Nader's to blame for electing Bush to the presidency. Never mind that their corporate clone candidate Al Gore blew it. That Gore lost an election handed to him as a quasi-incumbent during a booming domestic economy with no messy foreign crises to muddy the waters. At the very least, these self-righteous chest pounders are extremely short sighted, if not ahistorical. The Green Party under Nader is actually helping to reform the Democratic party. Move the Democrats incrementally to the left. Make the party of Jefferson a little more democratic and progressive. Third parties as a means to change the politics of the two major parties is as American as apple pie.

Granted, the Greens don't see things this way, but I'm not really dealing with their delusions this issue.

We do have a bumbling president-elect at the moment I write this column for an early December deadline. George Bush promises to be completely ineffectual; prematurely made a lame-duck because he doesn't have an electoral mandate in the popular vote, faces an evenly divided Congress in both branches, and has been permanently damaged by the legal battle for Florida. If Freedom of Information Act recounts show that Bush actually lost Florida to Gore, the Republicans will no doubt lose the House and Senate in 2002. Questions will always remain as to whether Bush is legitimately, constitutionally president. Add to this a VP with a bum heart and the likelihood the economy will take a dive into recession soon, you have all the makings of an impotent, one-term presidency amidst Congressional gridlock and partisan warfare.

Not that any of this means squat in "Lefty" Hooligan's ultraleft scheme of things. Electoral politics is worse than useless. Not only doesn't it fundamentally change anything, but electoral politics blunts popular discontent and rebellion with moderate reforms, siphons off the valuable time and energy of social activists, and gives a corrupt system the patina of legitimacy. Yet I must admit I was thrilled when the 2000 elections collapsed into a seemingly endless legal stalemate. I reveled each day we were without a president, and I was quite happy that my insignificant vote for Nader helped fuck shit up by precipitating the subsequent electoral deadlock and governing paralysis.

I'm conflicted, to say the least.

As you know, social chaos and political anarchy are my bread and butter. I thrive on such turmoil, ever hoping that something new and unexpected will arise out of the pandemonium. The potential both for social revolution and personal transformation reside in the tumult produced by mass conflict and protest. I just didn't expect such exquisite discord to come out of a presidential election. As such it nicely rounds out a year of upheaval that began with the anti-WTO protests in Seattle at the end of November, 1999, and continued through a string of mass protests that included the Republican and Democratic national conventions.

Predictably, various alt-reactionaries with oh so bad attitudes have criticized this series of demonstrations, sometimes comparing them to the "good old days" of the 1960's—when the causes were clear and noble and folks really knew how to demonstrate—to find them seriously lacking. That current protests

against global capitalism lack a single unifying focus such as civil rights or the Vietnam war and are understandably multi-issue and multi-organizational is criticized as unfocused, disorganized and pointless. The upheavals of 1999-2000 from the start have included militant nonviolence, Black Bloc street fighting, even celebratory block partying alongside standard march-and-rally protest-politics-as-usual, prompting criticism that these events were chaotic, violent and out of control. Even when confined to mostly legal protest by an overwhelming police presence, as in LA, these were extremely disruptive mass actions, and hence the criticism they were invasive and stupid, thoughtless if not malicious. What's not commented on by these punk apologists for the status quo is the response by government and law enforcement to the demonstrations, no doubt because they see the demonstrators as asking for it.

Alexander Cockburn, in likening Seattle 1999 to Paris 1968, argues that "[y]ou can take the ruling class by surprise about once every 20 years." While these brief historical moments are exhilarating and inspiring, the powers-that-be quickly regain the upper hand. This certainly seems born out by last year's demonstrations that culminated in LA's extremely scary police state in the streets last August. About the only positive consequence to the Democratic National Convention protests was that folks like the ACLU managed to successfully challenge the more heinous aspects of the LAPD's *de facto* state of siege, such as police raids on staging sites on trumped up fire code violations and the arrest of activists on weapons charges for possessing puppets.

It was more than a little amusing then to see on the evening news riot cops practicing crowd control against outraged Democrats and Republicans protesting in Florida. Had the losing party in this electoral debacle gone into the streets to fight for the presidency they consider stolen, they would have faced police force and government policy considerably beefed up as a consequence of Seattle. Those confronting post-Seattle social control techniques would not have been black-clad anarchist hooligans, but rather respectable sweater-wearing middle-class Democratic suburbanites. And while I'd love to hear Larry Livermore change his tune that demonstrators deserve being brutalized by the cops once it was Gore supporters at the receiving end of the police truncheons, it's clear that Michael Moore nailed it when he wrote "the Democrats are running for cover. They are expecting to lose. They always do. No faith in their own position. No guts."

In case you hadn't figured it out yet, I wholeheartedly support the radical direct action street politics—nonviolent, violent and celebratory—that emerged in Seattle and continued through subsequent demonstrations. At the same time, I fully expect the powers-that-be to thwart these street protests at every turn, eventually learning to contain and control them. In addition, I don't have much patience for the Steppin' Fetchet protest shuffle engaged in by the likes of Global Exchange, the AFL-CIO, Mobilization for Global Justice and the rest of the progressive mainstream. Finally, I find Leninism's faux militancies just a tad tired and outdated, as illustrated by one particularly ludicrous spectacle in Los Angeles during the Democratic National Convention protests.

They were walking, talking oxymorons.

A couple hundred red flag-waving "youth" marched in formation behind their contingent's banners. Some wore punk styles, others hip hop fashions, and still others rave ware, accessorized with bandanas, berets and kafias. Yet to a person they wore the same t-shirt—black with a yellow disk behind a red star, in turn behind a defiant Third World figure brandishing an AK-47—and they shouted the same slogan—"It's right to rebel!"

It was the supposedly rebellious youth arm of the ultra-Maoist Revolutionary Communist Party (RCP), also known as the Revolutionary Communist Youth Brigade (RCYB), dressed in their street uniforms and dutifully chanting the thoughts of Chairmans Mao and Avakian. They're nowhere near as dramatically dressed or media chic as the Anarchist Black Bloc, who liked to call the RCYB the Really Confused Young Bourgeoisie. It's hard to get any more confused than to proclaim the right to rebel while conforming to Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tse-Tung Thought.

Rebellion, in service of a vanguard party that worships Stalin and Mao, two of the greatest tyrants and mass murderers in human history.

Long time "Lefty" Hooligan readers know I despise Leninism in general and the RCP in particular. I was in the Vietnam Veterans Against the War/Winter Soldier Organization (VVAW-WSO) in the mid '70's when the RCP (then called the Revolutionary Union) took over and decimated my group to build up the founding of their party, renaming it VVAW-AI for Anti-Imperialist. I was also around in the mid '80's when the RCP made a play for "rebellious youth" through its punk front organization No Business As Usual (NBAU); about the same time they were also targeting growing opposition to US immigration and border policies through their front group La Resistencia. Other organizations now closely affiliated with the RCP include Refuse and Resist, the October 22 Coalition against Police Brutality, and the Stolen Lives Project. All were and are opportunistic efforts by the RCP to take advantage of and steer popular discontent and protest, ultimately to build the influence and membership of their vanguard party and its youth brigade. It's right to rebel, so long as that rebellion is under RCP leadership.

The attitude, not to mention the use of front organizations is characteristic of, but not limited to the Leninist Left. Buchanan's coup in the Reform Party was nothing if not an ideologically motivated, cadre style takeover of a much larger, more diverse organization that was the status quo's version of rebellion. Ultimately, this devastated and defunded the Reform Party which, if it survives at all, will be a front for Buchanan's demagogic populism. To inform folks of that fact would be a service. Similarly, I think it's important to inform somebody interested in working with, say, Refuse and Resist that said organization is chummy with the RCP.

"Red baiting!" comes the charge from the Left, and not just from those in vanguard parties who contemplate the option of clandestine organizing by an underground membership. The realities of public disapproval and government repression have often made activists of various stripes on the Left justifiably wary of openly expressing their politics and political affiliations. Nor am I advocating asking the question "are you now, or have you ever been a member of the" fill in the blank.

I don't want to foster an atmosphere of guilt by association, but at the same time such associations are widely known and spoken of on the Left. Alliances and rivalries are based on these associations, organizations and movements are fought over and split as a consequence, and folks who ignore them because they think the Left should "all just get along" are considered as naive as people brand new to the Left who don't know the RCP from a hole in the ground. And that's who vanguardists like the RCP rely upon to lend them some respectability. No one pushes the line that "we should all work together" harder than a Leninist seeking to influence an organization or lead a movement.

It's 1988 and I'm living in San Diego, doing an anarcho-punk 'zine called the *Daily Impulse* with a couple of friends. I'm an anarchist, or more precisely an anarcho-marxist, on my way to "Lefty" Hooligan's left communism. A decent sized circle of anarchists is gradually coalescing in this border town. Tiny grouplets like Neither East Nor West, Bayou La Rose, Red and Black Action, the Industrial Workers of the World and our 'zine are meeting in coffee houses and at demonstrations, working on projects together and organizing small events in a process that produces a short-lived coalition called the Borderlands Anti-Authoritarian Community by 1989.

The *Daily Impulse* collective has been doing annual Anarchy Picnics on or around May 1 since 1984. We get permits from the city for a gathering with amplified sound in Balboa Park and provide an open microphone, some radical literature tables and a surprise. We roll out a long sheet of white butcher paper, tape it to a park path and provide pens, crayons and paints for spontaneous creative expression. We set up a tank of helium gas, bundles of black balloons, string, paper, and a sign requesting that folks send a message to El Cajon. We invite a local guerrilla theatre troupe to do a performance in the park. It's mostly punks who attend, sitting around on the grass eating, listening to music, reading the literature, socializing, many of them drinking. There are skateboard contests and football games. Crash Worship shows up one year to pummel the event with raw percussion.

The 1988 Anarchy Picnic is scheduled for Sunday, May 1, and to prepare for it the *Daily Impulse* announces an informal organizing meeting at the library through handbills left all around town. We emphasize on the flyers that the picnic will also be a celebration of May Day. Several anarchist comrades attend the meeting. So do a half dozen others. I recognize two individu-

als out of a group of three the moment they walk through the door. Doug's hardcore RCP; a weathered man in his 50's who always wears a heavy olive drab Army coat and under the right conditions claims membership in the Vietnam Veterans Against the War/Anti-Imperialist. Then there's kafia-wearing Dave; a twenty-eight year old father of two who's prominent in the RCYB. Dave used to front for No Business As Usual as well, but by 1988 NBAU had purged itself completely out of existence. These two appear to be escorting a fiery eyed, dark skinned woman who identifies herself as Anna, a UCLA graduate student in the film department doing a documentary on graffiti.

Three other individuals drift into the meeting. Rudy says he's a member of La Resistencia, an organization fighting against border militarization and for the illegal and undocumented. We learn later, long after the picnic, that Rudy was forcibly removed as a disruptive agent from planning meetings held by the Chicano Moratorium Committee. A butch woman announces: "I'm Karen, I'm a lesbian, and I work with a brand new multi-issue organization called Refuse and Resist." She hands around various pieces of her organization's propaganda, and I recognize right away it's an RCP front from the sponsors of the original call as well as the group's slogans, which could have come straight out of the *Revolutionary Worker* newspaper. Refuse and Resist's Keith Haring logo pisses me off, and I restrain myself from yelling at Karen that the organization behind her organization, the RCP, believes homosexuality is a product of decadent capitalism that will be eliminated "come the revolution." Jake, the final attendee to our meeting, comes from the midwest where he was a member of the Anarchist Youth Federation.

Doug and Dave recognize me immediately from previous encounters as someone who loaths everything they and their vanguard party stand for. And had it just been Doug and Dave at our meeting we would have made short work of them. None of the anarchists in the room, except perhaps for Jake, work with Leninist organizations. We may make an exception for individual Leninists, but we draw the line at groups that take pride in a history of suppressing and murdering anarchists. Everybody's brought up to speed as to the RCP/RCYB and their minions in our midst through whispered comments and scribbled notes. Doug and Dave however don't have the luxury of bringing their followers up to date since they don't want it to appear that they actually know the Refuse and Resist and La Resistencia representatives. So when Rudy asks us if we want to link up with "revolutionary May Day demonstrations" in LA the weekend of our Anarchy Picnic, we politely decline. And when Karen asks whether Refuse and Resist and the other organizations in the room can cosponsor our event, we tell her anybody can come and set up a table, but that the Picnic is solely our event.

Had we been naive, "can't we all just get along" Leftists, we would have wound up with an Anarchy Picnic that, to all casual appearances, would have seemed an RCP sponsored event backed by a list of RCP front organizations and tied to the RCP's version of May Day, with a few anarchist groups thrown in for flavoring. Free association is a two way street after all. We have the freedom to associate with whoever we choose, but we have the freedom not to associate as well. Free association becomes a joke when we don't know who exactly it is we're considering associating ourselves with. Hence the need to know that Refuse and Resist or the October 22 Coalition or the Stolen Lives Project are affiliated with the RCP/RCYB. We talk to Jake after the meeting to appraise him of the politics of the groups that attended the meeting.

The Green party's rebellion within the system serves to reform the status quo and move the Democratic party to the left. The RCYB's rebellion against the system serves the authoritarian, vanguard politics of the RCP. No hint that rebellion can actually serve the cause of greater freedom.

That's the case as well with the pronouncements of Chairman Jeff Bale. Like his statement in one issue of *Hit List* that Marlon Brando's revolt against "what[ever] ya got" in *The Wild Ones* is the essence of rebellion, followed by his acceptance of things as they are in a subsequent issue of *Hit List* in remarking that capitalism is the worst possible economic system, except for all the others. Rebellion is praised, yet there's nothing actually to rebel against since there are no real alternatives to what we have. Rebellion then becomes little more than wearing funny clothes and hairstyles, listening to weird music, being offensive and of course having a very bad attitude. Rebellion for its own sake. For anybody who's had anything to do with teenaged kids, this is the essence not of rebellion but of adolescence. Indeed, being obnoxious and offensive is the *sine qua non* of puberty. "Being offensive is easy." Joe Selby reminds me. "Fart in a crowded elevator. Pick your nose on the bus. That requires no intelligence and beyond a tiny giggle just really isn't very interesting."

Jeff's rebellion without a cause or a clue is about as interesting as capitalism's definition of freedom being the choice between Coke and Pepsi.

...ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS...

GO TO THE SOURCE... I picked on the RCP this column, but I could have chosen almost any Leninist party and just as easily traced out its fronts and sycophants. The Communist Party, Spartacist League, Socialist Workers Party; they all have 'em. And actually, the very best way to pick up on who's affiliated with whom is to check out the newspaper of the vanguard party in question. The first thing a Leninist party worth its salt does is publish a newspaper, so check out what groups they consistently and uncritically praise and promote over time. Likely as not, they're affiliated with the vanguard party that publishes the paper. For instance, even a cursory glance through the Workers World Party newspaper *Workers World* reveals that the International Action Center is a WWP front...

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... You can find the "lost" Hooligan column at http://www.huahuacoyotl.com. To find out my real name purchase my book. *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. I can be contacted at hooligan@sirius.com.

So I just got off of a twelve-hour shift at the photo lab, and I'm cranky with myself, knowing that I have to come home at 5:00 am and get to writing my column—since I have become one who waits to the last minute to write things. I don't know where this bad habit developed. I've always been really anal retentive about doing things early, so as not to push deadlines and deal with the stress and crisis of doing so. But for some reason, when it comes to writing—I have to do it at the very last moment. Maybe it's letting the unwritten words pile up in my mind, or maybe it's the pressure to churn them out. I'm not really sure. But putting myself in a situation after twelve hours at work and 5:00 am writing session sucks.

As I was driving home, Kim Wilde's "Kids In America" came on the 80s compilation tape that Carol gave me last year, and it totally changed my entire mood. All of a sudden I found myself cranking up the volume, wide awake, energized by singing along and dancing in my seat. And it was quite timely since the words that I've been churning around in my head have been about the power of music and the way that a song can have the power to not only totally change your mood but also to transplant you to another time and place. I've been full of this feeling lately and I think I have to partly entitle it to the reflective mood of winter. That, and I've been digging around in my old tapes—and finding some nearly long lost gems. I've completely transplanted myself into other eras and points of time simply by listening to old compilation tapes. It's incredible how strongly the emotions and feelings and memories flood back just from the music. And being a sentimental, reflective, live-half-in-the-past sort of person—I can't help but get all caught up in replaying scenes from those years—putting myself back in that place and time and remembering how it felt, how different things were then, how my and others' points of view have changed, how punk (the scene and music) has changed and yet home much the same it all is too. It's also fun to look at the bands that I taped together on one tape - sometimes it makes no sense at all - sometimes it's down right annoying—and other times it's like the most incredible insightful thing—especially when I rediscover an old favorite band that I haven't listened to for years.

I had a particularly deep reverie on a recent road trip home to my parents house for the holidays. I got on a roll with old tapes

I made like "There Is Punk Rock In NYC"—from 1990—with the likes of the Squat or Rot compilations, Nausea, Insurgence, the Radicts, the Lunachicks and some of the other stuff that I was listening to at that time. I got totally lost in the NY era White Zombie songs (along with Metallica, Slayer and the Cult)—picturing the shows that I went to every week and remembering the excitement that surged through me. As much as my photographs have documented and archived my life and my involvement in the punk scene—so do my tapes and music. The records and CDs alone are an archive—but the compilation tapes hit the point even more, bringing together the juxtaposition of bands that you associate together in a certain time. I find myself getting absolutely lost in my mental games of putting myself back in NYC—submerged into punk utopia, or back in Boston—trying really hard to find the scene I could relate to, or back in Pittsburgh, where I first discovered just how punk it could be. I relive these moments: sometimes incidents stopped in time and sometimes a whole phase of time, by the bands and songs that now represent those memories.

I've been finding that some of the smells associated with late fall and winter have a similar reflective effect. Five years ago I packed everything up and hit the road, traveling across the country with my friend Tad. It's funny how sometimes you find yourself in a moment that is so amazing—like when you're in the middle of a show watching your favorite band and everything seems absolutely perfect, or when you totally bond with a friend to the point where it surpasses regular time. Those moments that are so rad that even in the midst of it—you know you will remember it forever. And yet, sometimes the memories that stick with you are not so extraordinary. Those are the ones that I always wonder about. What do I obsessively remember some of the random places that I have gotten bad coffee or other seemingly uneventful things? Tad and I had a bit of a routine while traveling—we would find a diner for breakfast, drink lots of coffee and then drive until we found a good place to walk and roam or visit with people we knew. It got to the point where I could compare and contrast different parts of the country based on how good their blueberry pancakes and coffee were. Most of these diners were in the middle of nowhere—and yet I have all of these random rural diners burned into my mind. Ironically one of the worst cups of coffee I have ever had is one of the most memorable—and not because it was so bad. I am almost haunted by this convenience shop in the Grand Canyon where I got the most watery bland coffee. I think that cup of coffee was so bad I threw it out, and yet I find myself thinking of that place quite often.

Some nights I come home late from work and I catch a scent in the wind and find myself transported to some other state and some ingrained memory—grand or not. And I often catch the smell of my grandmother's sunporch in winter. I think it's just a cold plant smell—but so many nights I have taken an extra deep breath and felt like I was there on her porch surrounded by ferns and plants and pumpkin pie.

Since I think that winter is a pretty internal and reflective time—the part of the year when my nesting hibernation instincts kick in, and along with that is the instinct to pull everything inside of me and think about who I am, what I'm doing, where I've been. Come Spring, it will explode outward and it will be much more of what do I want to do and where do I want to go. It's ironic that I did so much traveling in the cold months. As I work my twelve-hour nights, I feel the pressure and burden of having a routine and a schedule which I have to stick to. I think back to a good friend of mine who played in a popular band and had the opportunity to tour with one of his old favorite bands. He couldn't do it - because it didn't want to lose his job. I remember thinking at the time how crazy he was - that he could always find another job—and he was passing up one of those opportunities of a lifetime. I also remember how many people I ran into while I was traveling and going on tour who longed to do the same, but felt trapped and stuck by jobs and rent. I was always very encouraging of people following their dreams and doing whatever it was that they longed to do. There is always a way to make it work. Sometimes it's hard and a real long shot—but if you want to go on tour, or travel, or live in a tree—you can do it. It's kind of how you set your priorities. And as much as I know that, and as much as I still encourage those who express a desire to travel and roam the land to do so... I find myself not following my own advice. I find myself digging myself deeper and deeper roots into a schedule that won't give. I have a job that I really like—which came about when I didn't plan on it. I found myself doing something that I really liked on a schedule that fit me. But as I am prone to do—I take on more and more—and suddenly I'm working more than full time and taking on more and more responsibility, feeling that I can't take even a day off or the world will collapse around me (even though I know that isn't at all the truth). But I have trapped myself, in just the way I thought I wouldn't and in just the way I have encouraged so many to avoid. In a sense, I think that is why I am so encouraging of those who want to travel and are not tied down to anything—and I sort of live vicariously though them. On the flipside, I've been really into staying put and working on a lot of things that I couldn't do when I was roaming the land and living in a car. But there is a price to pay and a give and take for everything. I take comfort in knowing that a time will come when I will cut myself loose again. For now, I stick to the asinine schedule and push myself till I feel like I'm going to snap. And I drink deeply of the smells of the earth at night and picture myself camping at a lakeside in Oregon or sleeping on top of a mountain in Arizona or hiking the trails at Yosemite or hugging the incredible trees in Northern California. And I dig out these old tapes of NYC punk, and old UK anarcho punk and Oi-Punk, and good old metallic English Dogs tapes, and the rockin' metal which I have always loved and I energize myself with those magical parts that make me feel on top of the world as though anything is possible. I reflect on where I've been and where I want to go and fill myself with the energy and only punk rock can give me. It's that ability to totally transform life with the power of music and all of the meaningful intentions behind it, that I love punk rock so dearly for.

Christine c/o Slug & Lettuce, PO Box 26632, Richmond VA 23261-6632

It has been more than a month since the presidential election and it is still going on. Chances are by the time this is published George W. Bush will have become president and America will rightly be the butt of the world's jokes, our "leader" being the stupidest president in the whole of US history and perhaps the dumbest man ever to "rule" a country. What good things that can be said of George W. are things that proper folk would rather not talk about, dirty little secrets that the Silver Spooner would have silenced forever. I think its good that George smoked dope, snorted coke, and was a big time boozer. His marital infidelities are fine and dandy with me. The disturbing thing is that, like all members of the ruling class, his experience do not translate into understanding other druggies and sinners. As a rich kid, he doesn't see that his own addictions parallel the druggie in lower-middle class burbs or poor inner city ghettos. And in important ways, George's drinking and drugging past is not like the life of less well-off addicts and drunks.

George has always had mummy and poppy, he's always had an out. He's never had to do anything for himself unless he wanted to. And mummy and poppy are still there, standing behind their dimwit of a son ready to catch him if he falls. That is not to say that Al Gore—perhaps more wicked and disgusting than the entire Bush family in that Gore will do anything for power—it is not to say that Gore is any better. He is also a product of wealthy and powerful parents. He was raised to rule. He also had his day with drugs. According to old Sixties pals, Mr. Roboto was a major league pot head, as was Ms. PMRC. Of course, like George, they conveniently ignore their pasts when lecturing us on how to lead a Moral Life. (For some strange reason morality in their books is not drinking or drugging or playing music that says "Fuck you" or looking a dirty pictures or making gore films or many other pretty harmless things, harmless to society that is. Their morality is one that embraces killer cops, bombing the shit out of Third World peasants, throwing potheads in jail for twenty-plus years, and a zillion other nasty

things). And these lectures we've heard for the last year or so as both these fucks sped across the country in an attempt to win the presidency. What they offered us as a reason to elect them was what? Gore says he wanted to keep abortion legal. Bush say he wants to keep the right to bear arms. Really, what they offer is little to you and I, and a lot to their political pals and patrons, who they will pay back with sneaky legislation giving odd tax breaks for big donors, and by sliding big donors into cush government jobs, like ambassador to the Bahamas.

The race for president is about political patronage, who gets to service who. However in order to stay in power, the Evil Fucks will do anything they think the shrinking amount of voters wants. And since the majority class that does vote are old people, and many old people are frightened, hateful, and easily snowed, the Evil Fucks push for things like expanding the death penalty to kill fourteen year-olds and making possession of a laser pointer a felony and ridding of all constitutional protections in the name of the Drug War. The old people cheer this insane race toward fascism, one that sees peaceful protesters shot at point blank, eye-level at legal, constitutionally-protected protesters.

My god, when you break this down to the Machiavellian basics, the vision becomes so clear: the power seekers will do anything, absolutely anything, to be on top. That goes for all power: political, economic, even cultural. Nothing is sacred. Meanwhile, we are treated to endless days of the presidential vote count in Florida with nary a mention that the Bush brothers tried to steal the damn thing. Perhaps there is little mention because the Gore people have their hands dirty elsewhere in the country (a situation that could be much like the 1960 election where Kennedy stole Illinois and Nixon didn't contest. The reason Nixon was silent was because his people were busy fixing the vote in California). Add the thieving and the lying and the cheating to the Bush/Gore moral scorecard, and please do remember the score once either one of them tries to censor "gangster rap" and ban video games, both the epitome of moral degeneracy. There is no escape. Really, no escape. The front page every day: "The Vote Count in Florida." Top of the news: "In Florida today...." And chad this and chad that. I swear to god, if someone walks up to me and says "Hi. I'm Chad," I'm gonna punch the motherfucker. I even turn to the sports page to read about the beloved Kings and there are references to the presidential election. It is maddening. It is too fucking much. None of this matters. Not one bit. In four years we will have two more Evil Fucks running for the White House, probably the same two (along with Nader again, and maybe, hopefully for entertainment's sake, Jesse Ventura), and they will both hold up Morality while they are skull-fucking its corpse. It is a never ending replay, a bad movie that you aren't allowed to leave. It's enough to make a nihilist out of a person. And if not that, then certainly this (who would think that wisdom would come from Australia), from the band X: "Rocknroll may be no solution, but it's what I wanna hear."

I will gladly accept free records and correspondence. I can do without playlists, promo flyers and other garbage. Send good stuff to: Scott Soriano, 1114-21st Street, Sacramento CA 95814 USA or scotts@sl.net

Shitloads of shows, shitloads of records, shitloads of work, shitloads of mail.....that's been my life for the past eight years. I always start the column talking about how it's been too busy to really put effort into this column, but that scenario is getting a little old. Just got to face the facts and realize that when I (or anybody) have a zillion things going on, all of the projects get 70% of your attention/dedication. This column has been drafted at the last minute for every issue, and I always feel that I'm half assing this. Who knows, maybe I need a little break, or maybe I should consider killing the column. Maybe I should just shut my ass.

One thing that adds to all of this is my discomfort with being in print. While I tend to treat this column as a I would a discussion between me and a friend (typical "dude, did you hear that record, holy shit man" scenario) I feel strange that this is in print. That my opinions get read and digested to those I don't even know...I change my mind all the time, and one month's tirade is another month's regret.

On a brighter note...the last SPAZZ show was really fun for us. Gilman sold it out at 662 people (unfortunately with no ins and outs)...it was fucking nuts. We met kids from Australia, Belgium, Japan, Scotland, fucking everywhere. It meant more to us that they were there, than to them seeing us for one last time. Plus THE OATH and TOTAL FURY showed how a hardcore show should be conducted...by the time SPAZZ went on it was clear we were old and boring. I'm just glad we brought out enough people so they could be won over by TOTAL FURY and THE OATH. Thanks to everyone who came out, and for putting up with the crampedness.

But enough of this Mark McCoy emo crap...let's cut to the thrash. Let's fucking GO!

This month I thought I would start with the zines...especially because I have been turned on to two that have really caught my eye. The first one is called *Direct Hit* and is printed out of Northern Ireland. This used to be known as *No Barcodes Necessary*. This is a PHENOMENAL zine....best since *Engine* in my opinion. Great black and white layout, awesome interviews, in depth coverage, and a ton of bands that I love. Just to name a few of the bands/subjects: DS-13, URKO, ACTIVE MINDS and an interview with COMMITMENT and SOA Records. Plus it comes with a bonus split EP from ACTIVE MINDS and URKO. Great...and for shit sake, get it now. Mel Hughes, Po Box 36, Armagh, BT60 3PQ, N. IRELAND.

The other zine is called *Rheumatic Fever Zine*. WxHxN met Jesse down in Pomona and he did a quick interview with us. Later I was asking him why he did a zine and he told me that it was a project to keep him occupied while he was recuperating from heart surgery. I flipped...he was super young, and I could still tell he was kinda weak. He explained that hardcore kept his spirits up while he was bed ridden, and he wanted to be productive...so he started the zine. Flipping through the zine it's hard not to notice this guys commitment and love for hardcore. Issue one has interviews with CARRY ON, IN CONTROL and a couple of good articles (plus it's got the whole story of his medical problems). Issue two has THE REAL ENEMY, HOLDING ON, FIELDS OF FIRE and more. Issue three should be coming out soon, so get in touch with Jesse and get the older issues. Jesse Rosemore, Po Box 1115, Crestline, CA 92325.

Ok, now to the tapes. SHANK from Scotland gave me an advance rehearsal tape for their upcoming LP on Slap A Ham and boy, does that fucker smoke. Blistering speed, heavy guitar, crazed vocals.....all around fucking great. Wait for the LP, you'll be blown away. In the meantime, write 'em and ask if their earlier split Eps are still available. Shank c/o Eight-O-Three, Flip Basement, 70-72 Queen Street, Glasgow G1 3EN, Scotland.

Got a demo from Justin (ex- INDECISION) called MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD. This doesn't rely on the open-E at all, but goes for full throttle hardcore that has a ton of speed mixed with heavy breakdowns. I'm sure these cats have a couple releases already lined up...you can just tell that they are pros on this tape. MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD, Po Box 581, Brooklyn, NY 11209.

Now for the CDs/vinyl. First up is SICK TERROR from Brazil. This is fast, but metallic-new-school HC. I would say its a little crossover, a little youth crew, a little Brazilian HC. The tunes are played tight as fuck, and the songs just keep attacking after one another. Brigada Do Odio, Caixa Postal 205, Sao Paulo-SP, Cep 01059970, BRAZIL.

The second CD is a DIY CD from TRI-STATE KILLING SPREE. TSKS rely on heavy yet, fast metallic riffs. Much like SICK TERROR, I would call TSKS a modern version of crossover, yet with a ton of intelligence. Check em out at: Po Box 4909, Richmond, VA 23220.

I got a home burned CD demo from OUT OF COMMISSION from Massachusetts. Its a little HC, a little thrash.....with big production. Maybe a little too polished for my tastes...but at least its more punk/thrash than metal. The snotty vocals really carry this. Paul Cummings, 60 Warren St., Upton, MA 01568.

I forgot to include this in last month's column, but the

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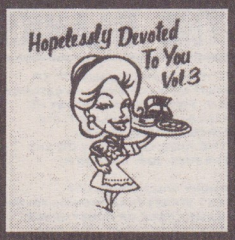

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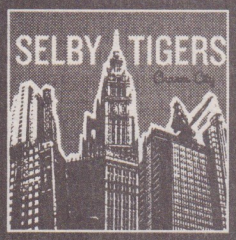

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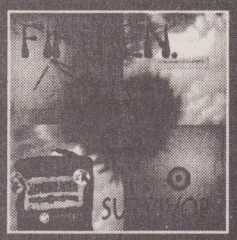
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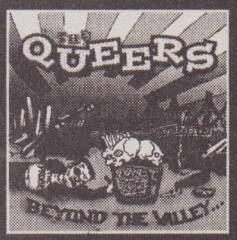

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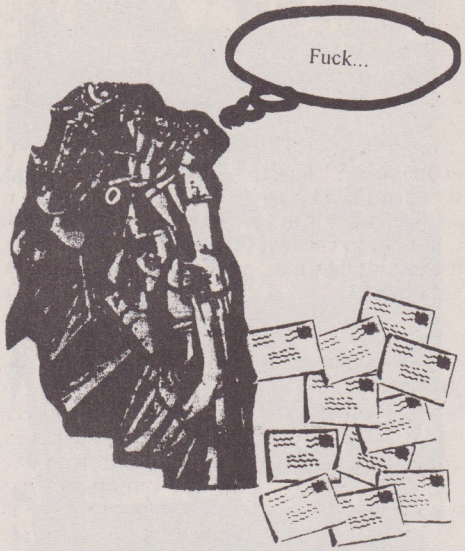

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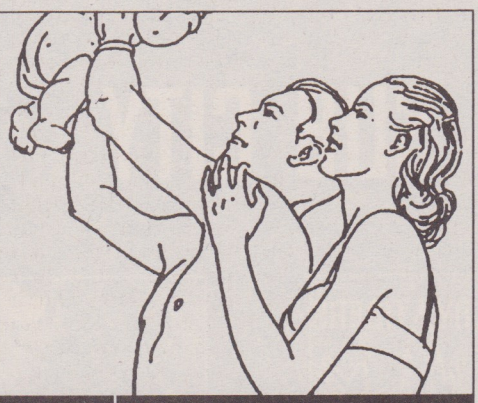

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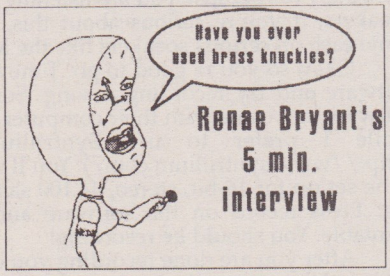
FAIRFUCKS EP (originally put out by Kick'n'Punch from Denmark) has been re-released by Underestimated. Fast early 80s HC that sounds like DC meets some youth crew. Fucking awesome...highly recommended if you missed the first press. Underestimated, Po Box 13274, Chicago, IL 60613.

Everyone of my friends from Sweden have been telling me to watch out for ASSEL. Well, I just got the debut EP and I know why. Brutal fast hardcore that is fucking crazy. Its got some Scandinavian thrash elements in it, but mainly relies on crazed time changes and the blast beat. Extremely well done, you will hear their name a lot very quickly if they keep putting out scorchers like this EP. Putrid Filth Conspiracy c/o Rodrigo Alfaro, Sodraparkg 35, 214 22 Malmo SWEDEN.

Alright...that's it for this month. I'm sure next month I'll be turning in this column last minute, cuz we have CRUCIAL SECTION from Tokyo coming for three shows.....so I'll be busy facilitating that. Should be fun and awesome. Alright, till next time, keep those demos coming in, check out the demo reviews in *SHORT FAST AND LOUD* zine, and cut the shit/start the pit. Max. Po Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142-3413.



So I survived my first quarter of graduate school, but not unscathed. I sacrificed too many weekend nights researching, writing, and typing. I am soooo ready for this break. I am going to try and binge on as much punk rock as possible in my six weeks off-track (X-mas break plus one month off from teaching). For now I have nine days left (and counting). I am hoping I can keep myself out of trouble. You'd think I would be so busy with graduate school that I couldn't possibly be bothered to care about some minor annoyance at my school site. You'd think....

It started like this. One fine morning, I strolled to my box (the one in the teacher's work room, in which we get "official mail"). I glanced at all the notes trying to use the time management technique of only touching a piece of paper once. To my horror, I had been invited to a prayer meeting hosted by Mike and Stuart (the born-agains) that would take place every Friday morning at 7:00 AM at our school. Well, isn't that just fucking special, and like totally illegal. Appalled, I wadded the fluorescent paper up and promptly recycled it. I made a mental note to some day find out the legalities of such a practice.

A month went by and I was given a "student teacher." A student teacher is a student at a university that is in their fifth year after earning a BA and pursuing a teaching credential. The student teacher and I are a lot alike and bond immediately. So of course, when I had an in-service to attend at the district, she substitute-taught for me. I returned the next day, immediately looking through the papers that had been stuffed into my box. To my dismay I found another invitation to the prayer meeting. I thought to myself, "Okay, this is getting ridiculous." I asked Doyle, the student teacher, "Did you see this?" She replied, "Yes, that's nothing, yesterday after the staff meeting Mike told us that he 'expected' to see us all at the prayer meeting tomorrow morning."

That was it. I got pissed. Before I went out and alienated the entire staff, I decided I should use some of the diplomacy skills I was learning in my administrative organizations course. So I approached Mike. I asked him if I could talk to him in private; he agreed. I then proceeded to request that perhaps he keep in mind that not everyone holds the same beliefs and that he might unintentionally offend someone. Then he informed me that it was not he who made the statement to the staff members, and that he and Stuart "expect to offend people." He went on to say, "and if you want to talk to Stuart, you can do it yourself." Just like that. I was on fire. I gave him the look of death and proceeded straight out to my principal, expecting to find some sort of rational behavior at our school. She saw me coming and immediately asked me what was wrong. I relayed the story to her. She, like a good administrator, retorted with an anecdote (which is how I know if I ever become a principal I will do well, because I have an anecdote for just about everything too). Finally, she asserted that she would speak to them. When she visited my classroom later that day, I remembered what the Shaman I met at the Long Beach Tattoo Convention told me: "Speak carefully in the next two years. Don't put your foot in your mouth." I knew it was possible for me to land my ass in a place I didn't want to be without any social collateral at my job. I decided I would chose my battles wisely. I chose not to fight this one.

Of course, life has a funny way of making you choose certain battles. I went to my normal 7-10 pm course on Tuesdays. This time Dr. Mitchell and almost Dr. Mitchell Jr. didn't speak...Mrs. Dr. Mitchell spoke. The topic was religion in the schools. Wow. I think a higher power was speaking to me. I listened intently and took notes. As soon as she finished I bombarded her with questions. According to Mrs. Dr. Mitchell, the teachers could assembly on their own, without students, by themselves. [Damn]. But, the teacher box was another matter. She informed us all that the boxes were governed by strict rules and you couldn't just put anything you pleased in them, especially religious propaganda. Just as I thought. Then that same week while working a research paper, I found the most interesting information:

"Teachers also may not use the school facilities for personal religious purposes. In May v. Evansville-Vanderburgh School Corps, the court held that schools had not been opened as a public forum and that government can regulate content in a non-public forum. What led to the court's decision were prayer meetings held by a group of teachers in their school before the school day began. They were not disruptive nor were any students in attendance. Yet the school administration indicated that they wanted to avoid controversy and distraction by limiting the few meetings that were held before school to those that were work related. The court upheld the action of the school administration."

I started really feeling validated. I thought to myself, "Look, you're in a new district and you're not tenured, keep your mouth shut like the Shaman said, for two years, and then go to the union." I stuck to that plan until...I received the most Christian/religious/bought-at-Wal-mart-in-the-jumbo-pack, cheesy X-mas card from Stuart, urging me to "please come and see him if I had any questions." Yeah, I have a question, "Why are you such a ballsy Jesus freak?" I was so pissed. My student teacher couldn't believe it. I called my former vice-principal from a different district. She couldn't believe that the administration would allow such things.

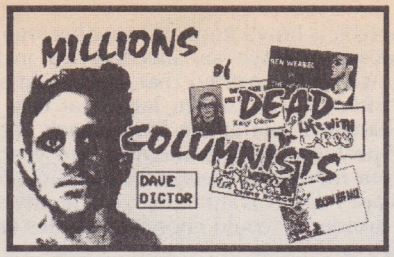
That was it—I had it. I photocopied my research for the principal. Then, just by coincidence, I happened to be in the work room when a teacher asked if a student was allowed to bring and pass out invitations to their church. The vice principal said, "No." Then I approached and queried quite innocently, "Do teachers have the same rights to be free from the dispersing of religious propaganda?" She told me she would call Downtown to be sure.

The next week, a letter was put in the boxes asking teachers to refrain from placing any religious propaganda in the boxes, that we are state agents and must honor the clear separation between church and state. A victory for the underdog. "Go girl go!" I told myself. "The righteous shall be exalted." Luckily, I work my ass off for that school, so no one is going to fuck with me too badly. I wouldn't be surprised if they are still having their clandestine meetings. I wouldn't be surprised either if they are saying a little prayer for the teacher who is blinded by Satan and the Constitution of the United States. Oh, well.

I am currently behind in life and trying to catch up. Anyone who has emailed me or written in the past three months please forgive my slow response...graduate school is a sadistic beast that keeps me tied up and generally beat. Don't give up on me.

You can reach me at <mailto:webmistress@ontherag.net>webmistress@ontherag.net or po box 251 Norco CA 92860-0251. Love you long time. PS—The new band is slowly coming together as well as the zine and my four band split. All-female and girl-fronted bands continue to send tracks for "More Pussy for Your Punk."

Happy Fucking New Year

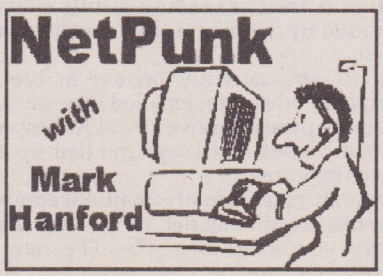


Yeah. Glad it's here and it's past. The holidays leave me empty, alright. All those zombie-like hungry shoppers filling the stores like lemmings trying to get the antidote for the hole in their lives. All those high expectations of presents and fulfillment. I was with my ghetto kid class today and during free time they were composing wish lists for Santa and I know nobody is gonna buy these kids a Sony Play Station and motorized scooters. Their parents don't even send them to school wearing socks in 20 degree weather. Ho Fucking Ho. And while I'm on a roll, fuck my probation officer for coming to my school last week to piss-test me and give the staff something to wonder about. I mean fuck you asshole and your cheezy ridiculous moustache and your stupid lame jokes. And fuck all the football games and bowl games, mindless jocks and the glorification of it all. All sports on TV suck and yes, couple ice skating and gymnastics too. The next Olympics should take place on the moon for all it matters, right?

MDC played Long Island at this pub in Port Jefferson with all these nonpunk bands and the crowd was 40 percent rednecks, 40 percent rock n rollers to see this Pat Benatar tribute band and the other 20 percent were punks, and I got up there not wondering if we were gonna get heckled off or not, but I started talking about the cops and how they suck and don't do a thing to earn their bloated salaries in Long Island. Then I asked 400 people, had anybody ever called 911? And when nobody responded, I said, "thought so," and before you know it, it's like the scene out of the *Blues Brothers* movie with everybody hooting and hollering in their realization that they too hated the cops and that Millions Of Dead Cops sorta had a ring to it. Yeah, so fuck the cops and their racial profiling, loyal Republican voting motherfuckers.

And fuck George—stole the motherfucking election—Bush. Shit, I got caught public urinating at fourteen and my job knows about it thanks to Federal background checks, but George W., you get arrested drunk driving and nobody hears about it till four days before the election. I'd have been charged with concealment if I tried to hide it getting hired in a school, you get caught and you cry conspiracy. I mean Fuck You, Dubyah. You rich scumbag. And Al Gore, you sorry ass, you lost that election over and over again and stop blaming Bill Clinton—you're a loser. Your Democratic State Department won't work out the Nyoto commission in the Hague on carbon dioxide while the test tube known as earth continues to heat up to higher and more dangerous levels. So fuck you and fuck your wife Tipper too.

So where am I going with this, I don't know, do something creative, profound, unique. Do something deep for the new year, don't follow popular people or care what they think, even in our own scene. Blaze your own path, don't be narrow or stuck up. Or think your little ghetto is so much better than every else. Practice your craft, be an artist, and of course the golden rule, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." If you make a kid, love it and spend time with it. Stay in touch with old friends and I promise to be in a better mood by Groundhogs Day. Till then, check out MDC's new release *Now More Than Ever*. Look for our ad in this zine. Take care, write me at mdcops@hotmail.com or PO Box 142, Glen Cove, NY 11542 // check the web site wwwfree speech.org/deadcops. Thanx to my friend Jake in Florida.



I have hundreds and hundreds of records. My albums take up a good portion of one wall, and I have boxes of seven inches from 20 years worth of punk rock record buying. The problem is, the only time that I have to listen to these records is when I'm at work, and I don't have a turntable there. What's a geek to do? Turn them into CDs, or stick them online as mp3s, of course! I've had several of you request information on how to record vinyl onto your computer. This column will tell you how I do it, and you can take it from there. The great thing about recording your records is that you can turn them into CDs that will work in (most) any CD player for less than you might think.

First thing you want to do is get some equipment together. You're going to need a computer with a sound card, speakers, and plenty of hard drive space—to fill up a CD you'll need at least 650 megabytes, maybe more. You'll want a CD-burner on the computer if you're going to make a CD. You'll need a decent turntable, and a stereo amplifier or a phono pre-amp. The pre-amp is the better way to go, and you can get one from radio shack for 50 or 60 bucks. You'll also need a stereo patch cord to go from the RCA jacks on the pre-amp to the 1/4" phono plug on your soundcard.

After you have everything together, hook up the turntable to the pre-amp, and use the patchcords to hook the pre-amp to the line-in (not microphone) jack on the soundcard. You should now be able to put a record on the turntable and listen to it over your computer speakers. (If it doesn't work at this point, try messing with the settings on the volume control panel in your computer). This sound will probably be lousy, but that's because it's punk rock, baby (or because you are listening through shitty computer speakers. If you're serious about this, you'll go out and drop some cash on serious speakers like the Monsoon 700 flat panels).

Okay, so you're good to go. Time to fire up your recording software and try recording a song. Some people find that the software that came with their computer/soundcard works great, while I prefer to use Syntrillium's Cool Edit 2000 (http://www.syntrillium.com/). You'll want your record settings to be set up for 16-bit, stereo, 44,100 samples per second recording. Press record on the software and drop the arm on the turntable. You should be recording!

After you are done recording you can use a sound editor to get rid of the gaps at the beginning and end of the recording, and, with some programs, get rid of any clicks and pops that were on the record. If you are saving the files for making your own CDs, you'll save them as .wav files, if you're planning on putting them online, you'll want to save them as .mp3 or .wma files, if you have that option. (If you don't, you can save them as .wav files and convert them to .mp3 later). Easy CD Creator (http://www.adaptec.com), which comes with most CD-burners, will help you with this.

Finally, burn your stuff onto CDs, or upload them online, or stick them on a hard drive, zip disk, or whatever, and enjoy.

I found more information on this topic online at a web site on "Preserving the Music" at http://www.banjo.com/Articles/CD-Vinyl.html and in an article at e-how.com on transferring LPs to CDs (go to http://www.ehow.com/ and type "Transfer LP to CD" in the search box). Have fun and let me know when you have your stuff online!

To finish up this month, I have a handful of web sites for your enjoyment. I should have mentioned it for Halloween, but I didn't find out about it until now. Yep, I'm talking about deathrock.com, "the complete horror goth punk site" at http://www.deathrock.com/. Lots of reviews here, as well as news, live videos, and more. The kicker is the reviews rating system, where they give a number of skulls based on music, lyrics, and death. Good-time graveyard fun!

Next up is the website for Verbal Assault, the early-80's Rhode Island hardcore band. A bit of history, some old flyers, and some live MP3 files make this worth a visit. I love it when defunct bands stick up old and hard-to-find shit online. It makes for enjoyable web surfing. Visit Verbal Assault at http://www.verbalassault.com/.

Speaking of old shit, I don't think I've ever mentioned the official website of the Damned before at http://www.official-damned.com/. They have show dates, news, message boards, and are planning a history section, a discography section, and a bunch of other stuff. Looks pretty good, if somewhat incomplete.

While perusing the message boards at The Damned site, I ran across the link to Groupie Central (www.groupiecentral.com), the "first web site for groupies". This thing is a riot, but only because it is so serious. It's the new millenium, and groupies are as ridiculous now about their rock stars as they were in the 70s. Visit the site, check out the message boards, and feel superior.

Well, as long as I'm stuck in the past, I might as well mention the Punk77 (http://www.punk77.co.uk/) , which focuses on British punk rock of the 70s. This is an excellent source of information on all of those well-known 70's punk bands, as well as a handful of bands you've never heard of. You'll also find a few audio clips, and a shop where you can buy some stuff.

Finally, I've mentioned it before, but it's worth talking about again. The Punk77 mailing list is for folks who are into 70s punk, or, in some cases, are punks from the 70s. You'd be surprised who you might find lurking on this list. In any case, the content is pretty much straight punk rock, unlike the punk-list, where the content is rarely about punk rock. You can get info about subscribing to Punk77 at http://www. geocities.com/punklist/ .

That's all the time I have this month. Remember to e-mail me your websites at netpunk@diehippiedie.com and visit http://www.diehippiedie.com/netpunk/ for all my past, present, and future columns. Oh, and someone record the first Neos 7" and let me know where I can download a copy, would ya? Thanks.

TECHNOLOGY REPORT

SAM McPHEETERS

ASSISHNESS DENIED

This being the autumn of national litigation warfare and other assish behavior, I note with interest a parallel legal development brimming with the potential for injustice of cosmic depths. A suit was filed this week (early December) against founding father of rock Chuck Berry by his longtime sideman of 30 years, Johnny Johnson. Johnson started the band that Chuck Berry joined and hijacked by talent in 1954, and it was Johnson who played on most of Berry's ancient hits. Depending on who you believe, Johnson was either the inspiration behind, or at least a collaborator on, Berry's magic "Johnny B. Goode" (unless, of course, it was a time traveling white suburban kid, as suggested in some Chariots Of The Gods style grossness disguised as cutsey baby boomer reference in *Back To The Future*... a spooky chicken & egg kinda conundrum, if you think about it... which you shouldn't), the 1958 hit that earned him a place alongside Betsy Ross, Neil Armstrong and The Whopper in the annals Of American Greatness. Johnson's suit says he's been denied forty-plus years of royalties and credits for helping pen these hits. Since this was also the week that Chuck Berry received official recognition at a State Department dinner, alongside Alan Greenspan and Don Rickles, the case made an amusing human interest counterpoint to the glad handing and plates of red snapper this icon was forced to endure.

The lawsuit raises an interesting problem. "Johnny B. Goode" is included on two separate gold plated albums strapped to the Voyager 1 & 2 spacecraft, currently hurtling away from our solar system at 39,000 miles an hour. Berry's the only artist credited for the song. If Johnson was denied his rightful cosmic credit, how could the injustice ever be corrected or compensated for? There's certainly not much cash to be split—Chuck Berry was paid one penny in NASA royalties. I've long wondered if this was the world's best or worst distribution rate. The Beatles missed their slot on the Voyager record over this very issue—the band, asked by NASA for "Here Comes The Sun," was ecstatic... it was their own publisher who vetoed approval after the space agency failed to ante up some mysterious and "hefty" royalties. Can you blame them for protecting their clients? No matter how you cut it, a cent a song ain't much. Should the stinginess of Uncle Sam's record label be credited against cost of production ($865 million)? Distance of distribution (thousands of light years)? I think durability of product should stand for something in the equation—any old independent label can offer its artists interplanetary exposure by way of standard college radio. Not many can offer a recording that comes with its own stylus and cartridge and will still be playable one billion years later. (It is durability, after all, that gets ex-UN secretariat & SS lieutenant Kurt Waldheim's opening remarks on the Voyager LPs to the next galaxy and leaves Skrewdriver's cover of "Johnny B. Goode"—perhaps never played on any radio station—earthbound and obsolete.)

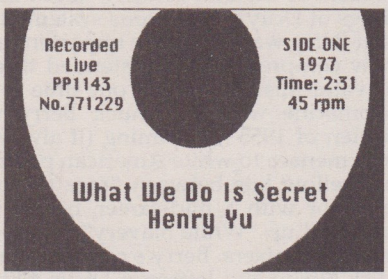
Chuck is the only living celebrity artist on this rare, first pressing compilation LP. Of the 27 musical tracks, four (including a Navajo chant) are by Americans... disproportionate representation that's fair only if you consider that we financed the whole thing and could've stacked it with the 1977 top 20 if we'd so wished. Jazz representative Louie Armstrong died six years before launch, and blues representative Blind Willie Johnson died 30 years earlier, after catching pneumonia from sleeping in the smoking ruins of his burned down house. But Chuck's not the only living American on the disc—Jimmy Carter contributed a spoken word piece—and he's also not the only living solo artist. There's an unfortunate and uncredited performance by NASA's Ann Druyan, best known for co-authoring *Cosmos* with Carl Sagan, her late husband and the head of the Voyager LP track selection committee. Three months before launch, Druyan hooked into an electroencephalogram in NY's Bellview hospital (known to my generation as the loony bin from TV's Barney Miller) and meditated for an hour. A computer translated her body's electrical signal data into a sound montage "to be decrypted by extraterrestrial." Her musings "followed a mental itinerary" which included a "version of the history of the world and the history of life on Earth, a little compressed... thoughts on war and poverty followed by thoughts on love." Essentially a performance art piece, the only thing more mortifying than having this bit represent us for the next billion years is the idea that someone will actually find it. And, all things being equal, the odds are 50/50 that any "someone" who sits down to enjoy this record would be more likely to comprehend converted electrical signals than human music, and that they would mistake the new age noodlings of one lone me-decade confusnik as some built-in genetic flakiness of humankind as a whole.

Although "Johnny B. Goode" probably seems, to most readers of the 21st century, about as relevant as the pips and dings of Druyan's nervous system, it's important to remember that Berry was once very important indeed. These songs of his, now compressed and distended through car commercial and elevator misuse, were at one time as psychically significant as submarine warfare. Chuck Berry was, briefly, the Johnny Rotten of 1955—a looming (if always grinning and enunciating) menace to white American parents. His crossing that double yellow line between "race records" and "crossover" was paid for with a mid-career, nearly two year prison term on trumped up "White Slavery" charges brought by Midwestern anti-race-mixers. Berry's cosmic redemption is just as weird as Dick Nixon and Jefferson Davis getting their commemorative postage stamps within a few weeks of each other, but certainly more uplifting. Before you jump to the logical conclusion, however, and start calculating which DK's, Crucifucks, or Artless songs might make some redemptive interstellar cut in 50 years time, keep in mind that this was almost definitely a once-in-a-civilization opportunity. Chuck was the right man in the right place at the right time. Space travel is currently easing into a "leaner and meaner" commercial phase that has no use for grand statements. The plutonium laden Cassini probe may have been famous for endangering all life on Earth (both during its '97 launch and again on its gravitational drive-by two years later), but Cassini was also the intended carrier of a failed sequel to the Voyager LP. A similar *Sounds Of Earth* type disc, complete with a creepy multicultural photo dubbed "portrait of humanity" (naked children on a beach beaming up at a Raymond Pettibonish-grandma in a rocking chair), was to be deposited by probe on Saturn's largest moon. Word leaked to the taxpayers, and the disc was squashed before takeoff by outraged politicians, leaving but a blank mounting area to prove to future beings that we weren't sure what to say after all.

I had a scheme a while back to register as a bone marrow donor. I think my original intentions were pure (they've some strict travel restrictions, so I had second thoughts). A bonus motivational theory, however, soon exerted its tug. Namely; anyone who so selflessly saves a human life would not only incur good karma points or whatever counts in the grand scheme of things, but would also be granted a free pass to make an utter ass, buffoon, ruffian and nincompoop of themselves for their rest of their life (or in my case, like a bad O.

Henry tale, until my own recklessly boorish behavior ironically caused someone's accidental death, sending me back to square one). My theory now is that Mr. Berry is on this regimen. Astronauts, the guys with more right than anyone to use their laurels as the healthy foundations for a lifetime of obnoxious behavior, are probably screened for such assish tendencies in their very first NASA interview. The same qualities that allowed John Glenn to sit cool as a cucumber during flaming reentry most likely also prevented him from barging to the front of long supermarket lines yelling "important astronaut coming through!", or striding through shopping malls in his underwear, or other general Keith Moon type behavior. Thorough decency was a trait specifically *not* accounted for in the selection of world's best rock performer. And regarding the lack thereof, Mr. Berry has performed with flying colors. In 1990, the man was charged in a class-action lawsuit with secretly videotaping the women's room stalls in his St. Louis restaurant. He was hit with the same charge a few years later at his "Berry Park" estate. Some time in the mid-90s a videotape made the rounds of Berry urinating on a (presumably consenting) woman's face, narrated by some truly unfortunate dialogue ("Did you drink my piss, baby? Tastes great, doesn't it?"). If not the actions of a man who no longer has to care about mere Earthbound niceties, who has been magically freed from the burden of history, then what? There's a nice publicity photo of Chuck I've seen, standing outside the old Chess Records studio, arms linked with Hilary Clinton, wearing a sailor's cap with the raffish tilt of a degenerate. His grin is that of a man who knows some of his work will survive in pristine, playable form long after the fossilized bones of everyone else in the photo are ground into motor oil by the glacial smoosh of continental drift. I can only think of poor Johnny B. Goode, perhaps denied his similar life of boorish, rude behavior, and shudder.

CHICKEN SOUP FOR THE SCUM



Welcome to another installment of the collector's column. This month being Valentine's Day'n all, I have gathered some heartwarming stories of vinyl *serendipity* to share with you. For you SAT flunkees, *serendipity* (srn-dp-t) means "the faculty of making fortunate discoveries you were not looking for". For you real dim bulbs, we're talking vinyl finds where and when you least expect it.

Henry (1991, Palo Alto, CA)

By 1991, I had pretty much quit record collecting to spend time with my girlfriend and the house we bought together. During one of our many home improvement projects, we went out to buy linoleum for our bathroom. While waiting for the linoleum to be cut, I noticed a record store a couple doors away. There I found a RED ROCKERS' "Guns of Revolution" with oversized sleeve, the (L.A.) DEEP SIX 45, and the FALSE HOPES/WASTED LIVES split for a couple bucks apiece.

Sean (Austin, TX)

Sean's shit-ass car breaks down. He calls for a tow. He waits, and for lack of anything better to do, decides to check out the Christian bookstore that his car died in front of. He spies a handful (and I mean five) 45s and flips through them. Sonuvabitch if one of 'em isn't a first press STAINS "John Wayne Was A Nazi" 7" in fairly nice condition. Asking price? 50 cents.

Brian (1999, Madrid, Spain)

Brian's new bride warned him before their honeymoon in Madrid: "No record stuff." As a dutiful husband, Brian obeyed. Finally, on the very last day of their honeymoon, she said he could check out one store. Brian found a record store inside of a mall. There, in a box of Misc. UK records, he found the CHAIN GANG Deuce Pack for the equivalent of about $5.

Sal and Jim (1983, Scottsboro, AL)

It was the summer after freshman year in college. We were rummaging at Unclaimed Baggage in Scottsboro, Alabama (before they became a proper "outlet mall," back when they sold used underwear, dirty, just like it was when they found it in the suitcase). Jim found 20 copies of the MISFITS' "Walk Among Us" for 50 cents each. He bought'em all.

Colin (1985, Denver, CO)

People's Express was this incredibly cheap airline in the mid-80s that I used to fly from Newark to Seattle. It was an East Coast airline that had recently expanded to the West Coast with their takeover of Frontier Airlines. They didn't have their shit together yet. I had a 45 minute stopover in Denver that ballooned into four hours, so I took a bus downtown. I got off, found a record store, and found my (still treasured) copy of the NNB "Slack" 45.

Henry W. (Canada)

I was at a Mathematics conference in Canada a few years ago and there was a BBQ at one of the local professor's house. Me being me, I was checking out his record collection at one point and stumbled over a couple of original SUN RA LPs on Saturn. He saw me getting excited and said, "You want em, take em"! OK!!

Henry W. (1994, Australia)

I found my ROCKS EP in 1994 in a shop specializing in Musicals, Soundtracks and Classical, for $5.

Henry (1995, Portland, OR)

I paid $50 for a copy of JOHN VOMIT AND THE LEATHER SCABS, but when I received it in the mail, I found that two additional copies of the record had been used as packing material to protect the one I had paid for!

Nick (Seattle, WA)

After winning a rather non-rare britpunk 7" on one of the lesser internet auction sites, I found out the seller was local, so we agreed that I could just pick up the record. She was getting rid of a bunch of other records that she had accumulated over a few years of working at a record store, so I had a flip through them just for the hell of it while I was at her house. By the time I walked out of there, I had acquired a hefty stack of vinyl at between 2 and 5 bucks a pop. Included were 7"s by THE YOUNG AND THE USELESS, THE STRAPS, DEFIANT POSE, DEMOB ("Anti-Police"), DRONGOS FOR EUROPE (1st two), DAILY TERROR ("Intoleranz"), NEWTOWN NEUROTICS ("Hypocrite/You Said No"), THE PIGS, THE MOB (NY) and the crown jewel: HEART ATTACK "God Is Dead".

Mark (New York City)

I was in NYC for the REAL KIDS reunion shows at Coney Island High. Saturday of that weekend, Tina from the BOBBY-TEENS was taking me around to all her favorite record stories and thrift shops. I wasn't having a lot of luck in the record stores. We go into this vintage clothing shop across from Tompkins Square Park. It's got a cool photo booth in it with photos of people like IGGY POP pasted on the outside.

The woman running the shop is nice, but a bit drunk. She talks a lot, telling us how she was friends with JOHNNY THUNDERS and how she KNOWS he didn't O.D. As I look around the shop (and not seeing much), I spot a stack of 45s in a cluttered case. I ask if they're for sale. The drunk lady says, "Yeah, I guess, I haven't listened to 'em in forever. I don't know what's there...nothing good. You can have whatever for $10 each."

She hands me the stack of records. Most don't have picture sleeves. Those that do, the sleeves are in pretty bad shape. I flip through the stack and don't see much...then WHAM! I see the letters NYN [*stands for "NEW YORK NIGGERS" – ed*] in black ink on a silver label. The plain paper sleeve is beat to shit, label is fine, almost perfect. I slip the record out and it too is in great condition. I keep flipping and find the first TESTORS 7" and the CHRONICS "Test Tube Baby." As I hand the lady the money for the records, she starts rambling on some other story. Tina nods and we leave, headed to another fruitless search through a record store…

Tom (1968, Philadelphia, PA)

I was fourteen, and on my way into Philly after finishing my paper route in South Jersey. I was gonna buy some new LPs, three for $10 at Radio, 437 Market Street, and after that to 12th Street to the hippie-counter culture bookstore, to buy a *Distance Dummer* (Philly scene paper) and a *Rolling Stone* (the real plan was to buy porno mags). I walked from 4th and Market to 12th and Market and turned right on 12th. The bookstore was across

the street, but before crossing, I saw a new junk record store.

I stopped in. The walls were covered with cutouts, three for 99 cents, and the floor was covered with boxes of 45s five or six for 99 cents. Five bucks got me 25-30 singles. I got five promo copies of Stoned by the ROLLING STONES, the rest BEATLES promos and a few ZAPPA promos (my fave). By mid 1969 the store was gone. I still have one single in my collection from that first day.

Roger (2000, SoCal)

One of my co-workers was remodeling his house this year. His contractor was originally from Buffalo, NY. They got to talking about music, and the contractor mentioned he played in a late 70s/early 80s band called SECRET SAVIOR. This is a record that a friend and I once found at the Bomp warehouse, and I think we're the only two KBD collectors to be aware of this obscurity. *[Until now…- ed]*

Michel (1997, Detroit, MI)

A few years ago, I was in Detroit for the holidays. I went to Desirable Discs and noticed that they had lots of good records on the wall. The prices were fair, no bargains. The NECROS' "Sex Drive" was priced at $500—the going rate at the time. Anyway, I brought some less expensive purchases to the counter and the guy gave me a 50% discount. I asked him why the discount, and he said that all vinyl was 50% off for their holiday sale. So I had them pull down all the good stuff from the wall (mostly MISFITS and Touch & Go hardcore stuff) and bought them all—a fine Christmas present.

Sally and Ted (1998, Marquette, MI)

A couple summers ago, in Marquette, Michigan, we were squatting over the 50 cent album bin in a flourescently-lit Salvation Army. The usual crap—Christian singing groups, water-stained covers, and vinyl that looked like someone had dressed a 10-point buck on them with a heavy, dull knife. But then, right in the middle of the milk crate, there it was: KRAFTWERK's "Rolf and Florian" LP—a record we'd only ever seen on the wall of Other Music for $100. It was in absolutely mint condition except that someone had scrawled a signature across the back: "Robert Johnson." (Obviously, this must have been the very copy of "Rolf and Florian" that, it has been whispered, inspired the King of the Delta Blues, that night at the crossroads.) There was definitely something brilliant, genius, Satanic about the Kraut-ish presence, vibrating with speedfreak cool there in the pile of forgotten choirboy dreck and whitebread gospel. It was not the tip of any iceberg though: there was nothing else worthwhile at all in the bin.

When we returned home to Brooklyn, we bickered over whose record collection our new prize should be filed in. Ted had really spotted it first, I'm pretty sure, but I made the case for filing it with my albums since mine were actually alphabetized, and since I already had a couple of KRAFTWERK albums, it was easy to know where this one would go. But Ted ended up sticking it in one of his big messy piles leaning against the wall.

Later that same week, I was running an errand on the Upper East Side and on a whim I stopped into the Arthritis Foundation Thrift shop on 79th street. And while pawing through $2 Broadway cast recordings and BARRY MANILOW albums, I found an absolutely pristine copy of: the "Rolf and Florian" LP. So now we have "his and hers" copies. Mine is not signed by Robert Johnson.

Wedding Presents Not In Any Gift Registry

Tim got a mint copy of THE AUTHORITIES' "Soundtrack for Trouble."

Ryan got a 10" acetate of the ZERO BOYS' "Livin' in the 80's."

Tom got a SHIT DOGS' "History Of Cheese."

A hearty thanks to those who contributed their stories. I have retained as much of the authors' original chicken scratch as possible, succumbing to my control freak tendencies and heavy-handed editorial fisting only when warranted. While I have stuck to using first names only to protect the paranoid, these stories ARE true. If YOU have an interesting story of vinyl serendipity, and can prove it with either un-retouched photos of the booty or video footage of the find ("HOLY SHIT, lookit what I found, Unca Jed!"), send it on over. When I get enough entries I'll do another one of these.

PUNK REUNION GIGS Department

Roger Mah, our SoCal punk reunion scout, had this to say about the highly anticipated CONTROLLERS/DOGS reunion gig in L.A., 11/2000:

THE CONTROLLERS were ridiculously bad, underrehearsed, and sloppy. They looked old and out of it. Kid Spike was pudgy with a triple chin, Johnny Stingray was 6'2" with white hair and a white beard, wearing a beret—he looked like a tall George Carlin. Karla Mad Dog spent half the set parading around the stage with her pants around her ankles, flashing her black saggy butt at the audience. They started with 'Neutron Bomb', which sounded pretty okay, but the rest was a mess. They didn't even play 'Killer Queers' or 'Slow Boy'. My view for most of their set was obscured by a portly, bald, one legged guy. The sight of this fan, bobbing his sweaty shiny head up and down to the punk beat whilst hobbling around on a pair of crutches, cracked me up as the band finished with "Hot Stumps", their ode to an amputee groupie. How apropos!

THE DOGS were AMAZING. They started up with 'Fed Up', which was one of the most exciting live things I've seen in a while. Max and I were pogo-ing so hard our heads broke thru the ceiling tiles. The band had had only one rehearsal prior to the show but they were tight and kicked ass. Considering that the Dogs were together from 1969 until the mid-80s, they must have these songs hardwired in their brains.

Rumor has it that THE GIZMOS and THE PANICS are playing a New Years Eve reunion show in Bloomington, IN (which willa already happened by the time this ish finally goes out!). Pretty exciting, even if the GIZMOS lineup will be the Dale Lawrence GIZMOS, not the mightier-in-my-book Kenne Highland GIZMOS.

KISSING ASS/PLEASE SEND ME SHIT Department

Last but not leastly, thanks go out to Tim for sending me his excellent *Better Off Dead* zine about rare punk (keep yr eyes peeled for ish #2 at some point), Stuart for his *Game of the Arseholes* zines (he's got a record label of the same name started too), Brian GTA at Grand Theft Auto for catching me up on his reissues machine, and Hideaki just for being his likeable self.

As always, email me at specialcharge@yahoo.com or snail mail to Henry Yu c/o *MRR*. Send suggestions, trade/sale lists, rare punk records (well it doesn't hurt to *ask*), reissues, first-borns, prosthetics, unwashed lingerie… All deeds, good or bad, get an eventual mention.

"Post-apartheid apartheid: Spike Lee's 'Bamboozled'"

A few days before I saw Spike Lee's new film, *Bamboozled*, I saw a documentary (at a conference on my campus) about the history of the apartheid regime in South Africa. The film, *Long Night's Journey Into Day: South Africa's Search for Truth and Reconciliation*, focused on the role of the Truth and Reconciliation Commission (TRC) in its efforts to help the country come to terms with its past and to hopefully lay the basis for a new consensus based on "forgiveness" and nation-building. As Archbishop Desmond Tutu—one of the founders of the TRC—states in the video, "We contend that there is another kind of justice—restorative justice… Here the central concern is not retribution or punishment, but the healing of breaches, redressing of imbalances, restoration of broken relationships, a seeking to rehabilitate both the victim and the perpetrator, who should be given the opportunity to be reintegrated into the community that he has injured by his offense."

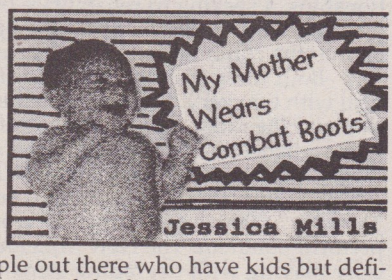
Both films (*Bamboozled* and *Long Night's Journey Into Day*) deal with two very different contexts of structural racial oppression and the racist representations of "Blacks," and help give us (the audience) a visual description of the physical and visible violence towards "Blacks" in South Africa and towards African Americans in the US. In Spike Lee's *Bamboozled*, two artists, "Manray" (Savion Glover) and "Womack" (Tommy Davidson), perform "Mantan: The New Millennium Minstrel Show," satirically playing with degrading stereotypes of African Americans as "mammies," "coons," and "watermelon eaters." Pierre Delacroix (Damon Wayans), the only African American on the

TV network, and Dunwitty (Michael Rapaport), the white guy who shouts: "Yo, I'm the only black in this room!" both decide that in order to improve their ratings, they must be "provocative and fun." Indeed, as *Bamboozled* shows, many Americans ("whites," "blacks," and Latinos, etc.) like the show so much that they too get into the spirit of having fun by painting their faces black. Here, Spike Lee's point is well taken: the funnier this shit is and the more people laugh at these racist representations, the more degrading it is when you think about it.

I liked Spike Lee's film because of what it showed (the way these racist representations are still with us). I would have appreciated if those who saw *Bamboozled* left the theater thinking about the other deadlier and more hidden aspects of racism and racist representations of black folks. That is to say, in a discussion about "post-apartheid South Africa" and "post-Jim Crow United States," where is the discussion about the ways in which the everyday life of structural violence (politically and socio-economic inequality) negatively affect Black people? Whether in South Africa or in the US, reconciliation and/or a presidential "race dialogue" can help in our awareness of "past-slavery" (in the US) and "past-apartheid" (South Africa), but it will not accept the responsibility of taking the necessary steps in coming to terms with *today's* debt (read *The Debt: What America Owes to Blacks*, by Randall Robinson, who calls for reparations to African Americans).

An awareness of the continual racist representations, in both the US and South Africa—a point that is explicitly made in both films—can help in our understanding of the racial dynamics still with us today. Spike Lee's film goes a step ahead in the usual discourse over racism and race relations. He asks his audience, specifically white folks, to think hard about what it means to be "white." Usually, much of the discussion that deals with racism always centers on how/what happens to those who are affected by it (i.e., people of color). But, let's look at it from a different perspective and instead ask: What does it mean to be "white"? Obviously, there is no such thing as "races," for they are socially constructed. "Race" is not real, but racism is. Asking what it means to be white, argues historian George Lipsitz, is to look at, "the possessive investment in whiteness." According to Lipsitz, "Whiteness has a cash value: it accounts for advantages that come to individuals through profits made from housing secured in discriminatory markets, through insider networks that channel employment opportunities to the relatives and friends of those who have profited most from present and past racial discrimination, and especially through intergenerational transfers of inherited wealth that pass on the spoils of discrimination to succeeding generations." Think about it.

In late 2001, I plan on going to South Africa along with thousands from all over the world who will attend the United Nations conference, "World Conference Against Racism, Xenophobia, and Related Forms of Intolerance." I have been thinking much about why there has been such a rise in xenophobia and violent assaults on migrants from other African countries in so-called "post-apartheid South Africa." It is interesting to see that there are many similarities in the economic restructuring of South Africa and the US, and how the State has had to reconfigure the nation-state (in the South Africa model, I highly recommend Patrick Bond's new book, *Elite Transition: From Apartheid to Neoliberalism in South Africa* [London: Pluto Press, 2000]). Shit, I realize this is another column now.
Anyways, I hope you all check out his film and let me know what you all thought of it. I'm out.



It's definitely been cool to hear from some of you punkmoms out there. But I know there's more of you! I saw you in the parenting issue! A goal for this column is to get some networking going among the punkmom community. One mom wrote, "I think there are a lot of people out there who have kids but definitely feel disenfranchised, out of the loop of 'traditional' parenting, for various and assorted reasons."

I, for one, am one of those "a lot of people" who are out of the loop of "traditional" parenting. Choosing a different life and parenting style in the face of the mainstream pressures and expectations that dictate whether you are a "good" or "bad" mother, itself dictates a need for support and networking with others who have similar, progressive views.

Do you have anything to say about food choices, breast-feeding vs. formula, vaccinations, disposable vs. cloth diapering, funny baby shit stories, money (or lack thereof) issues, work vs. stay-at-home, gender coding issues, touring and kids at shows? If you've got a kid, you know the topic list is endless, just like your responsibilities.

If you do, drop a line. It'd be cool to have more voices in this column than just my own talking about how fabulous, amazing, cute and rockin' my own baby is. Plus, even though she's all that and more, I still sometimes feel overwhelmed, depressed and disconnected from my beloved punk community and need to hear some other punkmoms' perspectives on all that is punkmamahood.

So, with that said, on with the show...

After a long, full, no-break from baby day, I was all too ready to absorb a show's energy. I even had baby dressed and safeguarded against the Florida cold and walked with her down to where the show would happen, an hour and a half early. Gainesville doesn't start a show before 11, but since it was a Sunday night, I thought there'd be a chance of an early show and I wasn't gonna miss TRUE NORTH, FROM ASHES RISE and BORN DEAD ICONS for anything.

Bummed out at not seeing a soul inside the dark space where the show was supposed to be happening, I turned her around and headed home, bumping into some fellow band freaks along the way who assured me the show was happening, but not until the standard "show time." Cool. I should have known better.

I nursed baby to bed and left her sleeping soundly with Daddy.

I returned just in time and nearly jumped out of my skin and danced on the heads of those who were playing in front of me. Seriously, I was so starved for the rock that I still don't know how or why I contained myself. I sucked in every note just as I had just sucked down every drop of my luscious quart a few minutes earlier.

It looked as if another kid a few people in front of me was also about to explode, and I'm not sure if his suppressed energy burst was speed induced, but he too hid his angst well.

Not until outside, between bands, when I spoke with him did I realize that he, too, was in the same jump-out-of-the-skin mode as I was and we decided that during the next band, we would take the front row over and pelt them with our sure-to-be-sore metal necks of tomorrow morning.

Coupled with needing the show as a way to reclaim some fun of my own, away from my no-break-from-baby day, I was burning with nervous energy from the holiday weekend—and so was the other freaked out kid. We both felt that a long weekend "at home" left us starving for a real interaction with our real, day to day community.

Aahh, home for the holiday, a time to somewhat look forward to, a time when you're supposed to feel comfy and familiar being among people who've known you most of your life, but at the end of day two, you're chomping at your own bit to escape from the family and the inevitable conversation questions—the same ones, it seems, you're asked every year, "What are you *doing*? What do you want for Christmas?"

Only now that I'm, in their eyes, a legit married adult with a baby, it's slightly different and instead of the standard questions (although they still ask when I'll grow up and out of my "punk rock" phase), they're offering advice or, more likely, criticisms concerning bedtimes and food choices.

Choosing to "go home for the holidays" with my baby, I am faced with decisions to make about how we will participate in my white, mainstream, middle class family's consumer culture version of Christmas. How we will participate with my partner's side of the family is easy; we'll just eat a lot of unhealthy food, drink and talk a bunch of shit over a few hands of cards.

Different families have different traditions and now I have the opportunity to create my own, and will. Do any of you have

any ideas to share about things you do, will do or have done? Gotta go, baby beckons...

And Oh My God, they just announced Bush as the winner of Florida—*again*! At least twice a week since the election a month ago I've heard people joking about how the only thing Bush will be good for is good punk rock.

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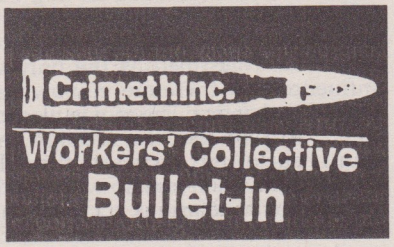


The Revolution In-Between

In the past year, beginning with the mass, united effort in Seattle at the World Trade Organization meetings, numerous other large scale events have gained international attention, and the United States seems to have become somewhat illuminated to struggles that have been taking place in other parts of the world for a considerable amount of time. Although a renewed sense of determination has gripped many, and thousands of more people have become radicalized in the process, massive protests alone are not going to facilitate revolutionary change. Although it is important to look at the "big picture," and cite injustices across the world, criticizing transnational trade agreements as one's sole revolutionary endeavor is merely an abstraction to the neighbor down the street, while real change occurs within one's own immediate environment.

A tired slogan, plastered on many automobiles alongside other progressive logos and agit-prop, reads, "Think Globally, Act Locally." There are very few revolutionary-minded individuals who would contest such a notion; however, it is imperative to act on this idea, and foster dialogue between community members in the pursuit of achieving tangible goals for the benefit of those individuals living together in towns and cities. Claiming independence, assuming the posture of the autonomous critic, detached from one's surroundings, intent on solely fulfilling one's own needs, is a perfectly acceptable way to live, but it is clearly not helping to better the human situation.

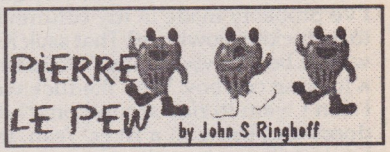
My ideas have changed a great deal in the past year, from viewing large overt revolutionary gatherings as paramount to "working within the system," to now realizing how coalition building among various groups for daily struggles is vital to helping both the devout leftist and the politically polar opposite individual who may live on the same street. At the IMF protests in Washington DC, I felt like I was preparing for war, complete with extensive training and preparatory measures in the early hours to gather supplies to counter expected chemical warfare at the hands of the state authority. It was extremely exciting to witness such a concerted effort of compassionate, progressive people, attempting to voice concern for issues that had previously not garnered considerable media attention, and allowing issues silent in the public discourse to permeate the mass consciousness of the people.

Following the actions in Washington DC, many people were already discussing ideas for protests of the two major political parties, to disrupt the present duopoly of entrenched political power. In Philadelphia, less than four months later, similar strategies and tactics were employed to raise awareness to issues not being discussed at the Republican National Convention, and prevent "business as usual" from being conducted at the political convention. Similar to previous events, the RNC protests included trainings, marches, police repression, and subsequent arrests that aid in creating a ritualized formula for analyzing mass protests.

Despite learning a great deal at these events, and believing that displays of mass discontentment have made a pronounced difference in the opinions of many, my participation in electoral politics, on both local and national campaigns, instilled in me the idea that progressive change is possible within a standard framework. Although, working "within the system," it is important to incorporate the ideas and strategies learned in other movements. Acting locally, I witnessed an incredible coalition that formed in the city I live in, which not only formulated a viable political platform, but also started an incredibly difficult process to unite an electorate that has always been divided. The sharp divisions between the Black, Latino, and student populations that formerly prevented coalition-building, inevitably served as a catalyst to unite these three under-represented groups with a collective voice. The platform, which was voted on at an open convention last May, addressed numerous issues such as an elected school board, much needed youth facilities, community control of the police, a women's defense center, bilingual outreach, and potentially viable solutions to other injustices apparent throughout the city.

The organizational aspect of the mass protests that I observed and took part in at my school was incredible, and the experience from these events is necessary to use, not three months down the road at the next meeting of international financiers, but the next week in one's own community. Politics does not have to be boring. Attempting to gather support for progressive ideas usually requires a creativity and originality, not to mention that contesting established power with a fraction of the finances forces the insurgent political faction to attempt new strategies for combating such a formidable challenge. It is obvious that putting letters together, canvassing, collecting signatures, talking to people far removed from one's subculture, and participating in other seemingly banal activities are not as exciting as traveling with friends to another city and facing off against impending police violence, but it is these "mundane" revolutionary activities that are undeniably vital towards initiating lasting progressive change.

If anyone is interested I can be reached at Eraserhed7@aol.coM.



I'd like to start this month's reviews off with a restaurant called Dos Burritos. This is a well-known Mexican and Ecuadorian restaurant in the Los Angeles area with many locations around town. The first thing you'll notice about Dos Burritos is the obnoxious colored orange sign out front which basically gives the impression that "the food here is bland and we shit in everything," however, the food is far from bland and without a trace of shit. The restaurant is unique because it appears to be a sit-down restaurant with tablecloths, however if you want food you must go up and order it at the counter. And it does help to speak Spanish here. The workers' English is not very good and although I have ordered the same thing several times there, each time I have received something different. That doesn't really matter, though, because the food is magnificent. The carne asada is TO DIE FOR! The meat is cut very small and fried up almost to the point of crunchiness and the burrito is topped with guacamole, cheese, sour cream, and cilantro. The tacos are also wonderful with their topping of this really rad cheese. The prices are very low (a plate and a drink runs around $6) and the food contains no shit. I give Dos Burritos a 10.

The next restaurant I'd like to write about is called Hot Wings Café. There are two locations for this eatery, one in Glendale and one near Camden Lock on Melrose in Los Angeles. I'm a big fan of hot wings and I'd have to say that for a place called Hot Wings Café, they really could try harder. The wings aren't fried enough and I'd *hardly* call them hot. The fuckers. The wings run for about $6 for a large plate of fourteen wings with celery and some dipping sauce. That's an OK price, but the wings just aren't very good. However, they do have some great deals on buying bulk amounts of wings. You can get 50 of them for $20, and the more you buy, the better the deal you get. This will be good if I ever get married and I need to have 900 hot wings for the reception. Now you want some good wings? Go to Ye Rustic Inn on Hillhurst. On Monday nights you get a pitcher of beer and a plate of twelve wings for $12. The wings there are sooo goood. They're kind of crunchy and the sauce is really hot, kind of tangy and has almost the consistency of syrup.

Another restaurant I recently ate at was called McDonalds. This is an interesting restaurant with only one location in Modesto, CA. This restaurant is a unique dining experi-

ence. They serve "Burgers" which are buns with a meaty filling inside and sometimes lettuce and pickles. Along with these odd "burgers" are fries (which are I think broccoli that's been turned white, fried and cut into little slices). To drink they have common sodas as well as Milkshakes, which are a mixture of Milk, Human Shit, and popcorn. This restaurant is very unique in the way that it is the first to serve food through a "drive by" which is a little booth you can drive up to in your car. Before driving up you may order what you want by talking to a robot. Then you pull forward and are then taken out of your car and escorted behind a nearby dumpster where you must perform oral sex on a dwarf-man named "Hector." You then may return to your car and collect your food, which then must be taken directly to Hector, or he will kill you.

OK, enough of the restaurant reviews, it's time to rant about some bands I don't like. Band #1: TRISTEZA. Oooh, your name means "sadness" in Spanish. Pulease. OK, that's the first reason I don't like this band. I'm sick of bands being sad. Why the fuck are you sad? You can play quiet soft dreamy music and not fucking be sad. Motherfucker. Here's reason #2: They're a fucking NEW AGE BAND. Why not put some fucking windchimes and some goddamn sounds of nature rain or ocean noises in your songs while you're at it? Reason #3: they're from San Diego. Fuck San Diego. FAAAART! OK, next band: THE ICARUS LINE. I just don't like this band. You're probably expecting some big explanation why but they're just boring. Next band: BEACHWOOD SPARKS. Attn. BEACHWOOD SPARKS: Goddamn you! Your stupid retro country bullshit makes me fucking puke. I hate this whole COUNTRY REVIVAL bullshit. All these goddamn assholes in LA go buy little straw cowboy hats and sit around looking dirty and emo and expect to be cool. Now, country music is cool. You are not. You are an asshole. I wish there were real cowboys here to fucking shit kick the fuck out of you. This cowboy thing goes back to an argument I've probably made in my column before. Why do people want to be fucking cowboys? That sack Kid Rock has the song "so you wanna be a cowboy baby?" Actually, no. No I do not want to be a fucking cowboy. Why the fuck would I want to be a cowboy? I don't want to ride around on a horse by myself and sleep outdoors and bathe in a river. Yeah, that sounds like a ton of fun. Look if I'm gonna play dress up and pretend to be somebody from a different time period, I'm gonna be a fucking pirate. I'd wear a patch, a parrot, and I'd spend my days looting, pillaging and getting laid. Think about that! We could have pirate bars where everyone yelled ARRR and got in sword fights. Fucking Tristeza. Get a singer. 4446 Finley Ave #201 Los Angeles, Ca 90027 ringhoff@gurlmail.com.

Why getting your message out doesn't mean shit.

Punk rock has a lot in common with high school rejection. Lots of punks are or were rejects. Also, a lot more people say they used to be into punk in the past than really were, and the same is true of being a reject in high school.

Cartoonist Robert Crumb said something to the effect of, "society rejected me before I rejected society." In my view, punk is largely about rejecting society back, even if that initial rejection may stem from refusal to conform. This is more or less how the punk/DIY scene formed. Major labels didn't have an interest in bands like Black Flag, so they formed their own labels. Surprisingly enough, they succeed on a pretty grand scale. Similar things happened with venues and all the shit you can find in BYOFL. Punk rejected the music industry after the music industry rejected it. And it was a good thing.

Bands that come up through the DIY scene only to jump to majors are like those nerdy guys in teen movies who abandon their friends when they get a chance with the "in" crowd. The most common excuse is, "we want to get our message out." What bullshit. If you want to upgrade your groupies and make a pile of money, I can understand—even if the only band for whom that actually happened was Green Day (Offspring's most successful record was on Epitaph, and Blink 182 were corporate bitches from the start). But if the goal is really to spread your little message, you should probably break up the band now.

First off, corporate media are not the way to get out a directly or indirectly anti-corporate message. The best reject turned conquering hero movie was—need I say it?—*Revenge of the Nerds*. The nerds kicked jock ass on their own terms. Maybe it wasn't the most plausible movie ever made, but would it have been more plausible if one of the nerds discovered a latent punting ability, was recruited on to the foobah team, joined the jock frat, and then convinced the jocks to be nerds? No! Obviously not! The nerd would have become a jock himself. Jockdom would be confirmed as the only valid means to esteem and influence and therefore empowered. Nerdom would be confirmed as inferior. The movie would have sucked.

To flesh out the analogy, let's examine the message a band like Rage Against the Machine actually presents. Capitalism sucks—say so with this $25 T-shirt, which will make money for a nefarious corporation. Don't be a mindless consumer—to find out more buy our CD for eighteen bucks. Fight against blah blah blah—, right after you watch this Britney Spears video and a half dozen fashion commercials. Wow, if only enough people could get that message, we would be in for some real social change.

Before anyone gets high and mighty, you should realize that even if you're DIY, your message is somewhat hypocritical. I'm guessing that the crux of your message is, question authority, think for yourself. Guess what a kid's favorite band is. Authority! Guess what someone who shifts political views on the basis of a rhyming couplet is *not* doing? Thinking for himself! Know why so many people abandon the political views of their youth? They had no good reason for holding them in the first place; i.e. their views were based on being cool. The most that most political lyrics accomplish is to "cool" certain views, temporarily.

Moreover, most people in bands are idiots. People shouldn't listen to you unless you can demonstrate some intelligence. They're not punk, but the Beastie Boys are the paradigm case of a group of idiots trying to gain an audience for their message. And what a message. Free Tibet. If it wasn't real, it would be too far fetched to be a joke. First off, the Beasties are pushing for a policy change in China. *China*! There is not a country or region on the face of the earth where Americans have less influence. It might be more sensible to concentrate political efforts where they can make a difference (if only we had some problems in the Americas). And occupying Tibet isn't even the worst thing that China does. Howz about free the Chinese?

I'm not a total pessimist. I think the DIY scene in itself can and does make a difference. Just like the tri-lams and omega moo, it's a haven for nonconformity. It's proof that working outside of the mainstream works better. The success of the DIY scene shows people that thinking for yourself and flouting mindless authority work, so they don't need to be told. Occasionally, it does produce thoughtful social criticism.

I should also add that I like political lyrics when they enhance the music and when I agree with them or find them amusing. I can think of dozens of songs that wouldn't be half as good as they are if they were apolitical. And to be fair, its conceivable that someone might be inspired by lyrics to search out real information. I just think it's ridiculous for bands to become sanctimonious about their lyrics, as though they are making an enormous contribution to social change.

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1,800,000 and counting

A column by Prisoners.

I'm 23 years old and four years into a ten year sentence in the Oregon Department of Corruption, and once again, here I am analyzing my life and trying to put it in a context that would give it some extraordinary meaning! The conclusion to this analogy is that real-

ity isn't glamorous nor necessarily fulfilling, and I can finally see that now after many years of disillusioned self-destruction.

Heroin junkies don't really provide the parental guidance needed in the wonder years of our lives, so I don't blame my mom for signing me over to the Children's Services Division when I was nine, just as she won't blame me when I put her in the inevitable Senior's home. God, I can't wait! This event is mentioned because it's a time that stands out significantly in my memory and something that I believe profoundly affected my life and definitely still does. I know that at the rare times that I talk to my mom and she takes cheap shots about me being in prison, I constantly fight the urge to throw that back in her face. In the meantime, I'm in prison, battling my own mind and hoping that the damage won't be too profound after ten years. So far so good, right? When I 'm done I'll have fifteen years in the system; that's counting prison, group homes, drug treatment, psych hospitals and foster homes.

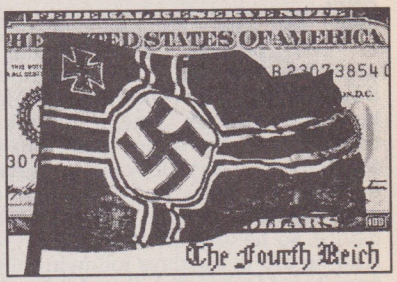
Have any of you ever been to a point in your life where you decide it's either one extreme or the other? It's either go to college, work and start a family, or run into a Federal building strapped with dynamite poppin' off with a couple of Uzis? Well that's where I'm at right now, along with hundreds of thousands of other people, most of which are in prison, but the others are roaming the streets. Happy thought, isn't it? I was out there preying on people for little more than a thrill. Now I sound like a rapist or something. I'm in prison for armed robbery. *No rapo-freak shit.* Anyway, my point is this, if you're not part of the solution, then you're part of the goddamn problem. I'm sick of being part of the problem, so here I am searching for solutions to the world's problems when I can barely deal with my own. Oh god it's pointless. The only answer I have is to devote your life to punk rock and try not to end up in prison. When you start to question your sanity it's definitely unnerving and you'll probably never stop second guessing yourself. The permanent effects of drug use and the "All American" life are amazing, aren't they? I have a story that I'm sure you've all probably heard before. It's filled with violence, heartache, and all the necessary dramas that accompany a good story. It's called my life and it's both heroic and pathetic, but entertaining just the same.

Most of the time I feel burned out on life. I live for punk rock and freaky sex, the latter of which is on hold due to my current living arrangements. I grew up with heroin addicted parents—my dad died of an overdose when I was twelve. It sounds kinda fucked up, but in all honesty my father's death doesn't stick out as a profound event in my life. That doesn't mean I don't care or it didn't affect me at all, it's just that for some reason that I can't explain, it wasn't something I would put down as one of the top ten disasters of my life. My parents were already divorced for a few years by that time and I had a stepfather who was fucking lame. He ended up killing himself when I was sixteen. I was pissed off at him for a long time because it really fucked up my mom and my little brother (his son).

I come from a yuppie biker family. My mom is actually pretty cool except when her insanity interferes. I have two brothers; one that's ten years younger than me and one that's two years younger. The 21 year-old is a drummer in a punk band in Portland, Oregon. I don't talk to him anymore because I found out he went out drinking with the dude that ratted on me, which is totally inexcusable, brother or not. Okay, where was I? Oh yeah! My stepdad killed himself, boo-hoo! In between my dad overdosing and my stepdad offing himself , I was in C.S.D, in group homes, psych hospitals and shit like that. From the age of nine to sixteen, I spent the majority of my time in group homes, jail, etc.

By the time I got out of all the group homes and shit, I was pretty shell-shocked, which was the perfect time for punk to take over, and I've never been the same since! Even after all the shit I've had to go through, I'm still able to realize how important the music is in my life. If it weren't for punk, I wouldn't have a whole helluva lot to look forward to. Before I got locked up, it was like punk is cool, the scene is cool, and the people involved are cool. Even though it was a very prominent force that made up who I was, it never really occurred to me what it really was, what it really meant. When you're thrown in prison for a significant amount of time, you're stripped of your identity and your whole life becomes a blur. It took me a long time to get out of the fog I was in. In Oregon prisons, we don't get any tape or CD players. The institution I'm in doesn't even have MTV! Not that MTV even has anything worth a shit. My point is that since I've been in prison, I haven't heard shit for music. I have an AM/FM radio that gets Boise, Idaho top 40 crap. The only time I get to hear any punk music is if there is someone playing a show in Boise and they occasionally play a 30 second commercial that I turn up full blast so I can hear the five second clips from the bands! It sounds pathetic, but it gives me this unexplainable feeling like I'm there, and it's crazy because my face gets all hot and my heart starts pumping straight adrenaline and even though it's only a 30 second commercial, that euphoria will last for hours. It gets my mind racing back to when I was at those shows and it was a reality and how it will be one day a reality again. I'm not a writer and I don't claim to be. The only reason I'm even making an effort to get my thoughts out there to you people is because you're the only ones I feel deserve conversation. *MRR* rocks and so do all that read and believe!

You've now managed to read through the ramblings of a disillusioned sociopath and I hope you're all better people because of it. You've been given the opportunity here to laugh and to cry and to laugh again. All I want in return is for all you people to enjoy your goddamn selves without destroying the integrity of your lives and everyone else's lives. Comments and advice are definitely appreciated! Waylon Holderman/ SID #12341718/ 777 Stanton Blvd/ Ontario, OR 97914



Dave: Hello, my name's Dave Emory and it's my pleasure and privilege to present to you Peter Vogel, a researcher who was engaged in a long quest for an intellectual and political Holy Grail, namely the researching of the Port Chicago explosion. Peter, welcome back once again to our airwaves.

Peter: Oh, thanks very much David, it's so kind of you to be with us after ten years.

Dave: Well, this is a story that you've been following for many years and I've been following with you for the last ten. It concerns the explosion of a WWII ammunition ship, the E. A. Bryan right here in Suisun Bay in the Bay Area where I'm based. Why don't we start with your remarkable quest for this political and intellectual "Holy Grail" with a rummage sale you attended in which you came across a document at the bottom of a box, "The History of the 10,000 Ton Gadget."

Peter: Yeah, I did find that at a rummage sale in Santa Fe, New Mexico in the spring of 1980. It's actually the Christ Evangelical Lutheran Church, out on the old Pecos Trail, and it was in the bottom of a cardboard box that had mostly photographic supplies in it, which I could look at and identify as being from the 1940s. And then down at the very bottom of this box, there was the number ten white letter envelope that had a piece of paper folded up inside. I took that out and looked at it and realized that I had an atomic bomb document, and the bottom line of that document says "ball of fire mushroom out at 18k feet in typical Port Chicago fashion."

Dave: And this was entitled actually "The History of the 10,000 Ton Gadget."

Peter: Yes, actually it is. Specifically, it's a mathematical of the plutonium-focused lens atom bomb that was tested at Trinity Site, New Mexico in July of 1945, and then detonated at Nagasaki on the 9th of August.

Dave: Now the Port Chicago, the blast of mushroom cloud flattens or mushrooms out at 18,000 feet in typical Port Chicago fashion. Now that lead you on a quest as to what the Port Chicago explosion was really all about, and you initially hypothesized in your article "The Last Wave from Port Chicago" that was published in the *Black Scholars* issue in Spring of 1982, that this was actually an explosion, perhaps a test of the gun weapon that went off, that was dropped on Hiroshima.

Peter: I did at first think it was the gun weapon, the Hiroshima

weapon, which in fact apparently was not tested before it was used in combat. Go ahead?.

Dave: You began taking a look at the possibility that this may have been an explosion of the gun weapon.

Peter: It was the ball of fire. The document, of course, says, "ball of fire mushroomed out at 18,000 feet in 'typical Port Chicago fashion.'" It was that line "the ball of fire," in connection to the Port Chicago explosion, which was written to be "typical of a nuclear explosion," is really what got me into this, because, I mean, I'm not a real physicist, but I know that the thermodynamic characteristics of the ball of fire from a chemical explosion like TNT or dynamite explosions are going to be very different from the thermodynamics of an atom bomb. The temperature of an atom bomb is a million degrees centigrade and dynamite doesn't get above 9k degrees F, so they're going to be quite different. And that initially led me to consider that Port Chicago could have been a nuclear test just based on the fact that the scientists who wrote that document compared the Port Chicago explosion to an atom bomb test.

Dave: And one of the things that's interesting was that there was a great deal of interest by personnel working on the Manhattan Project in Port Chicago, and in fact one of the key figures in your story was the person who actually wrote the report on the Port Chicago explosion for the Los Alamos laboratory; he later served as the bombing officer on board the Anola Gay and also supervised the crossroads test at the Bikini Atoll.

Peter: Yeah, that's Admiral William Sterling Parsons. At the time of WWII, he was a naval captain, and he was subsequently appointed/elevated to the rank of admiral after the Bikini test. But he was a navy officer attached to the Manhattan Project and he was there with General Grove's acceptance of him, and he basically was the senior naval officer that was attached to the Manhattan Project. He was an ordinance officer; really knew how to build big guns and ordinance of all types. And of these weapons, the first one especially was going to be a gun-based device, so he was the right person to be there for that purpose. And he did in the days following the Port Chicago explosion go from Los Alamos, the a-bomb laboratory in New Mexico, to Port Chicago with two Los Alamos scientists in his company, and they compiled very extensive reports on the effects of the explosion in Port Chicago, and he synthesized them and sent them to his commanding officer, rear admiral William Pernell, who incidentally was a member of Pres Roosevelt's atomic bomb policy committee.

Dave: And again, bearing in mind that Port Chicago was "officially" the explosion of an ammunition ship.

Peter: The mushroom cloud, and the reference in history of the 10,000-ton gadget said it mushrooms out at 18,000 feet in "typical port Chicago fashion."

Dave: And bearing in mind that Captain Parsons wrote the report on the Port Chicago explosion, and that Los Alamos showed an inordinate amount of interest in the explanation for not having tested the uranium gun weapon, that was the type of weapon that was dropped on Nagasaki, was that there was not enough uranium available at the time, and yet in your original *Black Scholar* article, you demonstrated that was not the case, that there was enough uranium to test a weapon.

Peter: There certainly was enough material of this available: uranium enriched in the isotope 235. Certainly there was enough material available to test the Hiroshima gun assembly device before it was used in combat, but it really wasn't necessary to test it. The mechanism was tested at a small scale at Los Alamos beginning with 3" guns, and then they graduated to a 5" gun, which in fact was the bore of the final gun weapon that was used at Hiroshima, so the only thing that they really didn't know about the gun weapon was whether or not the material would explode as everyone predicted it would, and so that would be one reason to conduct any kind of a nuclear test that would prove the large scale potential of nuclear fission.

Dave: Briefly, Peter, if you could explain how the gun weapon worked and how that was different from the Nagasaki weapon.

Peter: The gun weapon was called a gun weapon because it was basically like any kind of a firearm anyone would be familiar with, or artillery for that matter. It fires a projectile of fissionable material from the breach end of the barrel, which is five inches interior diameter down to the target end, or what would be the muzzle end of the barrel, and at that point the projectile of uranium merges with a target of uranium, and that's a super critical mass and it explodes as an atom bomb.

Dave: And then the plutonium implosion weapon operates in a somewhat different fashion. We'll touch on that a little bit later. You site in your *Black Scholar* article a number of anomalies with regard to the actual explosion itself. And the physical evidence about that that would suggest that the "official explanation" of conventional explosives as being behind this explosion, could not have taken place. One of those was the brilliant white flash which is characteristic of nuclear explosions, but not conventional explosions. Will you tell us about that?

Peter: Right, color and temperature are interrelated; we all know that hot metal will glow red. If you get metal very, very hot, it will glow white or yellowish. Now, a thermonuclear or atomic bomb explodes and generates a temperature of a million degrees Centigrade, and that is so hot that it radiates white light. One of the things that was noticed at Hiroshima was the white flash, and that's because of the temperature of the fireball and the fireball's chemical explosions, like dynamite or TNT, will be reddish or orange-red to yellow.

Dave: And something else that's characteristic of nuclear explosions on water was the Wilson Condensation Cloud, and eyewitnesses described just such a phenomenon at Port Chicago. Tell us about that.

Peter: Well, that's really an astonishing finding. I was reading through the transcript of the Naval court of inquiry into the cause of explosion and possible or probable causes, and one of the officers, an army pilot, testified that he was flying his C49, I believe it was, line of sight towards Port Chicago at a distance of about seven miles from the explosion, when Port Chicago blew up. He observed and testified in the court that he saw a doughnut shaped ring push out from the center of the explosion to a distance of about three miles, that's diameter; about a mile and a half radius, and I remember I had read about that in a book on the explosions, the nuclear test explosions conducted at Bikini, and I found a picture of that and it matched exactly what this pilot at Port Chicago had described to the court.

Dave: And that again, the Wilson Condensation Cloud, characteristic of nuclear explosions over water—can you briefly tell us what produces that, again bearing in mind the limitations of time.

Peter: The atmosphere above a large body of water, like Suisun Bay or Bikini Atoll lagoon, the air above that is very highly saturated with water, not quite saturated, but it has a great deal of water content in it, and when the explosion occurred, there is a blast wave, a shockwave, a pressure wave, that travels out from the explosion spherically, and it heats the water in the air to the point that it condenses into a fog, a cloud-like formation, and then after the shockwave passes, the temperature cools behind the shockwave, and that is actually when the condensation cloud forms. The temperature drops in the low pressure following the blast wave.

Dave: All right. Explosive experts have pointed out on the basis of explosions of past ammunition ships, that only a small percentage of the explosives would have gone off high order and you present information in your *Black Scholar* article about Port Chicago that the explosives on board simply would not have accounted for the massive damage, both to the facility of Port Chicago and also to the bottom of Suisun Bay.

Peter: It did seem to me on the basis of rough calculations that I could make, and by comparisons with other large explosions in similar circumstances, that the energy yield, the damage resulting from the Port Chicago explosion, exceeded what would have been possible from the munitions that were in place on the *Bryan*, the Liberty ship that exploded and the dock next to it. It seemed that so much of that ammunition did not explode with its full energy, that it partially burned. Spent shells, shells that didn't explode, taking all that into account, the energy yield of the explosion and the resulting damage was considerably larger than what could actually, in my opinion, have been accounted for by the munitions that were available then.

Dave: And other explosives experts have pointed out that only a small percentage of the explosives on board the *E.A. Bryan* would have gone off high order, the rest would have burned.

Peter: They probably did burn. It contributed somewhat to the flash bang: of the explosion, but didn't contribute significantly to the formation of the fireball because it was much too cool.

Dave: The point being that the explosion that resulted could not have been accounted for in all likelihood by the conventional explosives on the ship.
Peter: I don't see how, I could never make it add up.
Dave: There was a film, which also figures into your inquiry, supposedly of a "mock up" of Port Chicago, but you developed information that would indicate the possibility that it was actually of the explosion. Tell us about that if you would.
Peter: Well, I had been looking for a film. My assumption during all of this time was that Los Alamos and the Navy had in fact test detonated a weapon at Port Chicago, and anything that I could find that would help me understand the explosion was something that was well worth looking into.
Dave: It turns out that the "official explanation" for this film was that it was a "simulation" of the Port Chicago explosion, to demonstrate why the Port Chicago facilities should be incorporated into the concord naval weapons station, yet you discovered that the time frame in which the cover story was developed, and the type of film that the film was on were divergent, that the cover story could not have been accurate.
Peter: Since I assumed that this thing had been a test, I just couldn't imagine that the test could have been conducted without a motion picture record having been made of the explosion itself, it's reasonable to assume that. I looked through all the national archives, the army, the air force, the navy, and couldn't find anything. And then one day over at Concord naval weapons station, talking to the public information officer over there, now retired, I said I'd really like to find a movie of the Port Chicago explosion to look at, and he said, "oh we have one", and I said, "well, I'd really like to see it", and he said, "why is that?" and I said, "well, because I believe that it's a film of a nuclear explosion of Port Chicago, and then he said, "well, you can't look at it because it's nitrate based film, and if we take it out of the safe, it's going to fall apart". So, I looked and looked around to try and find any other records of that film and I found that KQED television in San Francisco had seen the film several years earlier, and had actually duplicated that part of the film that shows the formation of the fireball. So I had it. The Navy had told me the original film had been destroyed when the original was put on videotape, so we'll never be able to look at the original and find out what the whole story was.
Dave: The point being though, that the film was developed at a time when nitrate based film was no longer being used.
Peter: Well that's true. Nitrate based film went out in the early '50s I suppose, because it's explosive, and the cellulose film is now non-explosive, and that's used conventionally and was used since 1952 or thereabouts, now if this film was indeed, and the navy told me, a nitrate based film, then it had to have been made in the '40s.
Dave: And that was not the "official" expiation.
Peter: That was not. They said it was a miniature setup that Hollywood had made and then filmed it to simulate the Port Chicago Explosion. But it didn't look like a simulation to me. It still doesn't.
Dave: One of the aspects of your investigation would suggest most strongly to me that you're right on the money in looking for a nuclear explanation for Port Chicago, was the elements of cover-up that you engaged in. You showed the paper the history of the 10,000-ton gadget to Edward teller, who had a most interesting reaction.
Peter: I did. I had the privilege of getting my introduction to physics from Dr Teller at Berkeley, as an undergraduate in the '60s, and I knew him pretty well, and I called him up at Los Alamos, or actually at Lawrence Livermore, and made an appointment to meet him when he would be next at Los Alamos in the autumn of 1980. And I went over and met him, and I said, "look at this document that I have here", and I started taking his picture, and said "look at the bottom line and tell me please what it means there where it says 'ball of fire mushrooms out at 18,000 feet in "typical Port Chicago " fashion". Well Ed looked at it for a minute, and then said, "oh, it's the Port Arthur, TX explosion", and I said, "No, no it's not. Very clearly it says Port Chicago there". Well then he said, "I believe you have a classified document. You should take it over to the classification office at Los Alamos lab where we were. I will deny ever having seen this document and I will deny ever having spoken about Port Chicago with you".

Dave: And one wonders if this was just the explosion of an ammunition ship. What could be more mundane than that and then why did he react that way? We mentioned earlier that Captain Parsons, who was one of the Naval officers heavily involved in the Manhattan Project, was the fellow who researched Port Chicago for Los Alamos, and he later turned out to be the bombing officer on board the Anola Gay that dropped the bomb on Nagasaki and later supervised the operation crossroads test at Bikini Atoll. Again, by way of reminding listeners of the inordinate interest in Port Chicago by the people developing the atomic bomb. There was a report about the Port Chicago explosion, the army and navy explosive safety board technical paper numbers six, was there not Peter?
Peter: Yes, I believe that was 1947. Don't have the date right in front of me, but it was 1947 or 1948 and that was a compilation that was done by the army/navy safety explosives safety board on the Port Chicago explosion, and it put together a great many of the documents, the information that was known about Port Chicago.
Dave: And this paper, again from the late 1940s, was reclassified top secret after the publication of your article in Black Scholar in the spring of 1982.
Peter: I had a copy of it, because I hadn't told people why I wanted it. It was an unclassified document, which I found in one of the Navy archives back in Washington, DC, and I got a copy of it. There wasn't a problem. As soon as I published information from that document in the Spring 1982 issue of *Black Scholar*, the document was indeed reclassified and was available thereafter and still is available only to Department of Defense contractors.
Dave: The point being that in 1982, what could be more mundane then a report about the explosion of WWII ammunition ship? Why should that have been reclassified after the publication of your article in 1982, almost 40 years later?
Peter: I know, it's astonishing.
Dave: It reminds me a little bit of the old Warner Brothers cartoons, where you've got Bugs Bunny in a haunted house and he knocks on a door and goes, "naah, anybody in there?" and a voice goes, "no, there's nobody in here." From an investigative standpoint, it's one of the things that argues most strongly for your hypothesis aside from the physical evidence itself.
Peter: Well, let me go back for a very brief moment to the very beginning of this. After I talked to Dr. Teller at Los Alamos, I then talked to the director of Los Alamos, Donald M. Carr Jr. Don Carr who is now, incidentally, the director of the FBI forensics laboratory. And I said, "Don, I think Los Alamos and the United States may have nuked Port Chicago." Shortly after that, I learned that there was a large collection of Port Chicago related documents in the archive at Los Alamos, and those were declassified for me by Los Alamos within a few weeks after I requested them, and the first evidence that I really had that there was a cover up, was the one page that I copied from the last 600-700 pages of documents, and it said, "papers showing that these two railroad cars at Port Chicago were loaded, we destroyed." And I looked at that, and I thought, "well, here's evidence of people destroying evidence." And I went at that.
Dave: So again, these were documents from Los Alamos.
Peter: Yes.
Dave: Talking about two railroad cars that were sent to Port Chicago, they had reports on the contents had been destroyed.
Peter: That's correct.
Dave: Also, another detail we should mention was that the *E.A. Bryan* had had new booms put in to handle much heavier cargo than ordinary shortly before the explosion.
Peter: Right, the *E.A. Bryan* did have ten ton cargo booms and gear (the cables and so forth that run on these cargo loading booms) those were installed to be able to load a weight of ten tons (10,000 lbs.), and that was just above what would be necessary in order to be able to load a completed atomic bomb in its exterior case onto this Liberty ship. The *E.A. Bryan*, with the booms and gear that the ship had on it when it entered the Port Chicago area, could not have loaded a completed atomic bomb. It didn't have gear that was strong enough to load it.
Dave: And we should also point out too, that shortly after Port Chicago, in I believe August of 1944, the switch was made at Los Alamos to research on the gun weapon to research on the plutonium implosion weapon that was dropped on Nagasaki.
Peter: Well, the gun weapon was completely specified it was

indeed completely ready to go by the time of the Port Chicago explosion. It could have been tested at Port Chicago; there's no question about that any longer. There is indeed a possibility that a small-scale version of the gun weapon, Hiroshima uranium weapon, possibly a uranium hydride weapon, was tested in the NM desert on the 26th of December,1943. There's pretty strong evidence of a very big explosion down there on that date, and there is documentation that indicates that the decision the following day was made not to further develop a weapon that was defined as a "nuclear torpedo."

Dave: There was actually an article in the *SF Chronicle*, in August of 1997, by a researcher named Barton Bernstein at Stanford, talking about Captain Parsons and researching the possibility of a nuclear torpedo.

Peter: Yes, it could be a code word. There wasn't any kind of a torpedo under development at that point, but Captain Parsons, being a navy man, was really pushing the concept of a navy nuclear torpedo.

Dave: Now that would probably be a torpedo that would be dropped from a plane, rather than a torpedo that would be ejected from a submarine's tube.

Peter: And bearing in mind too, that Captain Parsons, as I've already mentioned, in addition to overseeing the Port Chicago research for Los Alamos, was the bombing officer on board the Anola Gay, and then later supervised the operation crossroads tests at the Bikini Atoll.

Dave: Peter, your quest for Port Chicago resulted in a rather strange break-in or two, in which you had some research materials stolen.

Peter: I did. It's so long ago that one tends to forgive, but when I was living in Santa Fe in the early 1980s, and I was just beginning to publish this material that had come out in the *Black Scholar*, my home in Santa Fe was broken into, a great big old huge back door was just flat down in pieces and glass. And most of my valuables, many of my valuables at that time were taken. The second break-in, which followed that by a couple of weeks, in addition to other valuables still remaining, bicycles and musical instruments, the drawer containing most of the important documents on Port Chicago was also removed. Fortunately, I had copies of them put away in a safety deposit box, so there wasn't really any loss.

Dave: Again, I think that's significant, because the fencing value of that report on Port Chicago would have been very low. I don't' think.

Peter: It would be quite high now!

Dave: Maybe, but what I'm saying is that it wouldn't have brought a lot for the average booster on the black market.

Peter: Not at all. Well, I could always blame it on my ex-wife.

Dave: Well that may be, but I suspect that there probably was a more sinister explanation for this particular break-in. Peter, we're going to resume with the discussion of your quest for the truth concerning Port Chicago on the other side of the program. I want to remind listeners that there is, in addition to the article on Port Chicago in the Spring 1982 issue of the *Black Scholar* magazine, which is still in publication, is it not?

Peter: Well, I understand that they have copies they can distribute, yes.

Dave: OK. There's also a program that I did with some supplemental interview with you, back in August of 1988, about Port Chicago, and that's available from a tape duplication service. Spitfire P.O. box 1179, Ben Lomond, CA 95005 or <mailto:spitfire@ix.netcom.com>spitfire@ix.netcom.com.

Chosen by lottery, she stands in an open field. She wears a thin cloth dress. Brown corduroy. She faces away from us. Glancing over her left shoulder, head down. The skin around her deepset eyes hangs in dark circles.

A breeze blows two strands of her hair straight up. One on the right, the other on the left. I stand in the middle of a long single line of people. There are at least a hundred of us, maybe more. We're heading toward the field where she stands. As we walk, we pass two immense piles of rocks. On the right are large stones. Each is twice the size of a brick and twice as heavy. On the left, the stones are smaller, about fist size. Some have jagged edges. Most are smooth as if from a beach.

During the march toward the front, each person briefly leaves the line, going to the right or left to pick up a rock. The person at the front of the line, a jockish looking young man, throws the first rock at the woman in brown. A small one, it hits her square in the middle of the back. Her shoulders fly backwards. Her body bends, snapping her neck back. The next rock, just grazes her right hip, apparently doing no damage. A third catches the back of her head. A dark stain seeps from point of impact and creeps downwards.

Behind me stands an earnest young woman, about 19. Wearing pointy glasses and a white fake-fur jacket. She holds a small rock.

"Which rock are you going to pick?" she asks me.

"This is sick." I tell her. "I'm not going to hurt that woman. She didn't do anything."

"She was chosen," says the girl. "Even if you don't throw a rock. She was chosen."

The next rock, a big one, slams into the woman's left shoulder, spinning her completely around. Immediately, another smashes into her face. I can see her lower jaw, completely askew, like a parody of a gangster talking out the side of his mouth.

That doesn't last long. The next rock, small, but thrown hard, slams into the same place. The woman's lower jaw is nearly knocked off. It hangs by a sliver of cheek skin, dangling from underneath of what's left of her head.

Somehow the woman remains standing. On line, the girl and I continue talking.

"I can't participate in that," I tell her. "It's making me sick."

"You're a citizen," she says. "It's your duty to participate. I know both the big stones and small stones are evil, but we have to choose the lesser of the two evils."

"I don't have to choose," I tell her.

"If you don't choose, then those big stones are your responsibility. You should let people see your small stone. It'll be an example for them."

She runs out to the pile of small stones and brings me back one not much larger than a big pebble. It's smooth on all sides.

"Here," she says, "take this one. You'll be doing the right thing."

By the time I get to the field, the woman lies in a heap. A pool of blood, more like a pond, rings her body. It's no longer possible to throw the stones directly. Each person has to fling her missile high and watch it arc down onto the body. Our target is not quite dead. Every stone still brings a twitch, like a severed frog's leg shocked with an electrical current.

Then my turn comes. I look at the mangled pile of flesh and cloth lying on the field. I look at the small stone in my hand.

"No!" I shout as loudly as I can, tossing the rock against the pile.

"Stop!" shouts the girl who gave it to me. "Don't do that! You're throwing away your stone!"

****

As I type this, I find myself distracted by the skin peeling off my nose. I can hardly breathe. My lungs feel like they've been washed in snot.

I'm sick. A relapse brought on by a New York tradition. *Drink Club.* Once-a-week, a new bar every time. Me. Some Japanese students. Teachers, Punk pals. Whoever shows up.

Once a year I get a severe bad cough. Awful hacking. Lung spilling. So strong it pumps my stomach. Can't keep my food down. Hack. Hack. Hack. SPEW! Alcohol makes it worse. I shudda known.

There we are, at Otis bar. An art-on-the walls place on the border of Hell's Kitchen. I'll have just one more drink. Then go home early. Hit the bed before the clock strikes one. Toast. "Kampai!" Aaargh! Hack. Hack. PUKE! Projectile. I try to cover my mouth, but the evening's drinks, snacks, and vitamins spew through my fingers. It's a spray. Over everything. The table, the luxurious arty couches, the floor, my pants, the Americans, the Japanese. Recycled alcohol. Tiny tacos. The day's lunch and

snack. Yellow liquid. Great gobs of red and brown. Meat and vegetable.

Again. More coughing. More spray. They jump. Everyone around me. Up on their feet. Pushing away. Trying to hide their horror. I keep my vomit-filled hands cupped to my face, trying to hold back the multi-colored tide. I run down to the bathroom. Let the liquid drop from my hands into the toilet. Am so nauseated by the sight of it dripping down my arms, pantslegs, on my coat. It makes me sick. I puke some more. Again. I think I'm safe. Nothing more to go. Empty.

I wipe up as best I can and sheepishly return to the crowd upstairs. Many have left. (What a surprise!) The others stand up and back off when they see me.

"It's okay now." I say. "I'm..."

I feel a piece of something inhale itself into my left lung. A tiny prod to the alveoli. Bang, another coughing fit. More puke. Onto the Japanese students. I'm like a junior version of George Bush Sr. vomiting onto the Japanese Prime Minister.

George Bush Jr., that's me. That's also my segue into what I really want to write about.

As I type this, the legal wranglings in Florida continue. We don't yet know who will be our next president. It seems most likely it'll be Bush, but you never know. I want to write about the election. Who won doesn't matter.

Actually, it's not the election itself I want to write about, but the bravery and cowardice in the voting (and not voting) public. That means YOU, buckaroos.

My highest admiration goes to the non-voters. Those who threw away the stone, saying, "there are some sins I cannot commit." Bravo to you. You are the great keepers of the moral world.

I voted. It's in my blood. I've been doing it for nearly 30 years. It's fun to pull those levers. No hole punches here in N.Y. I wanted to help Ralphie Nader get his 5%. I like the idea of the government (Republicrats) giving money to someone who wants to destroy it... at least in its present condition.

While not as moral a position as refusing to vote at all, voting for Nader at least allows us to avoid throwing stones at innocent people.

But I don't want to waste my precious column inches defending. I want to condemn. I want to haul that bloody corpse of an election out of the field and make you look at it. I especially want to condemn those of you too cowardly to throw your rocks away... or just throw them someplace else... not at the victim.

Mostly, I condemn the girls, the females, the vaginated class who were so afraid that somehow the next president would loose them the right to abort. Those little cuties, quivering in their Doc Martens. They threw the stones.

Though I don't yet know the outcome of the election, I do have some facts.

The safe states all went as predicted. N.Y., Texas, Utah, California, Massachusetts, Washington DC, New Jersey, Alabama, Mississippi and a bunch of others. Anyone in those states who voted for Al Gore is a traitor. Pure and simple. Even if you preferred him to Bush, he didn't need your vote. The winner-take-all electoral system assured him of those electors. You knew this, but you still voted for him. You voted for the only candidate who voted *against* Federal funds for abortion. You voted for the only candidate who voted *for* Justice Scalia, the bozoist of all the Supreme court bozos. You voted for him because you were afraid. Because you let Democratic party propaganda scare you into thinking Bush would hurt you. That Bush would "reverse Roe vs. Wade." That Bush would appoint Jerry Falwell to the Supreme court.

Does fear make you that stupid? Is your brain lodged between your legs? Are you unable to consider anything without labia or a g-spot? Don't you know that presidents can't appoint Supreme Court justices? They can nominate them, but Congress has to approve them. With an almost 50-50 congressional split, NO president is going to be able to successfully nominate anyone more controversial than Donald Duck.

Besides, the need for abortion is gradually disappearing. The abortion pill is only the first of a series of medical changes that will make abortion as rare as lobotomy. I only wish some of the Gore-voters got the latter, instead of the former. Abortion will become a medical problem, not a legal problem.

That might take five years. It's right now that counts. Right girls? It's the chance. The chance that Bush might... I don't know what, force you to wear a twat recorder that automatically measures input and outgo and sends the results to Washington? Why are you so frightened??? Why are you willing to vote for a man who supports teaching creationism in school? Whose wife is the biggest enemy music has ever had? Whose vice-president (until election time, of course) supports school vouchers and more religion in government than Pat Robertson? who voted for the cellphone wiretap bill? Who helped prevent AIDS drugs from getting to Africa? The list goes on. What is with you, that you're willing to throw such a large rock?

On the off chance that Al Gore will win this election, we're even worse off. Because of the antagonism brought by the closeness of the race and the torturous recounting, the next president will be inefficient, and a one-termer. Mid-term elections usually give a loss to the presidential party. This year, because of the built-up hostility, it'll be worse.

A Gore victory means strengthening the Republican hold on Congress in 2002 and a new Republican president in 2004. And we have YOU to thank for it.

If we're lucky, Bush wins this. Due, in some part, to those of us who voted principle over fear. Then, we'll have a Democratic Congress in 2002, and a Democratic president in 2004. Doesn't that sound better?

Of course it would, if you had a shred of logic in that womb-consumed mind of yours. But you don't. Somehow you'll see Gore as a victory and Bush as a defeat. Somehow you make me sick. Excuse me while I get a drink and cough it up.

ENDNOTES: [*Visitors to my website: www.MykelBoard.com or subscribers (email to: god@MykelBoard.com) will receive a few extra endnotes. There are just too many to keep up with.*]

—>Al Gore isn't the only one who profits from fear. Groups like the Jewish Anti-Defamation League, GLAAD, anti-racist groups, and others live off of fear. If hate suddenly disappeared, they'd have to invent it to stay in business.

It's in the best interests of these guys to see a racist around every corner, and a homophobe hiding in every closet. That's why it's so exciting when one of them has the balls to say that things are really not so bad. The following is a report from WIRED online.

"There are no statistics showing an increase in [hate-group] membership because of the Internet," says David Goldman, president of HateWatch, a nonprofit group that monitors online hate. "Groups are moving away from the idea of constructing these huge Web pages that have very little payback."

Goldman argues the Internet has increased the visibility of hate groups, but not their power. In fact, the heightened attention has instead been more of a burden than a boon for these once-secretive groups.

"It's been extremely bad for hate groups," he said. "They've been exposed, scrutinized, and poked at. Hate groups have always relied on anonymity and secrecy to keep their activities hidden from the public eye," he said. "But the Internet is now publicizing their every move."

Goldman says people who visit hate sites are usually looking for racist material or organizations. "The Internet is not very good at getting that uninterested, uninitiated person to commit to an organization," he said.

Well, that's almost an admission. A fuck of a lot better than Simon Wiesenthal and *his* fear mongering.

—> *Still wanna get married? dept.* A North Carolina law lets people collect big bucks from the person their spouse ran off with. Recently, the N.C. Court of Appeals upheld one of the largest verdicts against a spouse-stealer—the $1 million Dorothy Hutelmeyer won from her ex-husband's secretary.

"The message it sends to folks is very clear: Don't break up the marriage," said the president of a pro-family group in Raleigh. "It upholds the idea that marriage is something special and needs to be preserved and protected."

—>*Related to that dept:* My pal Dallas writes me that, in Hong Kong, a betrayed wife is legally allowed to kill her adulterous husband, but may only do so with her bare hands. The husband's lover, on the other hand, may be killed in any manner desired.

—>*But consider the alternative dept:* Also, according to Dallas, the penalty for masturbation in Indonesia is decapitation. He did

not say *which* head they cut off.
—>Wow dept: I thought you had to be dead before you were reincarnated. Apparently not. Iggy Pop is back. More like one of The Stooges than today's crooner. Add a touch of the MC5 and... well, it's enough to make Jeff Bale shit. This is IT! *The Flaming Sideburns* from Finland. On the amazing Danish label, Bad Afro Records www.vow.dk/badafro. If you've got any taste at all, you'll dig up this CD. Now! Energy as high as the fi is low. Wow!
—>*A little bit of good news dept:* The Kansas school board members who voted to take evolution out of the state's curriculum were defeated by other candidates. These new candidates pledged to return the monkeys-to-men ideas. Of course, the ousted schoolboard members prove that evolution is not a condition which effects everyone equally.
—>If you're in New York, you can subscribe to the drink club email list. Send a request to drinkclub@mykelboard.com. Every week, you'll get a notice about the time and location of the next drink club. It's usually Wednesday at 9:30, but you never know. I'm almost always there. Even if I'm sick.

I Believe In Myself

Radio Records from Sonoma, California has a great new CD for you bums! That amazing skinhead band BOVVER WONDERLAND from North Hollywood, California has come out with a fucking first rate CD called *Forgotten Heroes*. John Hilario and Stan Corona have a masterpiece on their hands! BOVVER WONDERLAND starts things rolling right away with "Sober and Miserable." Read these great lyrics: "Shunned by life my luck is down/ My hearts' screaming Newcastle Brown/ I'd sell my soul for a pint of piss/ To live a moment in drunken bliss/ Sober! Sober and Miserable/ I hate my job, my pay is shit/ Alone and lost here I sit/ My life was hard from the start/ I yearn for beer to fill my heart/ A drunken life I know for now/ What god will tolerate and allow/ Man made hell or just bad luck/ Trapped in reality forever stuck". John Hilario is a thinking man's skinhead. This music doesn't just dwell on mindless violence—it puts a face on the real problems and frustrations of living in this complex society. Read the lyrics to "Man You Never Knew": "Out of beer out of luck/ That is life what the fuck/ You're born you live then you die/ Always asked the reason why/ Truth of life known by few/ I'm the man you never knew/ Want my beer, punk and fun/ My soul keeps smoking like a gun/ The path I take is unknown/ The good the bad I have flown/ In the midst I had my sounds/ In my head it echoed loud/ I hope one day my day will come/ To learn the truth how it all begun/ As I drown in a drunken piss/ I hope and dream of my faithful bliss".

BOVVER WONDERLAND has demonstrated an uncanny ability to speak for the legions of working class skins and punks throughout this country while keeping a positive attitude and a melodic hook in their songs. The first eight tracks on this CD were recorded in March and April of this year. The last six cuts are from a recording session in June 1995. Included are such memorable hits as "Weekend Kids", "Super Yob", "Rich Boy Scum" and "Justice For All". Order this fine CD from Radio Records, PO Box 1452, Sonoma, CA 95476.

Bronze Fist/ Shot and Shout Records from Japan have two excellent punk n' Oi! seven inches for you this month. First on the Bronze First menu tonight is LIFE ALIVE. "Okayama Skins" with their 45 *The Winning Hand*. This is top-flight scooter crew melodic skinhead music. The influences from Crikey Crew are readily apparent and done with respect. LIFE ALIVE starts off with "Two Sides". This song churns along with deep vocal stylings and expert guitar fills. It's good gruff Oi! sung with enthusiasm and played with conviction—great! Side two is called "Rising Sun" and it starts off really quiet and then pounds through the threshold with surging guitars and extra deep singing. The harmonies are tight. The guitar playing takes a page out of THE REDUCERS SF song book—very good!

Record number two on Shot & Shout/Bronze Fist is EXPLOSION SACK from Osaka, Japan. The EP is called *What's Joke?!* and these punkers play fast hardcore punk with a vengeance! Side "A" begins with "Joke" and then steamrolls right into "Such is Life". Crazy fast and furious! Side "B" consists of the songs "No Change" which starts out slow and threatening and then explodes into full-scale hard-core mayhem. The band members keep a handle on the melody and occasionally slow the pace down just one notch to keep things interesting. Song number two on side "B" is "Bad Head" which is blistering punk rock with English 1983 RIOT SQUAD influences coupled with the zany punk mischief of TEENGENERATE. Song number three is the EXPLOSION SACK theme, "E.S.", which has a good COCKNEY REJECTS- on- speed momentum and a vague kind of Oi! feel to it. This is a really good punk record!

Record number three in our Japanese triptych is CHINMOKU BAKUGEKIKI with their *Muyo-No-Yo* 45 distributed by Bronze Fist. Side "A" starts off with a long hardcore drum and electric guitar intro and then the tough vocals kick in. Shouted hardcore vocals with harmonies blister the paint on your walls. Side "B" is cram-packed with fast as fuck semi-melodic hardcore with no mercy for the weak-hearted. The contact for Bronze/Fist Records is: 5-2-104-203, Higashi-Toyonaka, Toyonaka-City, Osaka, Japan.

Japanese skinhead factions OI! VALCANS and RAISEAFLAG have a split CD EP on Straightup Records for you skinheads. This shit is fucking great! RAISEAFLAG start off the festivities with "Fight" and "Get Own Way". This is tough and gruff Oi! with deep vocals and good guitar. OI! VALCANS continue the assault with "True State of Skinheads" and "Tomorrow". Good Oi! Spoken here. Also available on Straightup Records is the V/A Compilation Pogo & Oi!chestra Vol. Two. This virile young fucker contains meat from right near the bone. You get songs from: BOLLOCKS, DISCLOSE, DICK SPIKIE, THE VICTIMS, THE ERECT, BROKEN JOYS, and more. You get lots of pyramid belts, lots of charged hairdos, and some excellent punk rock thrown in for good measure. Contact Straightup Records via e-mail at reallife@netform.ne.jp or Kowa, bld 2F, Minami-2, Nishi-1, Chuou-Ku, Sapporo 060-0062, Japan.

Rotten Records from Sao Paulo, Brazil has a great CD available for the skinhead community called *Tributo to the HERBERTS & CARBONARIO*. THE HERBERTS were from France and the lead vocalist was the famous Oi! cartoonist Alteau. Included in this HERBERTS collection are "Action Man", "Dans La Rue", "Skinhead", "Planet Oi!", "Oi! Generation", "Vengeance" and "Hais et Fieres!". CARBONARIO was from Brazil and this CD includes five original songs: "Eu Quero Saber", "Carbonario", "O Que Eu Fiz?", "Pela Nacao", and "Soberania". Two bands do covers of CARBONARIO songs. THE PATRIOTS cover "Limbriquete" and THE SKULLS cover the theme song "Carbonario". Good stuff!

Also available on Rotten Records is a good compilation: *A Volta Ao Mundo Em Oi! Tenta Minutos*. This various artists CD includes ANTI-HEROS, BECKS PISTOLS, BOVVER 96, KLASSE KRIMINALE, NABAT, THE OPPRESSED, OXYMORON, RED WHITE AND BLUE, RETALIATOR, SECTION 5, SKINKORPS, SKINT, VIRUS 27, THE WEST SIDE BOYS and more. Rotten Records is the "New Place for Streetsound" Founded in 1994, Rotten Records is an independent label from Brazil orientated towards the Oi! scene, and the punk/skin audience. "Rotten" refers to GAROTOS PODRES (ROTTEN KIDS), one of the top Brazilian Oi! bands, whose drummer is one of the founders. The other founder is poet/lyricist Glauco Mattoso. The first CDs released on Rotten Records are : Oi! Um Grito De Uniao (Oi! A Call For Unity), a series of compilations gathering punk/skin bands; Mais Podres Do Que Nunca (Rottener Than Ever), reissue of the famous debut album by GAROTOS PODRES; OI! UM GRITO DE UNIAO VOL. 2. Coming your way soon is the Rotten Records *O Melhor Da Klasse Kriminale (The Best of Klasse Kriminale)*. This contains twenty songs hand picked by Mr. Marco Balestrino from his fifteen year odyessy fighting oppression and prejudice on the road with KLASSE KRIMINALE. Contact Rotten Records at: Caixa Postal 781, CEP 09380-990, Maua, Sao Paulo, Brazil; www.rottenrecords.com.br.

TKO Records has some fucking good news for you punks and skins! First round of the TKO Records *Ringside* live series is out! Fucking COCK SPARRER *Runnin Riot Across the USA* - live

in their first US tour in February 2000! This fine CD has all the hits: "Riot Squad", "Watch Your Back", "Working", "Teenage Heart", "Argy Bargy", "Runaway Johnny", "Take 'Em All", "A.U.", "I Got Your Number", "Because You're Young", "We Love You", "Secret Army", "Where Are They Now", "Runnin Riot", "Sunday Stripper", "Chip On Your Shoulder", "England Belongs To Me" and "We're Coming Back". Fucking good sound and some of the best crowd sing-alongs you will ever hear! This is a must have for all COCK SPARRER fans! If you were at one of these shows it will give you chills to listen to these songs!

Also available at TKO very soon is *Cheap Shots and Low Blows - TKO Singles and EPs Collection Vol.1*. This compilation includes ONE MAN ARMY, THE FORGOTTEN, WORKIN' STIFFS, TEMPLARS, LOWER CLASS BRATS, ANTI-HEROS, DROPKICK MURPHYS, THE BODIES, THE RANDUMBS and more. There's some stellar material here and this V/A CD puts the TKO legacy in perspective. Certainly having the legendary Oi! stalwarts the ANTI-HEROS on TKO was a feather in their caps. To have THE TEMPLARS and the DROPKICK MURPHYS on board made TKO damn near invincible!

In case you fucking cretins have been living under a rock, THE TEMPLARS are top dog in the skin-head trenches right now. The folks at Dim Records have reissued an LP containing the original Carl Fritscher TEMPLARS material from November 1993 to March 1994. All the guitars, bass, recording, production and engineering were performed by Mr. Fritscher at his Acre Studios in New York. This stuff was only available on a compact disc for the longest time, so it's great to have it out on vinyl now. There are black vinyl LPs plus three collectable limited color versions. Side "A" contains "The Templars" (theme), "The Sixties Are Over", "New York", the fucking amazing song "I Believe In Myself", "Stand Up...Speak Out", "Those Who Built This Country", and the rocking tune "Sirens".

Flip this beautiful blue vinyl specimen over and you get the classic "Skinheads Rule O.K.", which leads right into "Pride". Fucking brilliant! "The City" follows on the heels of pride and propels you right into "Our Generation". Great! Next you get a treat - the first rate Oi! tune "The Waiting Is Over". The last number on this collection is "This Is Not The First Song". A lot of you TEMPLARS fanatics have this LP already - for you tardy fucks, contact Dim Records A.S.A.P., c/o Ullrich Grodmann, Postfach 11, 96232, Ebersdorf, Germany; fax 09560-980906; e-mail: 09560 980905-001@t-online.de or contact THE TEMPLARS Hordes, c/o Phil Rigaud, PO Box 602, Bayshore, NY 11706-0660.

The TROOPERS from Berlin have invaded the US with their brutal metal tinged Oi!/punk records. This German power-haus street rock behemoth is killing everything in it's wake. Stand clear! The TROOPERS first LP on Bad Dog Records is titled simply: *Troopers*. This mother fucker scorches through eleven songs of ruthless rough-hewn deep gutteral Oi! that has occasional melodic parts to balance out the blood-curdling atrocities that the electric guitar player exposes you to. The lead singer of TROOPERS attacks with relentless furor. The gruff shouted vocals get you by the throat and won't let go. The songs are sung entirely in German. The *Troopers* LP has good songs like "Exozist", "Attack", "Madchen & Bier" and "Freddy Kreuger". The second TROOPERS LP to grace our turntables this month is Bad Dog 6 from 1998 and it is called "Gassenhauer". The TROOPERS put on a brilliant show at the Holidays in the Sun Fest in Berlin this year and were surpassed in sheer power by only the old masters COCK SPARRER. These two older LPs will convince any new listeners that this band kicks a whole lot of ass! The title track "Gassenhauer" starts things off on the right foot with melodic harmonies laced in amongst gruff lead vocals and metal guitar parts. The TROOPERS unique amalgam of metal and Oi! continue through "Leben Wie Gott" and "Verruckt Genau Wie Wir" and reach a crescendo in "Sceibegal". Good street punk!

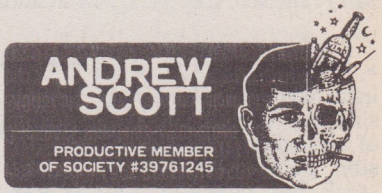
DER WAHNSINN polishes off side one with metal licks galore and a fucking extreme vocal track that causes much bleeding! Side two kicks off with "Bomber" and slams right into "Ein Fehler Dernatur". "Komm' Mit Uns" will have all the skins and punks following the massive TROOPERS vocalist like a pied piper. "Die Letzen Werden Die Erstan Sein" has superior harmonies and a melodic guitar riff that chugs along in perfect unison with the singing. The TROOPERS *Gassenhauer* LP ends with a long track "So.98" that has lots of slower metallic guitar leads and pounding drum sensations. The TROOPERS street rock will appeal to you skins/headbangers who aren't too terrified of blitzkrieg German guitar power. Get in touch with Bad Dog Records, Oranienstr. 37, 10997 Berlin, Germany; www.core-texrecords.com.

Combat Records from France has excellent new product for you punks. CHARGE 69 debuts their newest CD "Vos Lois ne sont pas Nos Regles"—"Your Laws Are Not My Rules". CHARGE 69 combines the punk energy of the 1980-1983 era with Oi! undertones, good harmonies, and well played guitar. The songs balance melodic punk efficiency with the wild enthusiasm of vintage Chaos punk. Good shit! Write to Combat Rock at 7, rue du Paquis, 57950 Montigny-les-Metz, France.

D.S.S Records from Austria has a good compilation for you this month. This fucker is chock full of excitement with tracks by: THE CLEATS, SUBWAY THUGS, CHAPTER 21, THE TEMPLARS, THE FRANKS, THE SERVICE, SOUL BOYS, STEET TROOPERS, PATRIOT and more. Contact D.S.S at http//www.dss.at or write to D.S.S Records PO Box 739, 4021 Linz, Austria.

Hostage Records has a seven dollar "economy" CD compilation for you knuckleheads just dripping with dirty beach-punk. Included are songs by THE NUMBERS, BONECRUSHER, SMOGTOWN, THE BODIES, SMUT PEDDLERS, THE CROWD, THE BLEEDERS, THE PUSHERS, THE DECLINE, and more. Contact Hostage Records, P.O. Box 7736, Huntington Beach, CA. 92615 wwwhostagerecords.net.

Until next month-
See you around-
See you in Hell!



I'm all fucked up on cough syrup, so just like nevermind. My head feels like it's floating in outer space and there's snot dripping out of my nose. Despite my best efforts of making my body an unsuitable host for any type of germ to inhabit through drinking excessive amounts of alcohol on a regular basis, I got sick. Which I don't really understand, I thought alcohol sterilized. Maybe I'm just not drinking enough.

So, Ken Wisconsin came by *MRR* last week to drop off an ad and some records for review. Among those records was the infectious new BREIFS LP, that I just can't seem to stop listening to. A great raw sounding straightforward pop/rock n roll attack with a little bit of DEVO action thrown in. Seriously, this record is an instant hit. The only problem I have with the record is the song "Silver Bullet." Its chorus is "Kill Bob Seger right now!/The world would be a better place if you were born a mute." Now, I'll give the BRIEF boys that, yes, the world could do without that "Old Time Rock'n'Roll" song that plagues classic rock radio stations across the country. But I just don't agree that the world would be a better place without old Bob Seger. Have you ever heard the tune "Ramblin, Gamblin" off his album of the same name? I once too doubted Seger, but after hearing this song I was sold. Jesus, you just cannot deny the driving get-up-and-go boogie power of this song. And did you know that Bob Seger played bongos on one of the MC5's live records?? MC5 equals punk rock last time I checked. Not only that, word on the streets is that a certain bearded man in a sweat suit was in attendance at the most recent Real Kids show in Detroit. Guess who?

Ken also showed me his offensive Wisconsin tattoo, which I quickly deflected with my own Illinois version of the same. Since I moved to San Francisco that's the third of these wretched skin markings I've seen. Frankly, I'm tired of looking at them and mostly of being called a FIB. The thing is, I don't think most people from Illinois have anything against Wisconsin. Wisconsinites, understandably, don't like us. The main reason being we're all Polish-sausage eating Mike Ditka look-alikes that come up north to vacation at Lake Geneva or The Dells for the weekend and act like assholes expecting royal treatment. I

say, just because people from Wisconsin talk funny and say things like "da bubbler is down der by da lake der eh?" is no reason for us to hate them. We should end this rivalry and focus on a state worth hating, like Utah. Remember, hate is learned. Let's learn to hate Utah.

On other notes, the White Stripes are a great band. But I'm with Mark Murrmann when he says "the people that listen to them ruin the music" for him. I couldn't agree more. The White Stripes played a free show at Amoeba Records a couple weeks ago and the audience was jam packed with white belts and Ian Svenonious clones out-cooling one another. Remember that Social Distortion song "Anti-fashion"? I don't think the audience remembered it. I hold the Make-Up responsible for creating these Rod Stewart hipster indie rock pukes. The worst thing about these indie rockers and their hair-doos is that they are aware of their Rod Stewart appearance. I know because I found myself drunk and for some reason yelling "*Fuck you Rod Stewart!*" in no general direction in some hip shithole Mission St. bar and three of the impersonators turned and looked my way. There was no escape, they knew I was on to them. I say Disco still sucks and rock n roll is in trouble when 90% of the audience look more like rock stars than the actual band on stage.

Until next time, I'll be tripping out on cough syrup and wiping my nose. In the mean time, why don't you do yourself a favor and listen to more Bo Diddley records. Why? Because, the man's a genius and writes lyrics like this: "I walked 27 miles on barbed wire, use a cobra snake for a necktie, got a brand new house on the roadside made from rattlesnake hide, got brand new chimney on top made of human skulls, c'mon up with me Arlene and tell me, Who Do You Love?" To me, that's fucking punk rock, thirty years before the Misfits. See ya.

Send hate mail and punk rock shitz to me at: POB 170247, San Francisco, CA. 94117. Or at andrew.scott@mindspring.com.

• *MRR* is now 1/4 of an inch narrower. Our image size has decreased by 1/4 of an inch in the x-dimension because our paper stock has changed. Our paper stock has changed because we have switched printers. We have switched printers in order to have *MRR* printed closer to the Mordam Records warehouse. Mordam has moved from the small, windy, and bumpy California city known as "the City" to the large, landlocked, and flat California state capital. We prefer to remain in the bumpy place, but not to pay lots to ship *MRR* out of the Bay Area every month. We selected an economical, family-run printer in fanciful Galt, California. I'm sure that exciting things happen there.

Since the image size has lost girth, ad sizes have also been affected. Check out the inside of the front cover for the new dimensions, which are already in effect. If we receive ads with incorrect dimensions, we will send out a warning postcard and email, if we have an email address. If we don't get a new ad by press time, we'll resize it here. Surprisingly, our copy machine tends to do justice to ads. But if you're one of those fishy punks with a professional streak; beware. Results may appears garishly DIY. (I apologize to our non-American friends for not printing the new dimensions in centimeters—I'd be happy to *personally* translate the sizes for you if you'd like. But if you've tolerated us this long, I'm sure you can figure it out yourself.)

• Classifieds are now $2 a pop, 40 words max. What a deal.

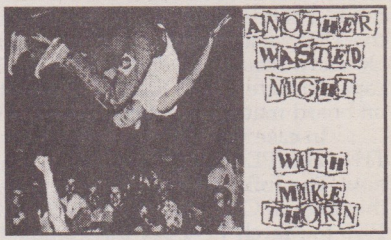
• The Scoop is on hiatus. We still would rather hear from you than the same old City jerks (read: shitworkers) at bar shows. But until we find a feasible way to organize it so your responses don't get here three months later, it's on the junkpile. If you have something to say, however, and you're not foaming at the mouth or from Montpelier, Vermont, bring it on.

In my natural state—when left to my own devices—I'm a cerebral sort of person—I tend toward analysis. Occasionally for kicks, but mostly just for better or worse; I dissect situations and relationships. This is usually unnecessary and often painful, but it doesn't help to realize that. Every once in a while, by way of compensation, the process brings flashes of understanding. I have none of those now.

Three memorial services this year—it's the most death I've ever hung around. I feel older because of it, and that isn't such a bad thing. I no longer have the impulse to gather up crises as accessories to my personality. I have no need to analyze these deaths—I'm very sad, but that's not so unsettling. It's an emotion with borders, one that gives you time.

When you think about it, there is no natural state for a real person. When was the last time I was left to my own devices? *More cheer next month. Contact me: arwenc@mindspring.com.*

"Three chords and a cloud of dust / In DIY I fucking trust!"
—GORDON SOLIE MOTHERFUCKERS—



So I'm totally convinced that I'm getting stupider by the day since I've moved to San Fran. I don't really know what it is that is driving me to slowly lose my grip on any level of intelligence that I may have once had clasped between my feeble brain lobes, but I can really feel it happening daily. It's the little things—like not being able to multiply eighteen by two today when asked on the phone how much a year's subscription would be, or just my seeming total loss of an sort of ability to articulate like the one class away from a college degree fellow that I am. Maybe its the influx of stupid ass yuppies wheeling around town in their oversized Hot Wheels cars—filling my air with noxious fumes and emitting brain-melting rays from their cell phones as they chat away. Then again, maybe it's something Tom Hopkins has slipped into my coffee. Whatever it is, I feel exactly 2.753% dumber than I did when I first moved here... lousy left coast. Maybe California does that to everyone—I mean have you ever noticed just how weird and quirky most people who are native to California are? I mean everyone is just so nice—but in that scary "I'm gonna slit your throat" sort of way... I mean for Christ's sake, they have fucking oxygen bars out here! That's right, people pay money to breathe. What the hell?!

***

OK, I was going to write an "I'm so fucking jaded and everything sucks" column, but then I popped on the NECROS *Sex Drive* EP and realized that I have access to a better record collection than all of you, so my life can't be all bad, right? So instead of a list of everything that sucks, here's a list of things that ruled about the last year, 2000 A.D. (the year before the computers took over):

• STACK / SCALPLOCK / SEEIN RED / POINT OF FEW / KILL THE MAN WHO QUESTIONS in Holland. This was the last show of our tour (KTMWQ that is) and despite Nikki (singer) being in the hospital, this show ruled my ass.

• Moving to San Fran—despite my constant ranting about how fucking weird Californians are and the fact that breathing all this filthy left coast air has made me dumber, I'm really happy at this point in my life that I moved here. Six more months in Ohio and I would have eaten a fucking gun.

• GORDON SOLIE MOTHERFUCKERS wrecking the shit out of the local indie rock / pretentious "art" space. Take five roman candles, 150 raging punx, two smoke bombs, a couple of dildos, and one Tony Erba with a CONVERGE record shoved up his ass and mix it with three tight-assed indie rock "art" students and you got a fucking party and a half.

• ADDITION 13—after talking about it for years, it finally happened—a DIY punk run show space in Columbus—too bad it opened two weeks before I moved here. You should play there though.

• FROM ASHES RISE—live and the LP (not to mention the new LP they just recorded). Kids, this is one of the best bands going right now in my humble opinion.

• CHICAGO FEST, in a time when fests have all turned into big fat stinky turds filled with shitty indie rock bands who are dying to get on MTV, here this puppy came out of the woods and blew my fucking head off. Imagine that, a hardcore fest with all hard-

core bands! Can't wait till next year.

• I run into Gary from the DICKS at the store around the corner from my house on a regular basis. It's funny, 'cause if you're with me, I go into total teeny bopper seeing a rock star mode and freak out. Did I mention that living in California had reduced my intelligence?

• DEMON SYSTEM 13 tour. I saw them seven times in a row this last summer. Christ this band is so fucking good—raw, pissed, and punk as fuck. Though I could do without the bassist's jock hawk. Please come back.

It's kinda weird, to be honest, that I would end up writing a sort of "best of" column. I've been kinda down on a lot of things lately—especially in the realm of punk stuff. I've spent too much time focusing, at least in my head, on the business side of things and how shady a lot of labels are and how fucking screwy the motivations behind certain bands' actions are. I've said it once and I'll say it a million fucking times over, this scene is, and should not be, a step to your rock star dream. If that's your motivation, if that's your goal, then fine, enjoy your life—but please leave the punx out it.

Endnotes:

1) TOTAL FURY and THE OATH—both total rippers, and you East Coast people should be sure to check out THE OATH when they come your way soon.

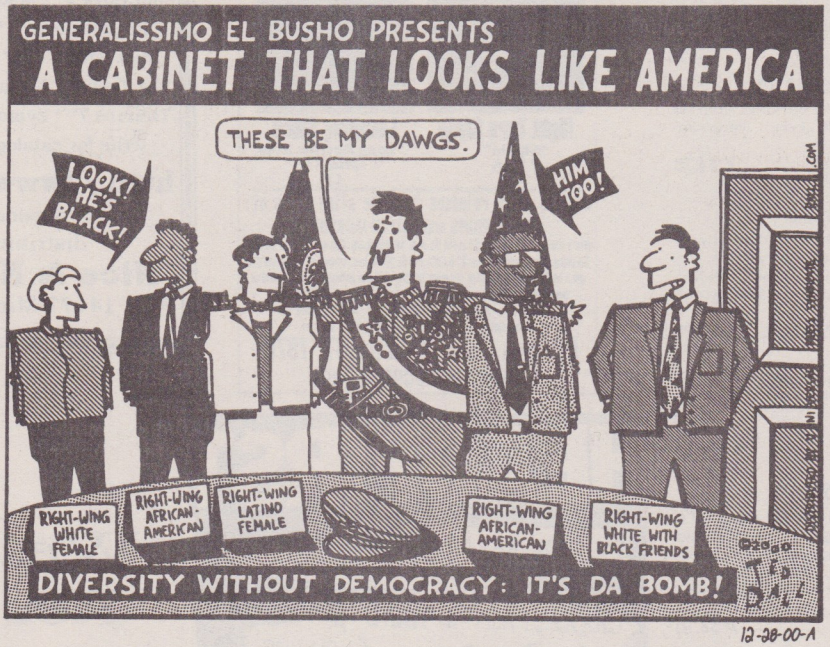
2) Last month I put in Addition 13's contact info wrong... so if you're looking for an all ages punk show in Columbus, Ohio, email addition_thirteen@hotmail.com instead of what I wrote last month. I don't know the contact phone number, sorry

3) I like SONGS FOR EMMA a lot. They sound (to me) like NEW MODEL ARMY in a bar fight with LEATHERFACE. If you've got an open mind and like songs with lyrics that'll make you wanna string up yuppies, cops, and every boss in existence, then you should check them out.

4) George Bush is our new president. Now you have no excuse for bad, mediocre rock bands... even you wishy washy liberal sucks have to be pissed about this one...

5) Am still looking for submissions for the South American issue—as for now the deadline is February 15th, 2001—so send that shit in ASAP. Also the Queer issue is starting to pick up steam—no deadline yet, but come on kids, get in touch!

6) As usual, please write me letters and send me presents in care of me to the *MRR* mailbox or if you're one of them (BLACK FLAG reference—plus 5 punk points!) mikethorn@mindspring.com



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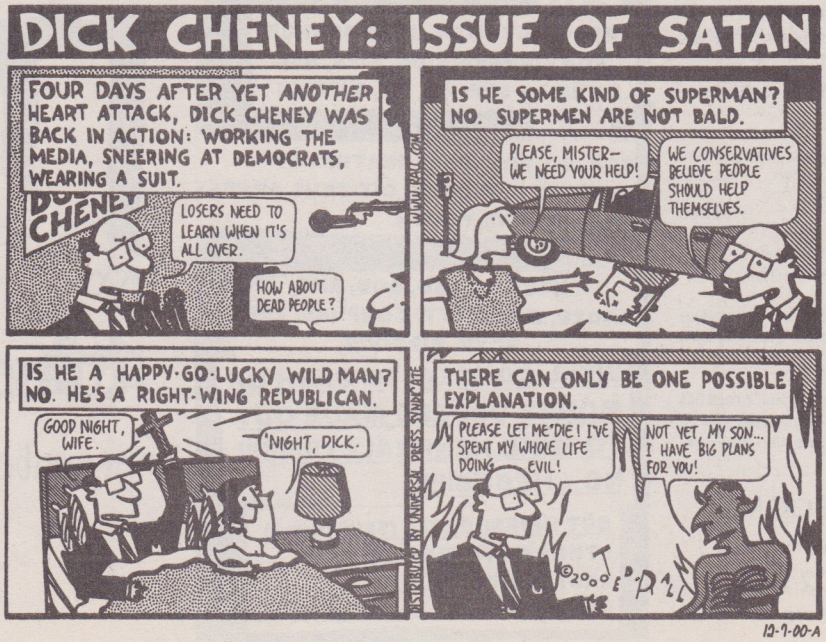

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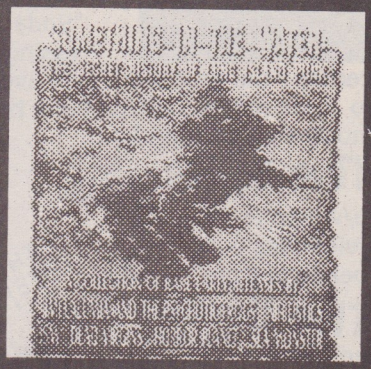

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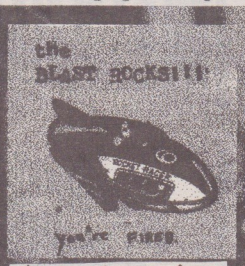

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MRR NEWS

No. 213
Feb. 2001
compiled by:
Mimi Nguyen

Violence Erupts As Haider Visits Vatican

Protesters against a visit by Austrian far-right leader Joerg Haider to the Vatican clashed with riot police blocking their approach to St Peter's Square on Saturday, December 16.

The violence was the worst at a demonstration of its kind. Audiences by Pope John Paul for other controversial political figures have provoked protests during his 22-year pontificate but all were moderately peaceful.

Hundreds of demonstrators wearing crash helmets or with faces swathed in scarves tried to force their way down the Via della Conciliazione avenue leading to St Peter's Basilica, throwing cobblestones, bottles and smoke bombs. Some 200 heavily armed police officers in riot gear formed a phalanx with shields and batons before charging the crowd. They lobbed teargas canisters and beat many of the protesters to the ground, witnesses said.

Some demonstrators were left with blood streaming from their noses. Photographers were also hit. Police told reporters five officers had been slightly hurt.

``You're protecting a fascist,'' was the main chant hurled at police by protesters.

The Pope earlier met Haider and a 250-strong delegation from his Austrian province of Carinthia, who came to the Vatican to donate the traditional Christmas tree for St Peter's Square.

At the end of their encounter the Pope indicated to a Vatican official to hand Haider, the governor of Carinthia, and each member of the delegation a copy of his World Peace Day message, which condemns racism and xenophobia.

The clashes took place as Haider and his delegation attended a ceremony in St Peter's Square to light up the Christmas tree, which has been put under 24-hour police guard.

Police pushed back protesters to some 500 meters away, and St Peter's Square remained quiet, aside from a police helicopter clattering above.

Protest groups including young communists, anarchists, Greens and other leftists, Jewish community representatives, gays and World War II veterans staged demonstrations against Haider. Around 3,000 people had gathered outside Castel Sant'Angelo, once the refuge of Popes whenever Rome came under siege.

Overturned barricades, public toilets and refuse bins, broken glass, rubble and shoes covered one end of the Via della Conciliazione, while the area near the Basilica was packed with armored police vans, discarded riot gear and lingering clouds of tear gas. Meanwhile, supporters of Italy's extreme right MS-Fiamma Tricolore party mounted a pro-Haider demonstration which was left undisturbed by police.

Students play punk in on-air protest at Rice

Rice University padlocked the doors of its student-run radio station Thursday, November 30, because student disc jockeys played punk rock and ska music over a women's basketball game broadcast this week.

The students were protesting the university's push to give more air time to Rice sporting events on the 50,000-watt KTRU-FM radio station, which has been run by students since it opened in the late 1960s.

In what was described as a rare instance of intense activism at the normally quiet campus, hundreds of students and community members attended a meeting Thursday night in Sewell Hall to vent their frustrations at the administration.

Earlier Thursday, junior Viki Keener said she thinks this is going to dispel myths that the administration cares about students. Keener, a junior from Alexandria, Va., made the decision to play the music over the basketball game Tuesday, along with another disc jockey. Listeners heard a mix of sports and music.

"Not only does the university not care about students, it downright dislikes me," said Keener. She said a main reason she chose to attend Rice was the chance to volunteer at the station. "Rice is trying to raise $500 million in a fund-raising campaign, and what better way than to use a 50,000-watt asset to make Rice look good and get rich people to donate money?"

Keener said she and the other disc jockey intentionally selected songs with "provocative" titles, such as "We Want the Airwaves" by the Ramones, "I Don't Wanna Hear It" by Minor Threat and "No Surrender" by Lickity Split. The university was not amused, locking the doors to the station Thursday morning and posting a sign warning students that they would face strict disciplinary action if they tried to break in.

Rice spokesman Terry Shepherd said no disciplinary actions are planned at this point. Shepherd said the university intends to allow students to once again run the station, but it is first exploring ways to make students more accountable, such as holding elections for student leaders of the station.

The station, known for its eclectic mix of avant-garde and traditional music, will only play feeds from the World Radio Network until the reorganization is completed, the spokesman said.

Women's Charges to Be Heard Now in U.N.

Women can, for the first time, complain directly to the United Nations about discrimination, sexual exploitation and other violations of a 1981 international treaty, a United Nations spokesman said December 21.

The 1981 United Nations Convention on the Elimination of All Forms of Discrimination Against Women bars abuses against women. It did not allow women to bring grievances directly to the United Nations. Last year, the United Nations Commission on the Status of Women initiated an addendum to the treaty making it possible for women--individually or in groups-- to submit complaints about violations or abuses.

The protocol will come into force because more than 10 countries have ratified it, said the spokesman, Fred Eckhard. Thirteen countries have ratified the protocol and 62 have signed it. The United States is the only industrialized country that has not ratified the original 1981 treaty. (Surprise, surprise.)

The protocol, approved by the General Assembly earlier this year, would allow women to bypass their governments and have the commission investigate their complaints.

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Federal Court Ruling Affirms Workers' Rights to Organize, Union Representation

President Morton Bahr of the Communications Workers of America hailed a federal court decision that bars Quadrtech Corp. from moving to Mexico in retaliation for the workers' vote for union representation. This decision recognizes workers' rights to organize and freedom of association, and takes concrete steps to protect them, Bahr said.

Kate Bronfenbrenner, an expert in labor education research at Cornell University whose research has found that employers frequently threaten to close plants to thwart union organizing, called the ruling "an incredible decision."

"The courts have always weighed the employer's right to make profit against the workers' right to unionize," she said. In this case, the court has ruled that the freedom of association of workers "is a right of greater value than business decisions and profits," she said.

Workers at Quadrtech Corp., a jewelry manufacturer outside Los Angeles, won a huge victory as a federal district court judge ordered their employer to stop the company's planned move to Tijuana, Mexico.

U.S. District Judge Carlos R. Moreno issued a preliminary injunction that blocks Quadrtech from moving its operations to Mexico and orders the return of two truckloads of equipment that already had been shipped to the Tijuana location.

Workers at Quadrtech had voted overwhelmingly June 29 for representation by the International Union of Electronic Workers, now the industrial division of CWA. Owner Vladimir Reil then announced he would lay off the majority of workers and move operations to Mexico by Nov. 17, prompting the workers and IUE-CWA to file charges and press the National Labor Relations Board to seek the injunction. The injunction will remain in place while dozens of NLRB charges are reviewed; a hearing is set for Dec. 11.

"This struggle for fairness represents what is going on across the country and why unions are so important," said IUE-CWA President Edward Fire.

Bahr said that during union organizing campaigns, employers often threaten to close their plants and move to low-wage locations. "This tactic is illegal, but it happens far too often. We are very pleased that the NLRB and the court have acted now, to protect the jobs of these workers and to uphold their right to a union voice, instead of waiting until there could be no effective remedy or justice."

Some 118 workers who assemble and ship jewelry had serious concerns about health and safety conditions that had resulted in a growing number of injuries, and the constant speed-up of work. The workers earn about $5.75 an hour, the state minimum wage, and work under hot, difficult conditions, with many forced to stand throughout their 10-hour-a-day shifts. The union drive was prompted when the company first denied accommodation to a worker with a medical condition affecting her foot, then disciplined the entire workforce for supporting that worker and another who were fired.

Multinationals Take Aim at Protesters

By Bill Berkowitz

In response to the anti-globalization movement's numbers and vigilance, multinational companies and right-wing think tanks are beginning to take aim at the protesters.

According to a document obtained by the newsletter Inside EPA, the Sony Corporation has been preparing an "action plan for counteracting the efforts of several domestic and international environmental groups--including Friends of the Earth, Greenpeace and Silicon Valley Toxics Coalition" that are involved in a campaign to hold electronics manufacturers responsible for their toxic waste. Last summer in Brussels, Belgium, Sony representatives presented a paper called "NGO Strategy" to the European Information and Communications Technology Industry Association's conference on environmental policy. Sony's strategic suggestions included "pre-funding intervention" to reduce the financial support that liberal foundations give to environmental organizations; a recommendation that companies ratchet up their capability to quickly respond to environmental critics and pre-empt future legislation; and the development of a "detailed monitoring and contact network" to keep tabs on these organizations.

Inside EPA suggests that that this monitoring might be carried out by "one of the dozens of new Internet 'intelligence' agencies--such as the London-based Infonics PLC--that monitor chat rooms, e-mail lists, electronic bulletin boards, online news services, newsgroups and other sources of public information for specific data requested by a company or industry group."

Sony executives have acknowledged that the company is monitoring environmental groups. "We are obviously concerned about our image," Mark Small, Sony's vice president of environmental and health and safety issues, told the InterPress news service. "If Greenpeace is pushing something, we want to be on top if it."

Sony's interest in "pre-funding intervention" dovetails with the publication of "Who Props Up the Protesters," an extensive report from Truth About Trade, a new organization that purports to "tell the truth" about the organizations active in the Seattle demonstrations and the foundations that fund them.

Truth About Trade is a Des Moines, Iowa-based agriculture industry group headed by Dean Kleckner, former president of the American Farm Bureau Federation, a leading agribusiness lobby. Kleckner says that Truth About Trade's mission is "to stand up for farm exports and advancements in biotechnology based on sound science," and to prevent environmental extremists and radical protesters from limiting America's economic and technological potential.

Truth About Trade's report (www.truthabouttrade.com) provides "an outline of the history, goals, financial strength and level of activism for ... organizations involved in the anti-trade protests in Seattle." "Who Props Up the Protesters" contains profiles of more than 50 "environmental groups actively opposing trade," including the Ruckus Society, Direct Action Network, Earth Island Institute, Friends of the Earth, Global Exchange and the National Wildlife Federation, and details how these groups participated in the Seattle protests.

For just one example, in its profile of the Berkeley, California-based Ruckus Society, Truth About Trade asserts that Ruckus uses its training on nonviolent civil disobedience as a cover for its real agenda: "violent lawbreaking" by "leaders [who] are no stranger to violence themselves, [and who] might actually have expected the vandalism by the anarchist members of their protest."

One of Truth about Trade's most significant contributions to intelligence gathering is documentation that the fair-trade network is bankrolled by "grantmakers [who] are funneling large sums of money to environmental groups." Among the major foundations highlighted are the Bullitt Foundation, HKH Foundation, John D. and Catherine T. MacArthur Foundation, Pew Charitable Trust, Rockefeller Foundation, Turner Foundation, W. Alton Jones Foundation and C.S. Mott Foundation.

There are several other conservative institutions focusing on the foundations who are providing the financial lifeblood for the environmental movement. The Washington-based Capital Research Center is one of the rising stars in the crowded universe of right-wing think tanks (www.capitalresearch.org). Established in 1984, the Capital Research Center analyzes how "those organizations with tax-exempt, tax-deductible--and sometimes tax dollars--mix advocacy and 'direct action' to promote their own vision of the public interest." It also looks at how closely individuals in the corporate and foundation sectors are sticking to the "donor intent" of the founders of these corporations and foundations.

Conservatives become apoplectic when they discover that a significant amount of money earmarked for environmental groups comes from foundations established by free-market entrepreneurs who accumulated enormous wealth based on decidedly anti-environmental activities. "The source of wealth for the Pew Trusts comes from energy exploration and development," the Capital Research Center's President Robert Huberty told the House Resource Committee at a May hearing.

Complaining about Pew support for a forest protection campaign, he said that the original intent of the founders of the foundation was to "acquaint the American people [with] the evils of bureaucracy, the values of a free market and the paralyzing effects of government controls on the lives and activities of people."

Frustrated, Huberty asked, "How do the Pew Trusts honor the intentions of their donor by supporting a campaign to permanently end logging in a large portion of the national forests?" Anti-globalization activities clearly are becoming a direct threat to global corporate power. Surveillance, propaganda and counter-intelligence efforts mounted by the rich and powerful are just beginning to reveal themselves, but they surely are a harbinger of things to come.

Bill Berkowitz is a freelance writer covering the religious right and related conservative movements. Contact him by e-mail at wkbbronx@aol.com.

EDITORIALS

The Election, Bipartisanship and the Failure of Democracy By Sean Patrick Dockray

With the conclusion of this presidential "election" we see the appearance of the inevitable: the two major parties "coming together" in the spirit of bipartisanship and patriotism. The weeks since November 7 have done nothing but instill the false sense of democracy in action. While Democrats and Republicans alike may point to the "conflict" as a sign of the strength of American democracy, many are fully aware that these battles have done nothing but create a fictitious difference between two parties that serve the same interests. And now these differences are being used as an ideological tool to beseech Americans to "close ranks"; those whose ideals are outside this nonexistent "cooperation" will be labeled un-American, standing in the way of healing.

We have to give up politics in favor of common American goals and beliefs? This is nothing but a euphemism for silently sacrificing our individual strengths and ideas; submitting to laws and leaders who obey the ideal-consumer citizen - a citizen that doesn't exist. If there is a commonality among Americans, it is that they are not represented by those in power. But these people will submit to legislation passed in the name of the common good. Once again, this country has fought bitterly over the superiority of Coke over Pepsi, of the Gap over the Banana Republic, of Republicans over Democrats, of Bush over Gore... It doesn't matter that Coke and Pepsi are both brown, caffienated high-fructose corn syrup concoctions among a myriad of other possibilities; or that the Gap produces uniforms of inconsequential difference in style or methodology of production to the Banana Republic; that Republicans and Democrats have agreed to wars, economic sanctions, and domestic legislation that has caused millions to die or at best live in abject poverty; that Bush and Gore both have supported the death penalty, anti-abortion measures, welfare reform, free trade...

Americans love to choose but aren't offered choice. Remarkably, voters were beginning to sense this in the weeks prior to November 7 only to be told by Gore's public relations campaign that there was indeed a "fork in the road". Only yesterday was the public informed that the campaign exaggerated the crisis (notably the number of Supreme Court justices planning to retire) in order to attract more votes. The illusion of difference was reinforced by weeks of litigation over ballot counting procedures, during which the public, the courts, and the legislators around the country fell along party lines over such politically charged issues as "chads". All the while, everyone knew that were the situation reversed both sides would swap rhetoric and continue debating the legitimacy of a dimpled ballot but no one cared. It felt like a good and healthy democracy to argue so bitterly, to protest so loudly, and to litigate so thoroughly.

While it was certainly enlightening to see the candidates for the selfish, opportunistic men that they are, these weeks of arguments were implicitly used as a sort of proof that George W. Bush and Al Gore are different! The disenfranchisement of black voters in Florida was barely offered in the mainstream media as an issue as worthy of "debate" relative to whether or not a ballot should be counted if it had a certain set of physical attributes. True democratic conflict was pushed aside in favor of a self-congratulatory charade of active democracy.

In the end, we return to November 7. Two indistinguishable candidates call on Americans to work together on issues important to us all: the future of our children, the health of our seniors, and the security of our nation. These are nothing but empty political slogans that will be used as a Trojan horse for a continuation of legislation that benefits the "special interests" who paid for the campaigns, media coverage, conventions, etc. We can see now the effectiveness of each party's move to the middle, meeting one another exactly halfway and splitting voters equally. As focus groups determined what each man ought to say in order to gain as much as possible while losing as little as possible, the country finds itself "divided" in two: the logical outcome of a two-party system in the age of modern market research.

We can doubtlessly expect many to mindlessly accept "our responsibility" to come together as a call to uncritically suppress peoples' beliefs for some greater good. Some will continue to stand behind the lesser of two evils for whom they voted. And others still will see the opinions expressed herein as futile and naive in the face of "the way it is". Let us hope that the spirit of independent thought hasn't been completely swallowed up into our two-faced government - political unity, party affiliation and trendy apathy will prove equally reckless and serving of the same interests. The time has come to embrace our differences in the spirit of democracy.

Who Are the Real Rats in New York City?

By The Committee on the Study of Urban Rats, Institute for Advanced Architecture

On November 29, New York City declared "War on Rats." Just days after Mayor Rudy Giuliani renewed the city's crackdown on such public nuisances as noise, panhandling, smoking pot, and selling books, Deputy Mayor Joseph Lhota (the "rat czar") announced in his opening remarks that the "rat problem was a quintessential quality of life problem." With rhetoric eerily similar to posters on the subways urging people not to give any money or food to the homeless, he declared that it was the city's responsibility to eradicate the rats and the public's responsibility not to feed them. In practice, this means that New York City sidesteps any long-term progressive solutions in favor of rat-killing pesticides that have caused nausea, headaches, diarrhea, cancer, reproductive problems, birth defects, and lung and kidney damage to people (particularly in areas like Harlem, Washington Heights, and the Bronx). Unfortunately, the approach is all too common - Giuliani ordered in another one of the New York's "wars" that the city be sprayed by the poison gas, Malathion, which his own literature describes as an organophosphate nerve gas invented by the Nazis. This strategy has consistently been proven to be a mere band-aid for reducing pest populations, with effects lasting only weeks.

The Deputy Mayor inadvertently admitted that public health was not the issue but rather to ensure that "we don't see them on the streets." It isn't difficult to draw an analogy to Giuliani's much publicized campaign to get the homeless off the streets by arresting them and putting a few token people to work for the city (often below minimum wage or in exchange for the privilege of using a shelter) all under the banner of "improving the quality of life." Clearly, the important lives belong to tourists, commuters, and wealthy renters; not the homeless, people living in predominantly black and Latino neighborhoods, or street vendors. In all of these cases, to varying degrees, Architecture is enlisted to help present the image of order and cleanliness.

Two of the world's foremost rat scholars were brought in to the Rat Summit to proclaim that "architects should be held accountable" for designs that are conducive to a rat population and to suggest that architects (should) design clean windswept parks. The keynote speaker emphatically proclaimed "architects... our ultimate enemy." Spaces created by low lying bushes and benches, for example, provide temporary shelters from surveillance and in turn suggest a lack of control. Trashcans, where food and drink might be found, must be heavily guarded with lighting and open space. Architecture is here expected to conspire in state and corporate dominance over public space - the hard glass and granite surfaces of financial buildings are seemingly uninhabitable by rats.

In 1988, Mayor Ed Koch addressed the American Institute of Architects about the public landmark building, Grand Central Station: "These homeless people, you can tell who they are. They're sitting on the floor defecating, urinating, talking to themselves many, not all, but many - or panhandling. We thought it would be reasonable for the authorities to say, 'You can't stay here unless you're here for transportation.'" It was found by the State Court of Appeals, however, that this was illegal. And because of this decision, Koch was adopting the more insidious tactic of using Architecture to present the image of order and efficiency in spite of the deep structural causes of homelessness.

The "rat problem" is likewise more complex than city officials are ready to admit. This does not stop them, however, from using it to poison the city for quick headlines. A "War on Rats" is literally an excuse to use biological weapons, developed during the two world wars, in the urban environment. But this is also a territorial battle fought at the level of the media and Architecture. The public is frightened into accepting the heavily policed, pristine corporate spaces in order to keep rats from view.

In the process, these citizens are sacrificing their own freedom in these spaces for the benefit of those who profit from an apparently "clean" city. Rats weren't a problem worthy of serious public involvement until one ran across the front steps of Mayor Giuliani's mansion. Although they have historically plagued predominantly low-income neighborhoods and projects, little was done. Since then, rats have found their way into wealthier demographic areas and the government and media are demanding action. We must keep in mind that war is always declared when "ghetto" problems infiltrate privileged spaces and victory can't be claimed until they are

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THE DELANO CAMPAIGN

On July 10, 2000, Critical Resistance, in coalition, filed a lawsuit under the California Environmental Quality Act (CEQA) to stop California from building yet another prison. The suit has generated unprecedented coverage of the irrationality of prison construction, including major stories in the *New York Times*, *Los Angeles Times*, *San Francisco Chronicle* and *Examiner* and local newspapers across the state.

We have built an unprecedented and powerful coalition of organizations across the state that will sign onto amicus briefs in support of the litigation. The coalition includes the Los Angeles, Fresno and Santa Cruz chapters of the NAACP, the Rainforest Action Network, the National Lawyers Guild, the Ecology Center, the Committee on Women, Population and the Environment, the Fresno County Green Party, the Ella Baker Center for Human Rights and La Raza Centro Legal.

THE CONFERENCE

While much has been written about how unwanted land uses such as toxic waste dumps constitute environmental racism and injustice, we believe that the siting of prisons in economically depressed communities shares much in common with this prior thinking, but has yet to be explored.

Across the country, prisons are almost entirely sited in economically depressed, rural communities on the promise of jobs and economic prosperity. The uncontroverted evidence, however, is that prisons don't help these communities. Delano is a prime example. Delano already has one 5000-bed maximum-security prison. In 1990, prior to the opening of that prison, the unemployment rate in Delano was 26%. Today, the unemployment rate in Delano is 26%. The State itself projects that of the 1600 new jobs which will purportedly be created by the new prison, less than 100 will go to the residents of Delano. It is hard to imagine any other $335 million investment in a town the size of Delano (35,000) producing less than 100 new jobs for its residents.

Moreover, the negative economic, social, and environmental impact of prisons on rural towns and counties seems to be so great that other industries and businesses shy away from those locations. Farmland comes out of production. Water capacities are overtapped. At the same time, towns and counties spend their own scarce funds for roads, schools, sewers, environmental protection, and other necessities in order to support prisons that do not return enough to communities to help them grow and prosper.

FOR MORE INFORMATION CONTACT:

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ASIA PACIFIC PEOPLES' SOLIDARITY CONFERENCE "Fighting Neo-Liberalism in the Asia-Pacific."

Jakarta, Indonesia
7-10 June, 2001

Join the struggle to globalize resistance to the neo-liberal offensive! The conference will be held between June 7-10, 2001 and will be organized by the Indonesian Center for Reform and Social Emancipation (INCREASE). The conference will be held in the city of Jakarta. From within Indonesia, the conference will be supported by the affiliates of INCREASE, namely, the National Student League for Democracy (Liga Nasional Mahasiswa untuk Demokrasi, LNMD), the National Peasant Union (Serikat Tani Nasional, STN), the Indonesian National Front for Labour Struggle (Front Nasional Perjuangan Buruh Indonesia, FNPBI), the People's Cultural Network (Jaringan Kerja Kebudayaan Rakyat, JAKKER), the People's Youth Movement (Gerakan Pemuda Kerakyatan, GPK), and the People's Legal Aid Foundation (Lembaga Bantuan Hukum Rakyat, LBHR).

INCREASE sees the conference as having several complementary aims. First, INCREASE intends the conference to raise awareness within Indonesia about the nature and role of neo-liberal economic policies, as well as the role of the international financial institutions - such as the International Monetary Fund (IMF), the World Bank and the World Trade Organization (WTO) - in forcing neo-liberal policies upon the peoples of the Third World in general and Indonesia, in particular. In this context INCREASE hopes the conference will provide a forum whereby Indonesian organizations waging campaigns to improve the welfare and empowerment of the people can come to see their campaigns as linked to the generalized fight against neo-liberalism.

Second, INCREASE hopes that the discussion among Indonesian organizations, intellectuals and activists at the conference as well as between the Indonesian participants and overseas participants will help advance the process of the progressive movement in Indonesia being able to develop its own alternatives to the IMF prescribed neoliberal strategy being enforced at the moment.

Third, INCREASE wished the conference to also function as a vehicle for deepening the cooperation between progressive forces in the Asia Pacific region. Where feasible we also hope that it can help develop cooperation between the Asia Pacific and other major areas, such as Europe, North America and Latin America. At the moment, we have commitments from partner movements in South Korea, the Philippines, Pakistan, East Timor and Australia that they will attend and speak at the conference. We also have confirmations of attendance from activists in the United States and the Netherlands. We expect further confirmations in the next few months. INCREASE hopes that concrete measures to deepen and concretize cooperation will develop out of the conference.

Fourth, INCREASE wishes to introduce the international participants to the struggle for reform and social empowerment, for fundamental social change, in Indonesia. In addition to panels and workshops on a range themes relevant to the general analysis and struggle against neoliberalism, there will also be many panels and workshops that will relate these issues to Indonesia. There will be speakers from all sectors of society and from the progressive political parties and currents in Indonesia.

The conference will be an open, public, live-in conference. The agenda will be decided by the INCREASE conference organizing committee, in consultation with partner organizations. INCREASE is, of course, in hearing suggestions for additional themes and topics. There will be a strong cultural component in the conference program. We will consider possibilities for protest mobilizations as part of the conference closer to the date.

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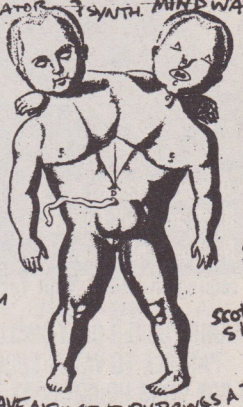

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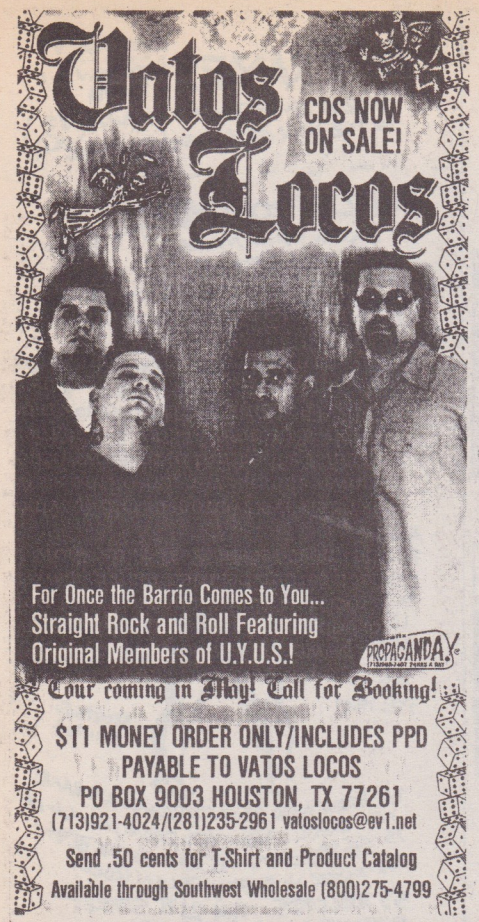
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ISSUE 30 ([redacted]) with THE PIMPS (chi), DEATH THREAT, LES STITCHES, SIXER, THE BEATINGS, DIMESTORE HALOES, SUICIDE KINGS (nyc)

ISSUE 27 with THE LOVE SIKK-JUNKIES, LOS GUSANOS (cj ramone), THE SUICIDE MACHINE, THE UNSEEN, RAW POWERS, APOCALYPSE HOBOKEN, FINAL CONFLICT, TEXAS TERRI AND THE STIFF ONES and more killer stuff and photos.

ISSUE 28 with THE PRISSTEENS, ZEKE, THE KRAYS, THE US BOMBS, THE GREAT KAT, THE LIBERTINES, KARI NATION (ma), THE INFILTRATORS, JON SPENCER BLUES X, THE TOILET BOYS, THE BOILS, HOLLYWOOD TEASZE, and more great stuff from punk to glam.

ISSUE 29 with JEFF DAHL, THE TRASH BRATS, THE SUPER SUCKERS, OTHER STAR PEOPLE, GWAR an other cool stuff.

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ALL HAIL FINLAND!
AKA FINNISH HARDCORE SCUM FILE

BY STUART "ARSEHOLE" SCHRADER

After last month's article about Anti-Cimex and Swedish hardcore, it seems proper to cross the Gulf of Bothnia to Finland. Americans tend to think of Finland and Sweden as very similar, but, in fact, the two countries do have some marked differences. The greatest differences you ignorant Americans need to know are between their histories (Finland's neighbor is the turbulent Russia who annexed it in 1808, while Sweden is the only country never to have been conquered by outside invaders) and their languages (Finnish has a bit in common with Russian, but is a lonely withering leaf on the language tree).

However, punk hit Finland as hard as it hit Sweden in the early days. Most early Finnish punk is very upbeat and melodic (as one can hear on Bloodstains Across Finland), which did not portend what was to come. Though there were a couple rough bands, or at least bands that put an edge on their melodies, like Eppu Normaali, it was not until the '80s that bands began to exploit the inherent tendency of the Finnish language to sound ugly, apoplectic and raw. Like in other countries around the Western hemisphere, after the initial punk explosion began to simmer, Finnish commentators claimed punk was becoming mere steam. Luckily, one band proved everyone wrong: Lama.

Well-known to collectors, Lama put out 4 7"s and an LP. Their live shows were aggressive and energetic. The 7"s start on the melodic side, but with an edge, and progress to a more hardcore sound. The LP, though, is hardcore, with melody still present. Its songs are memorable and the vocals, complete with classic mob choruses, hint at the coming trend of train-wreck Finnish vocals—hysterical tongue-twisting screams. The LP came out in '82; clearly, Lama bridged the gap between the first and second waves of Finnish punk. Their LP is probably the best Finnish hardcore LP, showing mature song-writing without lacking any energy. It has excellent production and is instantly memorable. Lama were the most popular hardcore band in Finland and they set a high standard. As I've said before, every punk rocker should be familiar with Lama.

Two years before Lama's LP, though, a band from the small Northern town of Tornio called Terveet Kädet released their first 7", and firmly established themselves as Finland's first hardcore, nay THRASH, band. The histories of Terveet Kädet and Lama are intertwined since they played shows together in their early days and, it could be argued, Lama broke the ground for Terveet Kädet who were already covering Lama in '81! Additionally, Rattus, who started in '78, bridged the gap between simple punk rock and total thrash (more on them later). However, Terveet Kädet started fresh and started early as a total hardcore band.

The first 7" Terveet Kädet put out, "Rock Laa Haustan Vastaa" is like Bad Brains' "Pay To Cum" 7" in its boggling rawness and accidental greatness. Sure, hardcore had been steadily forming in the US, and by 1980, there were a bunch of bands firmly rooted as hardcore bands, but there was almost no American influence in the early Finnish scene, especially that early. Even more so than in Sweden, Finland took its cues from the UK and the UK only. Thus, it is nothing short of miraculous that Terveet Kädet, in 1980, the same year as "Realities of War," matched Discharge in raw, chaotic energy. By today's standards, Terveet Kädet's first release was slow and hopelessly lo-fi, but in 1980 I doubt you were playing blast beats into a sixteen-track. The record has immediacy and intensity that make it memorable. Three songs, all under one minute with Läjä's shreiks leading the marauding noise, make the listener crave more. Unfortunately, there were just 200 copies on the band's own Ikbals Records and the 7" itself was one-sided. The sleeve is a crappy photocopy of a live photo, and like the Skitslickers, it comes on two flimsy sheets of paper. The 7"s rarity has been accentuated its legendary status, but I guarantee, it is not undeserved. If you are lucky enough to find one of these bad boys for sale, be pre-

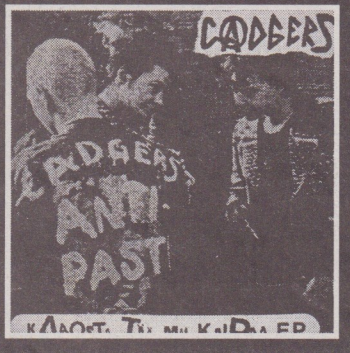
pared to spend a lot of money for it.
Some Finnish hardcore stuff had okay distribution in the US, and, thanks to this magazine, very good coverage in the punk media. However, I still don't think that if you want the early Terveet Kädet records, you can wait 'til they turn up in the dollar bin in Peoria. Unless you're my pal Nick (I hate you). Anyway, the second Terveet Kädet 7" is even better than the first. Called both "Terveet Kädet II" and "Mull on Liian Lyhyt Sänky," this one is another one-sided early thrash masterpiece. Like the first, it came out on Ikbals and there were only 200 copies. This one continues on the trajectory of the first, with ludicrous screams, buzzsaw guitars, and amazingly driving drums. Seriously, it sounds like Läjä broke out of a straight-jacket and ran fifty miles from the loony bin straight to the studio to record the vocals. The drumming is really exciting because there's a crashing urgency which gives the songs, especially the first one, a jackhammer feel. The bass is painful, too. It's a shame that the damn thing goes by so quickly. But, it's still worth a week's paycheck or whatever you have to pay to get it. The sleeve features a chaotic punk collage only matched by the chaotic punk rock on the record! This record came out in '81. Think about how amazing that is in these terms: in '81 Pil were more popular than Minor Threat, and, even still, Minor Threat were tidier than Terveet Kädet!
In 1983, Vote Vasko reissued the first two Terveet Kädet 7"s as the "Kädet Suojelee" 7" on his P. Tuotanto label (500 copies). The reissue was reissued in '90 with a different sleeve. The original re-release, of course, is a much easier-to-find and more economical way to get the music from these two essential records. It's still a tough record to find, but not as elusive as the originals.
To compare, Rattus put out their hyper-rare "Khomeini Rock" 7" in '80 (200 copies) and their great, and also hyper-rare "Fucking Disco" 7" in '81 (300 copies). Neither of these self-released records is hardcore. Even their third record, the legendary "Rattus on Rautta" 12" is more upbeat sing-along stuff. In a Sept '83 interview, Rattus themselves declared their three early records to be shitty, the third the shittiest. Rattus are well-deserving of their reputation as a monumental thrash unit, but I do not think we can call Rattus Finnish hardcore in the truest sense of the term despite their style and location. Basically, no one else at the time sounded like Rattus; they were doing something different. They had roots in Discharge

and were more intense than getting beaten to death with a wrecking ball while inside a sinking submarine during a nuclear war, but they did not sound like the majority of the Finnish bands—and believe me, there were A LOT of bands playing the Finnish hardcore style. My distinguishing metaphor is this: the Propaganda bands, following Lama's influence, sounded like a train-wreck while Rattus sounded like a cyclone. The self-titled Rattus LP on New York's infamous Ratcage Records is jaw-dropping. It's a collection of tracks from their earlier records re-recorded. I wonder how the drummer managed to beat so many damn things at once. This record is so over-the-top! I imagine some New York Hardcore thug in 1984 walking into the Ratcage store, asking what was new, and then hearing this LP. The image of some tattooed tough guy in tight pants getting pulverized by Finland's Rattus is one to savor.
Anyway, Finnish hardcore firmly established itself in '82. Though Lama had been around since '77, their first 7" was not released until '80, the same year as Terveet Kädet's first. In '81, the split 7" shared by Kaaos and Cadgers came out. This one has been repressed several times, but the original version was on Vote Vasko's P. Tuotanto label and all versions are shit rare. This 7" is a raw and classic document of the nascent Finnish hardcore sound. There were 200 numbered copies of first press, 150 un-numbered 2nd press, 100 4th press from '89 and probably about 200 of the third, but I'm unsure. Cadgers went on to become Riistetyt, but the style was already developing on this 7". Both bands deliver highly simplistic but honest and aggressive UK-influenced thrash on this split. Rough and dirty shit that reminds me of the time I caught your parents fucking.
From early Finnish scene reports in this magazine, it appears that the early Finnish scene was quite divided from one city to the next. Except for Lama, who played shows all over Finland, and in the UK with Black Flag, bands didn't play often outside their own cities. Keeping this in mind, it is somewhat amazing that one label—Propaganda Records from Helsinki—was able to release so many awesome records by bands from other towns in Finland. In '82, the label released three of the staples of Finnish hardcore: the amazing "Russia Bombs Finland" compilation LP, Bastards "Maailma Palaa Ja Kuolee" 7" and Kaaos "Totaalinen Kaaos" 7".
Of course, I could say the Finnish sound was defined by the regional compilation "Russia Bombs Finland," but that would be a tautology. This compilation, which was recently bootlegged on red vinyl, like the original (there are some black vinyl originals, too), is absolutely bone-

crushing. It is like Really Fast Vol. 1 in that it shows a scene on the brink of finding its trademark sound. Bands like Kaaos, Appendix and Riistetyt contribute amazing thrashers, while Terveet Kädet have two of the fastest and rawest tracks put to vinyl until then (and for a few years after), and bands like Maho Neitsyt and 013 contribute more melodic, drunk punk tracks.

Kaaos's "Totaalinen Kaaos" 7" contains some original and frenetic drumming, and wailing vocals. It certainly defined that band's sound, but I refrain from labeling it the quintessential Finnish 7" because its guitars are too low in the mix and a lot of Finnish bands were very much guitar-driven. Nonetheless, this 7" is a keeper; like most of the Propaganda releases, it was pressed on colored vinyl (I've seen both blue and black). On the split with Cadgers, Kaaos had a different singer, but throughout their many line-up changes, from this 7" forward, Jakke, who's still punkin' and drunkin' around the scene, was a constant. Jakke's vocal style actually is the best of example of Finnish hardcore vocals: it seems the screamers always emphasize and elongate the last syllable or word of each line. This style alone makes the Finnish sound immediately recognizable.

Also in '82 the Bastards 7" came out. This one is total Disorder-style chaos. If you can imagine a Disorder LP on 45, that's what this messy and chaotic ripper sounds like. The 7" was released with four different presses of 500, each on a different color vinyl, for a total of 2000 (that's some math for ya). Until Selfish, this 7" was the best-selling Finnish hardcore7"! Therefore, in comparison to some of the other ones we're discussing, it's easy to find. And, believe me, you need it! Bastards released a long, tape-only LP that rips and, later, another LP called "Siberian Hardcore" which is a bit more mellow. Also, in '82 Vote released two important records: Riistetyt's "Laki Ja Järjestys" 7" and the cool compilation 7" "Systeemi Ei Toimi" ("System Doesn't Work") with Laahaus, Vapaa Pasy and Kaaos. There were definitely under 500 originally pressed, but this one turns up once in a while. The Kaaos stuff is the best on the record, but Laahaus are great too. There were four Finnish hardcore compilation 7"s which you should note: "Systeemi Ei Toimi" which I mentioned; "Lasta" which I will mention later; "Pultti," from '82, probably the rarest, put out by the singer of Maho Neitsyt; and the ultra-unknown "Hyvinkää" which I've never even seen, but which came out in '84 with bands like Purkaus and



Sotakultuuri.Who? Beats me.

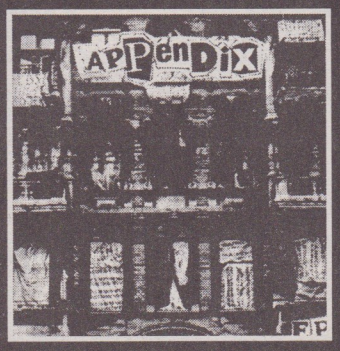
Riistetyt's history could be a column unto itself (luckily, Felix did the honors a few months ago), but I just want to say that first 7" is amazing thrash. Absolute D-Beat Discharge worship. Totally raw. The early Finnish thrash scene took all its cues from the UK, so Disorder, Discharge and The Varukers were the big influences. In MRR #3, Nov.–Dec. '82, Vote wrote: "The main influences come from England. Most of the punks don't pay much attention to other countries, except some U.S. bands like the Dead Kennedys and Black Flag. They follow every fashion which originates in the U.K. They see pictures of British punks and then dress like them and get haircuts like them . . . When Jello's sampler came out here, many punks realized that there's something happening in the U.S. and that it's much better than British punk. The problem is that American records are very difficult to get in Finland . . . Of course, some punks aren't interested in U.S. stuff anymore. I think that's stupid because the U.S. bands are hundreds of times better than 95% of the British punk groups, but I still like British band like Discharge (the best punk band in the world), Disorder, Chaos UK . . ." Riistetyt means "Exploited," but the Finnish Barmy Army was way cooler than the UK's in my book. Riistetyt's first LP, which was originally released on Propaganda as "Valtion Vankina" with some copies on blue vinyl, begins with an awesome Varukers cover, and continues with track after track of blistering Varukers-style destruction. As they grew older the style changed, and they eventually changed their name again to Pyhät Nuket or Holy Dolls when they toured the US, much to the chagrin of US thrash-aholics. Before the line-up and name change, though, they recorded the ultra-rare "Skitsofrenia" 12" on Propaganda, and this is one of the best Finnish thrash releases–totally crazy and well-produced fast, noisy thrash! You know how the Crucifix LP or Discharge's "Why" turned up real loud is like having the guitar plugged directly into your cortex . . . yeah, same thing on Riistetyt's "Skitsofrenia"!

In '82, Poko Records, one of the biggest labels in Finland (I'm not exactly sure about its level of independence) released Terveet Kädet's "Aareton Joulu" 7". If I were allowed to take one Finnish 7" to the grave, it'd be Terveet Kädet's 2nd, but the 3rd is the favorite of many. The cover of the 7" is a classic pic of a naked dude strung upside-down with a lit candle up his butt! Terveet Kädet, apparently, were into the more prurient pleasures of the flesh. 8 songs on this 7" which continue in the raw, fast and urgent tradition of their previous releases. There were only 500 of this one. I highly rec-

ommend the Grand Theft Audio CD reissue of Terveet Kädet stuff. It includes a Lama cover and a couple Stooges cover, so you know where they were coming from, as well as some ultra-crazy demo and unreleased tracks. Terveet Kädet's LP is really good, but its fuller production actually detracts from it, I think.

Also in '82 (or the end of '81), Rattus decided it was time to play hardcore. By the way, as a youth, I assumed Rattus meant something like "Genocide Destruction" or some other appropriately thrashistic thing, but in reality, it's just the Latin for "rat"; the band was originally inspired by the Stranglers' LP "Rattus Norvegicus." In Dec '81 Rattus recorded their "Räjiotettu Ydinsota" 7" on Poko Records. The title means "Limited Nuclear War", an oxymoron that was a popular topic for '80s hardcore bands. Basically, from what I can tell, someone played Discharge for them one day and they were like "Holy Shit! Let's play like that!" This 7" includes four tracks which were just smashing. Literally! I imagine them fucking blowing up buildings when they recorded this shit. It's awesome. Until the Ratcage LP, this might be my favorite stuff by Rattus! Their riffy, repetitive thrash style, however, is different from the rest of the Finnish hardcore stuff, as I've said. This 7" was later re-pressed in Brazil, as were other Rattus records. The Finnish originals were generally limited to about 500, but there are many more copies of the Brazilian presses (especially the 12"s). I should note that the Brazilian hardcore scene—which was huge in the '80s–was mainly influenced by Finnish hardcore! More on Brazil someday . . .

By '83, Finland's hardcore scene had really exploded. Tons of lesser-known bands formed across the country. In general, bands were singing about war, unemployment, drugs–the typical political topics of that era. Like in Sweden, some Finnish bands seem to have taken Discharge lyrics and recast them in their native language. Both Rattus and Terveet Kädet held a do-what-you-want philosophy which was different from the liberal streak found in many U.S. bands of the time. Finland's scene was marked by Finland's endemic propensity for voluminous consumption of alcohol–they were drunk motherfuckers! You can hear it in the choruses, when it sounds like a bunch of drunk Finns, dressed in studs and leather, were unleashed upon unsuspecting microphones in a kaaotic frenzy. Some of the awesome bands that formed after the first hardcore bands were Rutto, Kansan Uutiset,



Varaus, Massacre, Mellakka, Tampere SS. I'll talk about some of these bands in another article in the future.

Propaganda continued to release classics by Finnish hardcore bands, including the way under-rated Appendix. Capturing the melodic, but edgy spirit of Lama, Appendix released a 7" called "Huora" with three different covers—two band photos (the one known as the "Parock" sleeve is the rarest) and one photo of a squat-looking building. They also released an amazing LP called "Ei Raha Oo Mun Valuuttaa" (re-released on R-O-R as "Money Is Not My Currency") that should be in the collection of every self-respecting punk rocker. I wrote about Appendix in GOTA #3. They put out a third LP called "Top of the Pops." Guess which direction they went in on that one. I should note that Appendix are back together, and from what I hear, are kickin' ass! (Terveet Kädet never really broke up, just started sounding like a Finnish, post-HC Danzig, and Riisteyt are back, too.)

Two more classic compilations: "Hardcore '83" and "Finnish Spunk–Hard Beat" came out, as did LP's by Rattus, Riistetyt, Terveet Kädet, Kaaos, etc., on Propaganda, and around '84, the label began to license some of their releases for export by Germany's Rock-O-Rama. Most folks know ROR as the label that released an assload of Nazi shit, but a little while before they were taken over by some fascists in the mid-'80s, the label released some righteous German thrash and a bunch of Finnish reissues.

Also in '84, an essential lo-fi thrash compilation 7" called "Lasta" was released with 12 insane tracks by bands like Terveet Kädet, Riistetyt, Bastards and Kansan Uutiset among others. It's amazing how many great records came out after the initial thrash explosion.

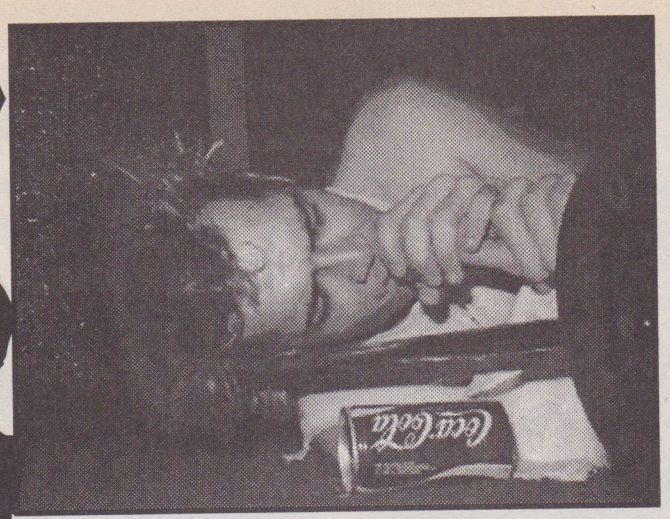
Two more heavy-hitters that I need to mention are Kaaos's LP "Ristiinnaulittu Kaaos" and the compilation LP "Yalta Hi-Life." Both these awesome LP's were released on the Barrabas label which also produced a fanzine. The Kaaos LP is up there with Lama as the best and quintessential Finnish LP. It has awesome heavy production and echoey vocals which might be irritating to some, but I think they're fine. My copy of the LP has a heavy, fold-out poster sleeve, a lighter-weight version of the sleeve and a poster insert dedicated to the Cold War. Apparently some Finnish pop-music mag declared that LP one of the year's best back then! Kaaos really lived up to their name and yet never released a bad record. Be sure to check out the U.S. press of their posthumous "Nukke" 7" just released on Havoc Records. "Yalta Hi-Life" is a sick compilation with Terveet Kädet, Kaaos, Varaus, Äpärät,

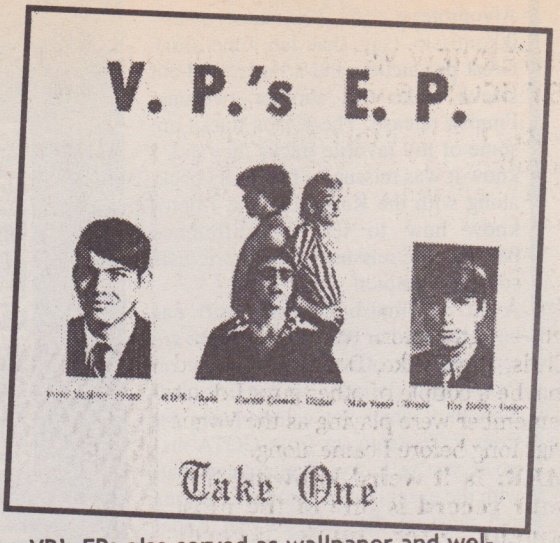
Aivoproteesi, and Kansanturvamusiikkomissio (say that ten time fast). Great production and a huge, fold-out sleeve makè this another awesome Finnish release. The Kaaos tracks are some of my favorite tracks they did. I know it was reissued a few years back, along with the Kaaos LP, and I don't know how to tell the difference between the reissues and the originals so caveat emptor.

A lot of Finnish hardcore stuff has been reissued or bootlegged. There are legit reissues of nearly everything on Propaganda done by the Finnish label Kraklund, which you can probably get from P. Tuotanto (or from GOTA distro if you're lucky). I guarantee that, with the exception of some later Rattus and most of the later Terveet Kädet stuff, you can't go wrong with the Finnish bands I've mentioned. All of them produced punishing, urgent thrash that has made a place for Finland in the hearts of many punk rockers around the globe.

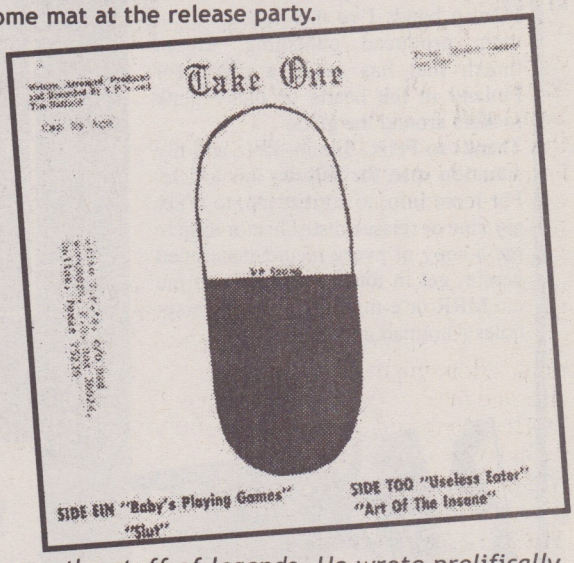
Thanks to Felix, Simon, Katz and my attention span for help on this article. For more info, to correct me, to order my zine or reissue distro list, or to give me a copy of every record mentioned herein, get in touch by writing to me c/o MRR or e-mailing gameofthearseholes@hotmail.com.

VOMIT PIGS





The VP's EPs also served as wallpaper and welcome mat at the release party.



Mike was the Vomit Pig. There were Chris and Roy and Eddie and Doug and later Russell and me, but Mikey (or Mike Vomit or Mite Vomit) was the Vomit Pig. First and foremost, Mike had the Attitude. The Punk Attitude. The Anything/Everything Goes Attitude. The "Watch Me Defy Death Attitude". But he maintained a certain mocking self-awareness through it all. He knew he was a "Useless Eater".

At first the guys had dubbed themselves The Vomit Pigs Make-Believe Blues Boobs Band, but this proved unwieldy and was truncated to just the Vomit Pigs and later to just the VPs. Some no-name cartoonist would later shamelessly appropriate the name Vomit Pigs for a strip about a rock band that bore not the slightest resemblance to Mike and friends. There were even T-shirts.

It all started when they lived in Daingerfield, Texas. Daingerfield has a reputation as a fertile breeding environment for mental infirmity. You might recall Daingerfield as both the site of Al King's 1980 "Baptist cleansing" and the childhood home of Marte Tilton, "wife" of televangelist/alien life form Robert Tilton. In his capacity as a high school math teacher, Al King had attempted to teach Algebra to all the original members of the Vomit Pigs. This will no doubt account in some measure for their continuing influence.

A tradition of sorts evolved from the VP's Halloween Parties at Rick's. There were several such parties at Rick's, starting around 1974. The VPs would play, Mike and a select group of band and audience members would take a few too many Quaaludes (prescribed quite legally for Mike by a nominally reputable doctor), consume prodigious amounts of beer, barbeque, and sundry illicit substances, and then proceed to throw up and/or disrobe on "stage" in front of as many as two hundred merely drunken locals assembled on the grass next to the large porch of Rick's farmhouse.

Mike's reputation as a performer didn't really blossom until he moved to Dallas. The re-formed Vomit Pigs began playing regularly at Dallas' seminal punk club, DJ's. By this time, Mike was on the ol' drug roller coaster, alternating days of crystal meth with days of 'ludes or downers and booze. His sexual escapades were the stuff of legends. He wrote prolifically, filling suitcases with poems, pictures and ideas. I saw his weight fluctuate up and down almost a hundred pounds.

Mike went though a William Burroughs phase. After reading The Job, Mike insisted that we make a "virus tape" of our own. Burroughs' virus was meant to be used an offensive weapon. Sometimes I think it might have really worked.

The record was made in Texarkana in a little eight-track studio that billionaire Sam Walton used to make ads for Walmart. We pressed 500 copies, most of which were tossed into a cow pasture. The master tape was lost.

I wasn't around when Mike died that night outside Bobby Soxx's apartment. My guess is that his heart finally disintegrated in a toxic sludge of booze, junk food, and downers. Maybe the virus tape has something to do with it. The last time I saw him, his skin had the look of a splotchy white mushroom. He weighed at least 250. He smelled horrible. He might have had AIDS. Be he still had the Attitude.

—Artie Turner (liner notes from EV 04)

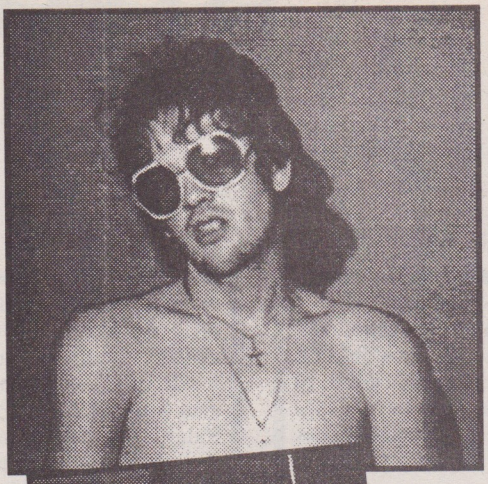
INTERVIEW WITH VOMIT PIG ARTIE TURNER
BY SCOTT BASS

MRR: Is it true that the band got together in '74? That is early! Did the band sound very punk back then? Do any recordings from that time exist?

AT: I'm going to get Chris to answer this. I didn't "join" the VPs 'till about '76 — right before we made the EP. Chris, Roy, Mike, Doug, Eddie, and maybe a couple of other guys I don't remember were playing as the Vomit Pigs long before I came along.

MRR: Is it weird knowing that your record is one of the most sought after punk records around?

AT: No, it's sad — I only have one fucking copy!



MRR: Do all of the guys in the band still have copies?

Roy might have a few, Eddie maybe a few, Chris? I dunno. But get this: somewhere there should be about 50 or so the EP, that appear to be mysteriously lost. I've been trying to track them down, to no avail. There was a time where quite a few collectors were calling me wanting copies of the single—offering $150-200. I think Eddie might have needed the cash and sold his.

MRR: How did Mike convince you guys to be in the band?

AT: I think it was the Quaaludes, and the groupies.

MRR: Groupies? Really?

AT: Well, this was pre-AIDS era, and these girls just liked to have fun, I don't know how much the Vomit Pigs had to do with it.

MRR: Was he really the only one who liked punk at the time?

AT: Hmm, I don't know, probably.

MRR: Set the story straight how Mike died...is it true that it happened at a Bobby Soxx BBQ?

AT: I wasn't there when it happened, but that's the gist of it. I had seen Mike a few months before he died — he was huge — 250 lbs. I bet — looked awful. The way I heard it, he just ODed on his drug of choice for the evening, and passed out on the porch during the party, Knowing Mike as most of the party goers did, they figured Mike was just out of it, "catatonic" and just left him alone, thinking he would eventually come out of it and do something. They didn't discover Mike was dead until the next morning.

MRR: What was your reaction to being bootlegged on Killed by Death?

AT: I hired an assassin to infect them all with e-coli. (just kidding)

MRR: You let Ryan from Existential Vacuum (and the Peer Pressure column here in MRR) repress the single, why did you leave out the new wavey song "Slut?"

AT: That was Ryan's decision—There are what I call "punk purists" or "elitists" out there who only like the fast, thrashy stuff—and that's cool, but, I suspect that anyone who's heard of the Vomit Pigs think of a fast, thrashy, punk band and the Vomit Pigs were never strictly that way. The VPs played alot of silly goofy shit too—like "I'm Drunk and I'm Stupid", "Slut" and other stuff that was kind of Jonathan Richman inspired new wave stuff.

MRR: Tell me about the Vomit Pigs CD-R.

AT: When I discovered I could make my own CD-Rs with a computer, the CD-r became my scapbook of the VPs–All the "studio" recordings, plus what I considered the best of some poorly recorded cassettes. And I gave them to all the VPs I could find, Roy, Eddie, and Doug, and a few others

Then, I somehow deluded myself into thinking that if the single was worth $200—then a CD-R of the single PLUS some other stuff—would be intersting to collectors and so forth. So I kinda shopped it around, and it met with almost universal indifference. Seems to me that the true VP fans only like the three fast songs from the EP and not the other goofy shit.

We might be doing something with an Italian record label though.

MRR: What are the remaining Vomit Pigs up to these days?

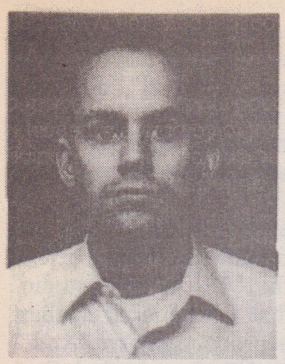
AT: Chris likes to frighten people at furniture stores, Roy runs a large construction company, Eddie teaches high school, Doug works as a commercial insulator, I'm a flunky for a multinational manufacturer of telecommuncations equipment. David Williams is in Austin doing something, Russell Flemming is in Arlington—I think.

MRR: Where can we contact you, and what else do you want to mention??

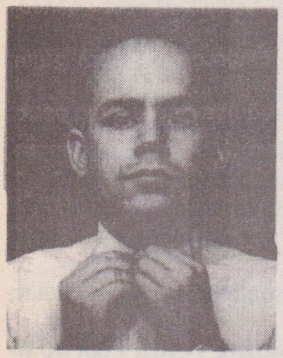
AT: Email me at artie@glowingduck.com and you can check these sites often—they DO change—for more on the VPs:
http://glowingduck.com/veepee.htm
http://www.mp3.com/thevomitpigs
http://www.breakmyface.com/bands/vomitpigs.html
http://www.stickmenwithrayguns.com (Credit for pics)

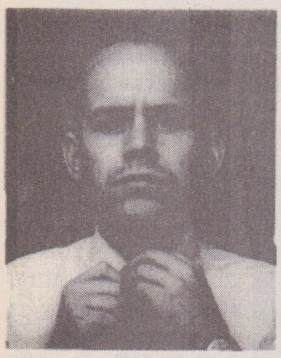
VOMIT PIGS DISCOGRAPHY

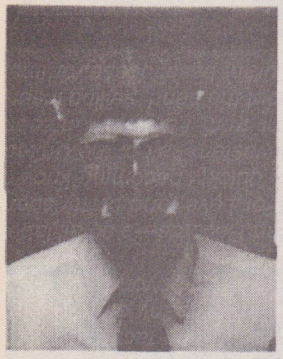
- VP's EP: Take One (Bad Wreckords 1978)
- "Baby's Playing Games" included on *Bloodstains Across Texas*
- "Useless Eater" included on *Killed By Death #10*
- "My Face Is On Your Lunchbox" on *Are We Too Late For The Trend?* LP (ESR 1979)
- Vomit Pigs/Superman's Girlfriend split EP (EV 1994) This EP contained three of the four songs from the *Take One* EP
- "Hypo" + "Bomb The Arabs" on *Unquestionably Late For The Trend* (EV 1996)

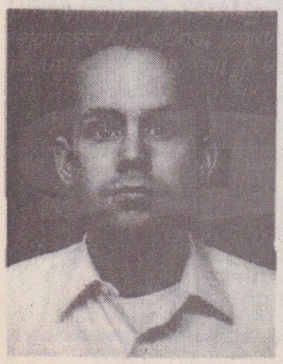


JOSHUA PEACH









Interview by Mike Thorn.

MRR: We're going to start off. You're supposed to tell me a little bit about yourself and how you got in to punk rock and also how you got into taking photos and why you do photos instead of other forms of artistic expression?

Joshua: Well, I'd have to say that I got into punk rock around 1987 through skateboarding. I had skater friends and I'd go to their houses and listen to music. Through them, I started listening to bands like the DEAD KENNEDYS, BAD BRAINS, and 7 SECONDS. When I started high school I met some other kids that were also skaters, through them i got introduced to New York City hardcore. I got into taking photos because I wanted to document what was going on at shows. I would go to shows and get really excited by the energy and the experience of just being there. I wanted a visual record of bands that I had seen, trying to capture some of those moments.

MRR: Do you take photos of more than just bands?

Joshua: Yes.

MRR: Would you say that you got into taking photographs just from being involved in punk or was it something that you wanted to do before? Were the two not connected initially or were they always connected?

Joshua: I'd say that I've always been interested in art to some extent. I went to an arts impact high school. I immersed myself in fine arts classes, just trying to find a medium I felt comfortable with. I always thought painting and drawing was where I should be, but I never felt quite competent enough and just ended up frustrated. Photography wasn't something that I had to struggle with as much as other forms of artistic expression.

MRR: What are the big influences on your photography, whether it be other photographers or methods other photographers use? And other influences, in general.

Joshua: As far as photography/visual art, I'm definitely inspired by the fusion of politics and art, especially protest art. I'm just interested in doing more with visual representation then just taking a picture. I want somehow to join the two, aesthetic and belief. It's definitely something that I struggle with. Specific artists I gain inspiration from include Barbara Kruger, Stella Marrs, Ralph Eugene Meatyard, Garry Winogrand, Robert Rauschenburg, and Cindy Sherman. As far as influences...I'm definitely influenced by other photographers, especially punk rock/hardcore photographers or people who...that's where they started, such as Cynthia Connolly or Glen E. Friedman. Definitely, the first time I went to New York City, I got this zine *Intermission* done by Justine Demetrick and that really got me excited. Here was a zine that documented all these bands that I liked but never got a chance to see live. It was nice to have a visual to connect to the music.

MRR: Well, tying into you wanting to put some influence of political beliefs in your photography...how do you balance the fact that you have strong animal rights beliefs and that you're vegan with photography being a gelatin based medium?

Joshua: That's definitely a hard one that I've thought about a lot. It's not something easily rectified. We live in a world where most things are processed and through many of those processes comes animal cruelty in some form or another. I guess it basically comes down to what you're comfortable with, and what I'm comfortable with. I try to the best of my ability not to participate in things that cause suffering to other animals or human beings for that matter. So, it is a compromise since most film is gelatin based. I've definitely thought about the advancement of digital cameras lately. But my problems with those cameras is the image resolution is terrible and you don't have the control that you do with a manual film camera. And there is just something about being able to hold a photograph in your hand and just look at it and be pretty amazed by it, as well as the whole process that made it.

MRR: I never thought about that until I read an interview with Glen E. Friedman where he talked about that and him being vegan and how he is really conscious about not wasting film. Is that something that you are conscious of or are you sort of just "point/shoot?"

Joshua: I definitely don't for the most part, just hold my camera up and just click away. I try to gain some sort of composition when I'm taking pictures of bands, and definitely with non-band stuff. But the hard thing with taking pictures of live bands is you have to be ready for the moment the action occurs. Occasionally you just have to throw your camera up there and hope that it turns out. I definitely see a lot of people taking pictures at shows and they will just put their camera up above their head and just point it wherever. I think that usually is a waste of film. Sometimes it can work and you can come out with something rad that you can work with, but it's such a thing of luck . So, yeah, I definitely try to compose as much as possible in a live setting.

MRR: What kind of equipment do you use and why? I think other people would be curious in the same way peo-

ple are curious about what sort of amp people use to get "beefy" sounds.
(laughter)
Joshua: When I first started taking pictures, which was probably around 10th grade, I just went to the local used camera store and didn't know what the hell I was looking for. I knew I wanted a single lens reflex 35 mm camera. So, I just kind of talked to the people at the store. Being a kid I didn't have a lot of money so they set me up with this low end Minolta with a flash. As time went on, I wasn't always happy with the quality of the pictures I was taking. I think your quality of lens affects your images and I used to shoot with really cheapo, no-name brand lenses. I had a friend who is a professional photographer in New York, so I just asked her for advice on what was a good basic camera. I didn't need anything fancy. I didn't want anything digital or automatic, just a straight manual camera. She suggested the Nikon FE. So, in a round-about way of answering the question, my current set up is a Nikon FE with a 28mm wide-angle lens and a Nikon Speedlight flash. I've been shooting with that lately.

MRR: What was your worst photo experience at a show?
Joshua: This will explain why I finally got my new set up. The worst photo experience was taking photos at a TRAGATELO show. I was taking pictures of KONTRAATTAQUE and out of nowhere this guy from the side of the pit just started running straight through the pit, wall of death style. He ends up knocking into people who end up knocking into me and my flash just flies off the camera and totally smashes on the concrete floor, batteries going everywhere. The flash still worked but was completely unusable due to the thrashed hot shoe. So, it was not a very exciting experience to have your camera equipment get blown up while you're taking pictures.

MRR: Do you ever take random pictures of people? Also, do you ask bands or people on the street or whatever if it's ok for you to take their picture?
Joshua: Usually, I think it is an understood thing with punk/hardcore bands that people may take their pictures. There was an instance once where a band I was photographing asked people to quit taking pictures. I have to respect their wishes, so I stopped, regardless of whether I wanted to stop shooting or not. It's definitely a hard question, as far as getting people's consent before taking their picture. It's hard because you want to catch people in their natural state of being or capture the moment before people are conscious of the camera. I don't want to photograph people who don't want to have their pictures taken, I want to respect that. There's just such a fine line to walk. I haven't had a situation so far where I've taken someone's picture and gotten punched in the face for it. That might definitely make me think twice it. Street photography is something that I've always been interested in but I haven't pursued a lot. That kind of involves taking photos in the moment and dealing with the consequences later, whether people are ok with having their image captured or not.

MRR: Any closing thoughts or words of advice for people who want to get into taking pictures?
Joshua: I would say just go buy a good used camera. A low-end Nikon is good. Just a quality camera that is well known. Whether it be Pentax or Minolta, just something to get started on. It probably is good to invest a little bit of money if it is something you think you are going to be into for the long run. Just get out there and really read your instruction manual backwards and forwards several times so that you really know how your camera operates. I think mastering the technical aspect of taking pictures is the first part and then the conceptual, visual, aesthetic part comes second. Because if you don't have good exposures, even if you've captured the raddest picture in the world it's not going to matter if you can't print it. Keep shooting, because no one can take a million great pictures on one roll. It just takes time to get to know what you like to shoot and how you do it.

FORMER MEMBERS OF ALFONSIN

LIFES HALT

TRAGATELO

TRAGEDY

MILEMARKER

TALK IS POISON

SUBMISSION HOLD

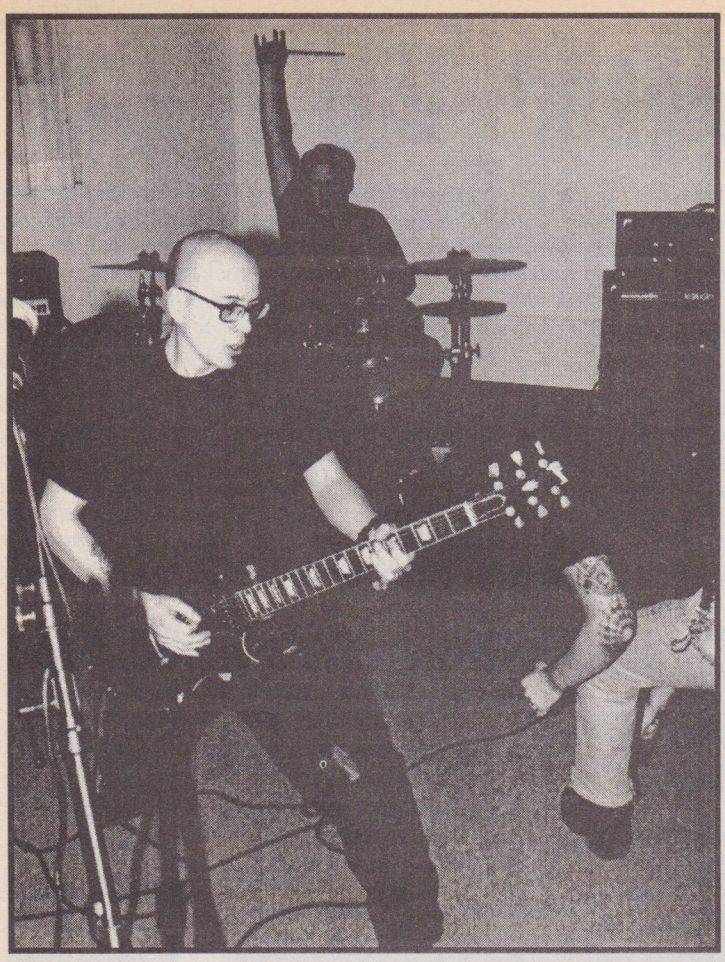
TOTAL FURY

MIDNIGHT EVILS

Punk and rock and roll has always been dirty and sleazy and unkempt, and the Evils play some of the dirtiest, meanest, rawest, smokiest punk rock in the icy Midwest. This might lead you to believe that The Evils are your typical tough-guy assholes with way too much to prove. To walk up and chat with these guys will prove you dead wrong. A Midnight Evils show, with its loud, tight rock action tearin' you a new asshole, is delivered with the cockiness and swagger of a monsters-of-rock band, but it's delivered by four guys who are extremely friendly, down to earth and in keeping with what punk rock is all about. The fact that these guys can actually play their instruments gets them way too many comparisons to the Hellacopters or Zeke or many other bands composed of guitarphiles, but it's just not the truth. The Evils have some flashy guitar licks, but crank it up nicely beyond sounding like anyone else. They're unmistakably the MIDNIGHT EVILS!

The Midnight Evils have been rocking it out in relative obscurity for quite some time. However, Dart Records—a small label in Fargo, North Dakota—released their first single Powerhead and the following single, Ain't Got Time For Love, and pretty soon the message of The Midnight Evils took over the land. The Evils get better with every show, and they're quickly becoming known as a sure thing when you're in the mood for a rock-fueled, crazy, drunken party. They've been out to the western half of the United States twice and people outside of their home state of Minnesota are starting to catch on. Phil Hunt from Fargo's Yahtzeen (www.yahtzeen.com), drank late into the night with The Evils members Curan, Jesse and Steve to talk about the band, selling insurance, size, weight, and why Curan has so much hair growing on his head and face. Midnight Evils is: Curan, bass; Jesse, drums; John, vocals; Steve, guitar.

MRR: How long has it been since your last haircut, Curan?
Curan: It all comes down to me having no money. I want to get a haircut so fucking bad. I can't fork out the seven bucks to get it. I think I'm going to get the Flowbee.
Steve: Dude, your hair is takin' over your face.
Curan: I just shaved the sideburns like three or four weeks ago. They keep growin' out.
MRR: Steve, when was the last time you got your haircut?
Steve: I picked it clean about three days ago.
MRR: So what's John doing tonight?
Curan: He doesn't do anything. This is our second interview and it's the second one he's missed.
Steve: He's too rock star for this shit.
MRR: You guys started getting a ton of attention when you came out with the first single. How did you get hooked up with Dart Records?
Curan: I've been friends with Justin for a long time from previous bands. He just talked about getting a label going and we hooked up from there.
Steve: We just knew that Justin was going to do a fuckin' amazing record label. So we had to fucking go with him.
MRR: You mention previous bands? What bands are those?
Jesse: A whole lotta shit.
Curan: Nothing that anyone would recognize.
MRR: I think some people might recognize Curan's old band.
Curan: I don't think so.
MRR: Isn't there a record that just came out on Very Small Records that you appear on?
Curan: I don't know that for sure. I heard about it, but I haven't seen it.
MRR: Are you going to give us any details?
Curan: There's not much to say about it. (laughter) We like the rock though.
Steve: That's all this fuckin' dude can say is "we like the rock."
MRR: How long have you been a band?
Curan: Since early 1997.
MRR: What happened to your other guitarist, Joel?
Steve: He was the rhythm guitar player, and one of the founding fathers of the Midnight Evils. He sold out to corporate America!
Curan: That will make him look really good in *Maximum Rock and Roll*!
Jesse: He designs pacemakers.
Steve: No. He didn't sell out. He got a job that pays really well and he'd be stupid to stick around in a two-bit band when he can make that kind of money.
MRR: How many members are founding members?
Steve: Just me.
MRR: Curan wasn't a founding member?



Steve: No.

MRR: He was a early member right?

Steve: He was in the band pretty early. So was John.

MRR: Who was in the band at the beginning?

Steve: It was me, Joel and Nate Rodell, our old drummer. We had different dudes come and jam on bass all the time. (To Curan) What was that one dude's name?

Curan: (To Steve) I don't know. (Back to *MRR*) John told me this story about one of their old bass players. They were practicing one day and this guy says "Hey man! While we're rockin, we should turn out all the lights and turn the strobe light on." (Everyone laughs) John was like, "I want this dude out of the band."

MRR: Were you called the Midnight Evils back then?

Steve: No, we weren't called the Midnight Evils till we had our first show in Fargo. We had to come up with a name when we played with the Spaceshits.

Curan: We were just going to use it for one show. We were like, "it's one show. It's nothing permanent. We'll think of a better name when we're done with this show." But we never thought of anything better.

MRR: You sound like you don't like the name. I think it's pretty good.

Curan: I think it's a good name now. I didn't like it at the time. At the time I thought it was horrible.

MRR: You just finished a tour of the Western US right?

Curan: Yeah, we went out there for a little bit. Some shows were good, some were bad. It was the first time we went out there. Overall it went really well and people were nice.

MRR: Would you rather play the hometown crowds?

Curan: I think it's cool going out of town. Just because you don't know anybody. It seems when you play in town, everyone there is your friends. That's alright, but it's two different things, you know? I like going out and playing in front of people you don't know. They don't know what you sound like and the first time you play a new area you don't know how it's going to go over. Most of the places we've played, we've gone over really well.

MRR: Do you have any interest in hitting the East Coast? Is there anything happening over there?

Curan: We're gonna hit the West Coast again first, and then we'll see if we can get something lined up over there in the Spring.

MRR: What's the shadiest place you've ever played?

Curan: We played this one place in Minneapolis that was a country bar. We didn't know what kind of music they had there and they didn't know what kind of music we were. We were booked with another band. Jesse ended up getting into a fight with the owner. We played our first song and after we saw the crowd, we said "geez, I don't know if anyone is going to like us," because they were all dressed in cowboy hats and boots and stuff. So we play our first song, and we had our amps on turned up half way, and people were screaming at us to turn it down. So finally, we turned it down to about a quarter of the normal volume and the bartender started yelling and he said, "If you guys don't turn it down I'm gonna kick your ass." And Jesse said "I'm gonna kick *your* ass if you don't shut the hell up." We did the rest of our set with no breaks and then we left. We didn't get paid a dime. They asked us nicely if we would never call there for a show again and we gladly agreed.

MRR: Word has it that you might be doing an album with Devil Doll Records. Is that true?

Curan: Yeah.

Steve: It's getting wrapped up.

MRR: The album's getting wrapped up?

Jesse: No, the contract.

Steve: Our people have gotten to their people.

Curan: Our people? That would be us. We got to them. We're pretty excited about it. Devil Doll was one of the record labels we wanted to get on, so we're pretty excited and we're going to record in November or December and hopefully get it out in the Spring.

MRR: Will Devil Doll hook you up with some touring mates?

Curan: I don't know what's going to happen yet. There's some talk, but we're planning on going out by ourselves in the Spring unless something good comes along.

MRR: Who are you going to record with?

Curan: We're recording with Dave Gardner from Selby Tigers... Hopefully. He's recorded a lot of good bands.

Jesse: You know what? The guy who recorded the *Powerhead* 7 inch recorded the WWF Rock theme.(everyone laughs)

Curan: He did?

MRR: What was that guy's name?

Jesse: Adam "Laslow" Kotowski.

MRR: Is "the rock theme" some song that WWF plays at the beginning of their show or something?

Jesse: No. It's the theme song for the wrestler "The Rock."

Curan: We're recording with all sorts of famous people.

Jesse: Jim Zespy kicks ass.

MRR: Jim Zespy is the guy who recorded the second seven inch, right?

Curan: Yeah, the *Ain't Got Time for Love* 7" is really high quality. That record turned out really good.

Steve: It turned out bitchingly well.

MRR: Are you happy with *Powerhead*?

Steve: *Powerhead* has its good points. It's recorded fairly well, but it's too clean and sterilized for us.

MRR: What's going to happen with Dart? They put out your first records. Are you leaving them for good?

Curan: We,ll keep doing stuff with Dart. We love Dart very much. We'll keep putting stuff out if Justin wants to keep doing it.

Steve: Hopefully we can keep putting stuff out on Dart because they helped us out a lot. There aren't any other labels out there that would cut us the slack that Dart has.

Curan: Yeah. We're from Minneapolis, and it was hard getting something started there. It was cool hooking up with Dart, being a label from Fargo, ND.

Steve: What's cool about Dart being from Fargo?
Curan: I'm just saying it's cool that they helped us out.
Steve: (laughing) It's cool that even though they're from fucking three hours away...
Curan: No. It's cool that they gave us a chance. We're not from there or anything.
MRR: Do people think that you're from Fargo?
Curan: Yeah, we hear it, see it, read it all the time. People say "yeah Midnight Evils are a rock and roll band from Fargo." Our first single had Dart's address and that's where everyone assumed we were from.
Steve: Yeah but now we say we're from Minneapolis, even though we aren't from Minneapolis either.
Jesse: Yeah, nobody lives there anymore. (laughter)
Curan: We're from St. Cloud. It's about an hour away from Minneapolis.
Steve: We're from fuckin' everywhere. We're coming out of your TV set.
MRR: Are you moving to St. Cloud, Jesse?
Jesse: Eventually.
MRR: Where do you live now?
Jesse: Watertown, South Dakota.
MRR: Are you living with your parents?
Jesse: Yep. (everyone laughs)
Steve: Curan, where are you living?
Curan: I'm doing the same thing. I live with my parents so I can play rock and roll.
MRR: Where does John live?
Curan: He lives in St. Paul.
Jesse: He works at Cheapo Records and he's also living with his mom.
MRR: So everyone in the band lives with their parents?
Steve: I live in my sister's basement! (laughs) But I pay rent. It's where we're allowed to practice.
MRR: Do you think it would be easier to be in a band if you weren't from Minnesota? Would you guys rather be in a bigger city with more stuff going on?
Steve: I think that's always the case. Minneapolis is fuckin' nowhere man. You have to go so far to catch another show outside of Minnesota.
Curan: Right now for local stuff in Minneapolis, it's not what it was ten years ago. There was so much stuff coming out back then. There's still a lot of good bands, it's just that there's about half as many as there used to be. That makes it tougher too. When there's a lot of good bands, the scene is stronger. Right now it's a good scene, but it's a tough one too.
MRR: How big is Jesse?
Curan: He's 6 foot 8.
Steve: He's 6 foot 8, 400 pounds and he breathes fire.
Curan: People see Jesse playing drums and we'll never get messed with.
MRR: You used to sell insurance didn't you Jesse?
Jesse: Mmm hmmm. I made a lot of money and I have nothing to show for it. I got myself a bass drum pedal.
MRR: How long did you sell insurance?
Jesse: Seven or eight months. When I was nineteen.
MRR: Do a lot of people think a 19 year old kid who sells insurance is a weird thing?
Jesse: No they just like to fuck with you. I was selling in rural South Dakota, and you go into these farmers, stores and talk to these old guys. You ask them if you can have a meeting with them and they say, "Alright. Tomorrow morning at 5:00." So I'd have to get up at about 2:30 to get ready to go.
MRR: Did you have to wear a suit.
Jesse: Mmm hmm.
MRR: Did you have to wear it all the time?
Jesse: Not all the time. I dealt with a lot of farmers and most farmers don't wear suits. I'd have to just wear a shirt and a tie.
MRR: Did they wear overalls?
Jesse: Yeah.
MRR: What do you guys sing about in your songs?
Steve: I got a song about dirt track racing. A lot of songs about drinking. That's about the span of my shit.
Curan: John's are about drugs (laughs).
MRR: What does Jesse write about?
Curan: Jesse doesn't write about anything. Thank God.
MRR: Didn't he write "Ain't got time for love"?
Curan: He didn't write the lyrics. John and Steve wrote them in the studio. While Jim (Zespy) went out to get more tape. He said that he was just going to be gone a few minutes and he was gone for fucking three hours. It worked out though. That tune was the A side of the seven inch. We worked on it the whole time he was gone. We work good under pressure.
MRR: That song wasn't finished before you recorded it?
Curan: No.
Steve: Jesse had the music basically worked out. He eight-tracked it and then played it for us.
Curan: When Dart asked us to do another seven inch we were just going to do the songs that we had and then we'd pick them out later. We didn't even plan on recording "Ain't Got Time for Love." Jim Zespy, who recorded it, had to step out for a few hours so we just started working on that tune. When we got done recording we thought that that was the best one for the seven inch.
Steve: It worked out good. John had bits of lyrics and I just filled in the gaps and it worked somehow.
Curan: John and Steve write most most of the shit. Jesse contributes here and there.
MRR: I hate this question like a motherfucker, but I guess it helps people get an idea of where you're coming from. So who do you think you're influenced by?
Curan: AC/DC.
Steve: Well of course, that one's pretty obvious.
Curan: Between the four of us we have a pretty big span of shit that we listen to. AC/DC to MC5, to fucking Hanoi Rocks to Ramones.
Steve: Our music isn't really directly influenced by any bands. We basically play what works out between us.
Steve: There was this one girl in Des Moines, Iowa. She fucking walks up to Curan, dead serious and says: "You're Korn aren't you?" God, I laughed my nuts off for about a week!
Curan: She thought my name was "Corn." She didn't think I was in Korn (Much laughter).
MRR: Corn Folsom? With a name like Curan, you have to get so much shit about your name.
Curan: One time we were in Green Bay, and I was talkin' to this lady, and the next time she saw us she was like, "hey, you're Corn right?" And I was like, no no no no. It's Curan!
MRR: Who the hell would think someone's name was Corn?
Steve: Cu-ran, Cu-ran the ladies man!
MRR: Let's wrap up. What are you going to do next?
Steve: We just want to keep playing.
Curan: We want to get out and keep touring. There are so many places we haven't been yet.
Steve: We just want to put out more records and keep rockin'.
For more info on the Evils, check out the following websites: www.devildollrecords.com & www.dartrecords.com

FUN PEOPLE

Nobody who has seen Fun People from Buenos Aires, Argentina live can deny that they are one of the most incredible live bands ever. And the singer is blessed with the most versatile, amazing voice ever to grace the punk/hardcore scene. Fun People have been around for eleven years, and have four US tours, one European tour, and countless others in South America under their belt– also, contrary to what was said in the interview, they are not breaking up– so you can look for them to tour for years to come. Translated from Spanish– so the wording may seem akward at times, this interview was conducted in a warm Chicago apartment with the singer, Nekro, on their latest U.S. tour. Interview and photos by Kim Bae.

MRR: Let's start with some general information. When did Fun People start and why?

Nekro: Fun People was born in 1989 with another name. We were called Anesthesia. We just wanted to have fun, nothing more. We didn't have equipment and just recently acquired microphones and equipment. Personally I see it as a way of releasing tensions, releasing things that you want to say – trying to find diversion. This was my first band. Getting to know punk rock and things like that I learned no one can stop you – you can do what you want, you can say what you want.

MRR: And in the beginning, the first records were released on another label?

Nekro: Yeah, we did a tape in '91, a demo. We didn't have the money to put it out on vinyl and also there weren't any good labels around back then. Punk rock or hardcore labels didn't really exist. Then we did another one in '93 and in '95 we did our first record, Anesthesia, put out by a label called Frostbite. It was a positive experience but then the band began to grow in popularity and that label – we did the first LP, the Desarme 7", and the Kum-Kum LP with them – lied to us about how many records they were selling. That was really intense for us because we were friends with the people from the label. It was really sad. But from that arose the idea of doing things for ourselves. We started our own label, Ugly Records. The first record was a split 7" with a band called She-Devils which Esneider from Huasipungo helped us out with a lot. To do that I had to work a lot. My girlfriend Eugenia and I said, "What should we do? Go on vacation or put out the record?" And after that we put out the "Toda Niño Sensible..." LP. Then we put out stuff by other bands from other countries like G3 and Los Crudos, started helping other bands with distribution, etc.

MRR: This decision to start your own label, do you see that as something done out of necessity or desire?

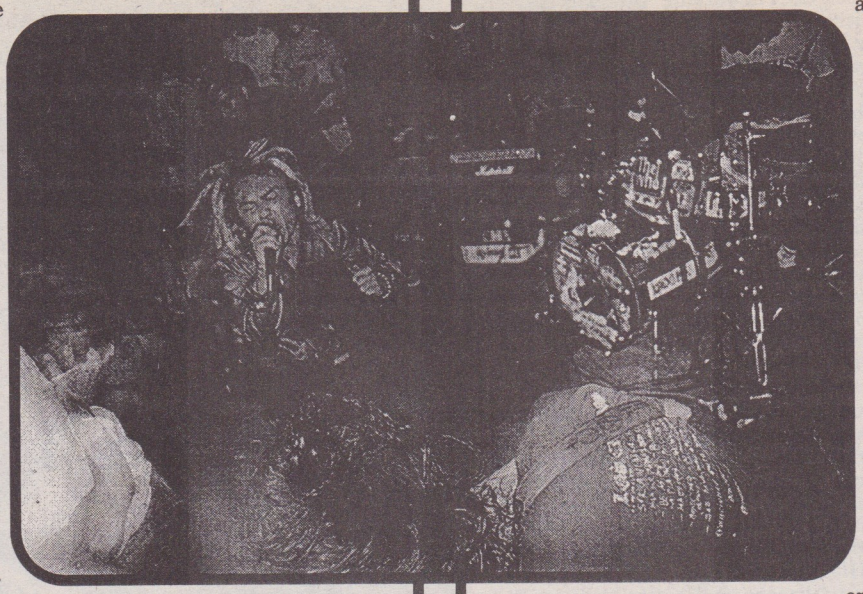
Nekro: It was basically a matter of self-defense. In Argentina, now there are about 4 or 5 labels and you can put out a record on a big label and have it done well. But back then we only had the choice between doing a record with a multinational company, which we didn't want to do, or not at all. So when we wanted to do more records we had to put them out ourselves. It gave others the initiative to also do things that way. Things are really different there. Maybe it seems stupid or backwards compared to what people are doing in the US or Europe but in Argentina or South America, everything is years behind. In Argentina there aren't labels like Ebullition in the US that has good distribution that sells everything for cheap and can distribute their stuff all over the world. Imagine six years ago – there was absolutely nothing.

MRR: So did you have to use more commercial channels like the radio and magazines?

Nekro: Well, we did video clips and sent material to all different types of radio stations. They always accepted our material and we never had to pay a peso for any of that. For example, our videos appeared on Much Music, a show on MTV Argentina. And this was great because a lot of people would come to our shows and would find not only Ugly or Fun People records but also a lot of fanzines and people from the punk community. Things began growing that way, very rapidly. It was fantastic. A lot of people when we began to appear on MTV said, "No, Fun People are commercial." Now we have a lot of friends and supporters but back then it caused me a lot of grief. We are always careful that our videos carry a message.

MRR: Do you think that people in general understand these messages?

Nekro: Yes, of course. South America is very strange. Much Music plays videos from pretty much any underground band. It's not like MTV here. Like on MTV Brazil you can see Fugazi videos. We really feel like people listen to what we have to say. Of course there are always people at the shows that just want to dance or get drunk.



MRR: Well, for example, a band like Rage Against the Machine has a very strong, obvious message. But it seems like people sing along to their lyrics without...

Nekro: It's stupid because they're part of a company that collaborates with everything they sing against.

MRR: Also it's like people who go to see them will sing along with their lyrics when they see them live but don't think about them otherwise.

Nekro: I think that someone out there must be listening. I never listened to them but the image of Che Guevara is very strong in South America. It's better to see Che Guevara's face on a record cover than Henry Ford's. The Clash, for example, I got into punk through them and I was like, "Wow! It's so great that they're talking about these things!" If their records weren't on CBS they never would have made it to Argentina. If their records never made it to Argentina maybe there never would have been bands like Los Violadores and if they'd never existed, Fun People never would have existed. When a political band signs to a multinational label they do lose something though. It doesn't make sense because they're helping everything they're complaining about. Fun People has always had the opportunity to sign with labels like EMI, CBS, and Polygram, but we always said we weren't interested. When our first LP came out, Polygram offered to sign us, to give us $40,000 just for signing. Imagine – that was a shitload of money for us back then. Two of the people in the band didn't have financial problems but the guitarist at the time, Lucas, and I were very poor. I didn't have a place to live – I wasn't homeless but was living in various illegal squats. They weren't like squats in Europe or the US. They were really rough places. If the police found you in a place like that you would go to jail for 3 years- just like that. If I had accepted that money from Polygram I could have lived in an apartment of my own. And when we said no, it came out in the newspapers. "Fun People, a punk band turned down a record deal, whoa, why did they do that?" They went to me grandmother's house to interview me and asked me why we didn't want to sign. And I said- for nothing more than our principles. It was really intense because nobody could believe it. A lot of people started to help us out because they saw that we were generating something different than just rock-n-roll. All the other DIY punk rock bands signed when they had the chance and we were the first to say no. That was great because we showed that you could do your own records, to do tours like we had all over the world without anybody's help, that a lot of people will come, without the rock business people in the middle who want to control everything. I don't know if you remember when you were there with Los Crudos but there were like 2000 people at the show, all the people at the door weren't rented security - they were our friends. We rented all the equipment, rented the place - we did everything. We always do all the work ourselves. I think that's the best thing that Fun People brought to the Argentinean scene- we showed that you can do things like that without waiting for someone else to do it or without signing some contract. It was great to see us achieve that without knocking on any doors.

MRR: For you guys its almost impossible to play in smaller, more intimate places now isn't it?

Nekro: No, 3 months ago we played in a club, on the floor for 60-70 people. It was close to Buenos Aires but in a suburb where there are no buses. A lot of people were afraid of going there. I mean, not all of our shows are huge. In Buenos Aires they are but otherwise there could be maybe 200 or 300 people. On tour in Brazil or the US we'll play for 20-30 people. For me it;s always great whether we play for 1 person or 5000. In Europe we played a show in the Basque country. It was a benefit for the families of people from ETA who have been imprisoned. There were 15,000 people and the day before we had played for 30 people.

MRR: 300 people would be a huge show in the U.S. And I remember at some shows in Chile and Argentina there were at times 800 or 1000 people. That doesn't make you feel like a rockstar or anything?

Nekro: There are people at every show who come up and ask us questions or people who want autographs or take photos. I never wanted it to come to the point where people are idolizing me- I'm not looking for that. When people ask me for an autograph I'll write my email address or draw them a little picture. Some people won't do that because they think it's rockstar bullshit. But someone who says to me that what I talk about in a song is something that has happened to him or her and we talk, the email address or whatever is just like a memory of the time we spent together. Of course with tons of people at a show it's difficult to have conversations like that.

MRR: Now that you've toured four times here in the US and once in Europe, how do you feel? Is it like realizing a dream you've had for years?

Nekro: Yes. I always looked more forward to Europe more than the US because I really like the European scene. All the squats, the Spanish punk bands, etc. Coming to the U.S. for the first time though was incredible. Touring in Argentina was very hard. You know the movie Another State of Mind, well Argentina is much worse that that. You saw it- there aren't any resources, there isn't a network. What it is like in the US and Europe, in Argentina it's 20 years behind. You always lose a lot of money but you do it anyway. We went to Bolivia to play 2 shows and we spent two days in the van without maps, taking dirt roads the whole way and drinking Coke because there was nothing to eat. But when we arrived and played the shows it was amazing. Touring in Uruguay or Brazil- there is nothing more beautiful. The only thing I wish Fun People had done was an entire Latin American tour- Belize, Panama, Ecuador, Columbia, but whatever, I'll do it with the next band. And I would love to play places like Indonesia and Malaysia. We toured in the US and Europe and wanted to go to Japan and Australia but didn't. There are some things I liked and some I didn't. Its one thing to listen to records and sing along but its another to meet the people in the bands you listen to. Sometimes it's difficult. There are a lot of sad memories. But yes, it is like a dream. I never thought I'd ever succeed in putting out a tape or having some equipment to amplify my voice or that I'd be talking to you in Chicago on the fourth U.S. tour and that the last F.P. LP is right here, that we'd be on compilations in Japan, Peru, Spain, etc. Maybe it's easy to do a band in the US but there no. I'm really thankful for the kind of life I have and the level the band is at.

MRR: But after this tour Fun People is breaking up right?

Nekro: Yeah, when we return to Argentina we might play one more show but. . . its already over with. I'm a little sad but I'm also content because I love the songs I have and the things I'm going to do. I've managed to succeed and now I want to end this and start something new. I could continue like this with Fun People - a lot of people would keep coming to the shows and buying the records but I like adventure. Maybe only two people will like (my new project) Boom-Boom Kid but who cares?

MRR: Do you have other projects you're working on?

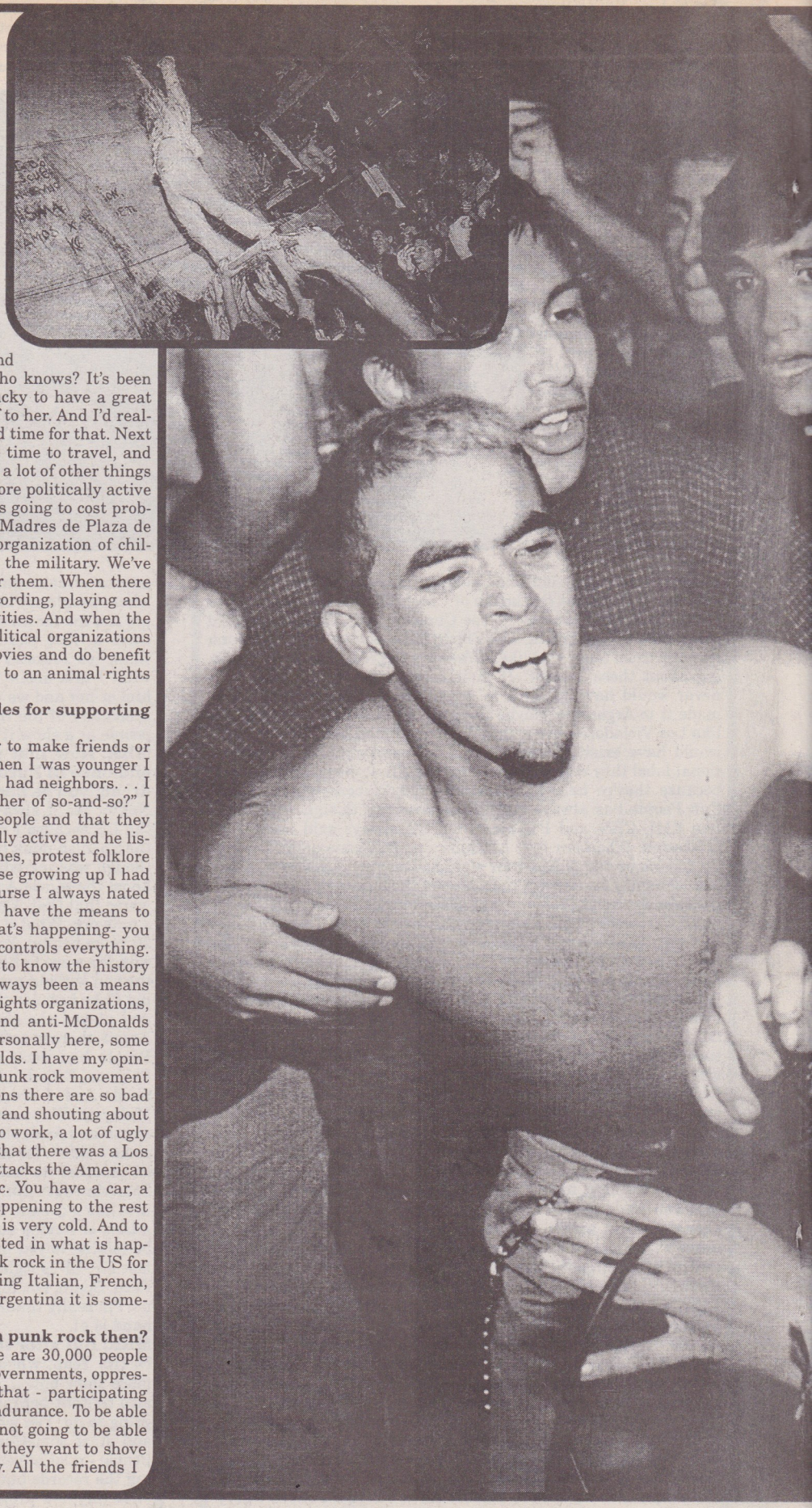
Nekro: I did a comic called "About Sun, Fire, and Water" and I wrote a book too. I'm working on a tour diary book like Richard Hell or Henry Rollins about all the Fun People tours up to now. I have a musical project that is a completely different kind of music- its tango, bolero and its called Il Carlo. The songs are proper tango and bolero played by older women who know how to play the style well. Next year a record might come out. It's a completely different scene- Its older people. After that the next project is called Boom-Boom Kid, it's hardcore/new wave. We'll have a 7" out within the month. And next year record an LP and do a tour in Europe. And there's a guy in Germany who said he wanted to do an acoustic record with me. My girlfriend and I would like to travel and maybe I could have a band here in the US - who knows? It's been really difficult to maintain my social life. I'm lucky to have a great partner but it's really difficult to dedicate myself to her. And I'd really like to travel, surf, and skate more. I never had time for that. Next year I'll record, maybe tour and then take some time to travel, and spend more time with my friends. There are also a lot of other things I've been putting to the side. I'd like to have a more politically active life. This last show we're playing in Argentina its going to cost probably $6-7. Fifty percent of the money will go to Madres de Plaza de Mayo and fifty percent to HIJOS, which is an organization of children of people who have been "disappeared" by the military. We've always tried to do a benefit show every year for them. When there wasn't so much going on with the band with recording, playing and touring, I had much more time for my own activities. And when the band started getting bigger we always asked political organizations to come and distribute flyers or talk or play movies and do benefit shows. Part of the royalties of the last LP will go to an animal rights group.

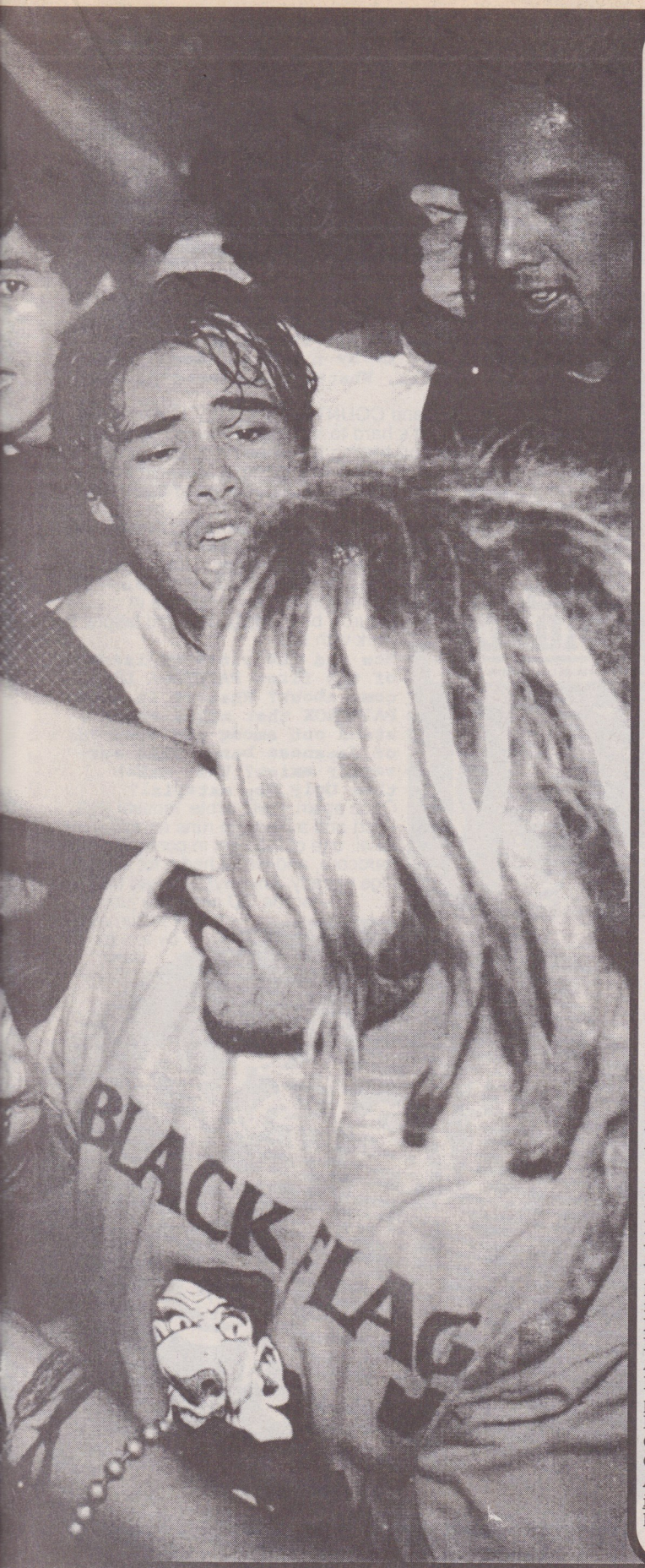
MRR: So the band and the music are vehicles for supporting groups like this?

Nekro: Absolutely. The band isn't just for fun or to make friends or travel. I feel like it's an obligation to myself. When I was younger I realized that this nation that I lived in. . . that I had neighbors. . . I would ask, "what happened to that guy, the father of so-and-so?" I knew that strange things were happening to people and that they were never to return. My father was also politically active and he listened to music that was prohibited in those times, protest folklore singers. And that really touched my heart because growing up I had friends whose families were destroyed and of course I always hated to see injustice. So now it's a commitment. If I have the means to help out a lot of people and also talk about what's happening- you know very well that the media manipulates and controls everything. They don't want people to know what happened, to know the history or even what's happening now. The band has always been a means for me, personally, to diffuse the ideas of animal rights organizations, vegetarianism, punk rock, political activities, and anti-McDonalds demonstrations. I'm talking about for myself personally here, some of the other guys from Fun People eat at McDonalds. I have my opinions and the others respect that. Right now the punk rock movement is really growing in South America. The conditions there are so bad and getting worse that people are forming bands and shouting about things they cannot express otherwise. There is no work, a lot of ugly things are happening. Its super important to me that there was a Los Crudos, that you, an American, speaks out and attacks the American "Way of Life." Society here is very individualistic. You have a car, a house, a family, money- you don't care what's happening to the rest of the world. I know that in the US the attitude is very cold. And to see people that are from the US that are interested in what is happening outside of their country - wow, that is punk rock in the US for me. That someone like you is interested in learning Italian, French, Spanish - that is punk rock, here in the US. In Argentina it is something else. In Indonesia it's also something else.

MRR: According to you, what is Argentinean punk rock then?

Nekro: It always has to keep in mind that there are 30,000 people disappeared. You always have to deal with shit governments, oppression. You always have to be screaming against that - participating and helping out the situation. You have to have endurance. To be able to endure their shit is one way of saying, "You're not going to be able to fuck with us." To escape from the system that they want to shove you in - that's Argentinean punk rock in a way. All the friends I





have now I met through punk and skateboarding. In Argentina football (soccer) is very popular and if you don't like it you must be a "fag" or an idiot or snob. But I always liked skating because it would just be me and the picnic table or whatever and I could get to know a different crowd of people. And I liked violating spaces that were supposed to be private. It was a way of liberating myself, kind of like I do with music. Also surfing along with skating and music are the most important things in the world like the sun, the air, the land, the water, and love.

MRR: I know that Emiliano's (a friend of Nekro) father was killed by the Argentinean military and it seemed like almost everybody I met in Argentina had something similar to deal with. What is the situation like now?

Nekro: Speaking just of the 30,000 disappeared, the military, the International Monetary Fund (IMF) and everyone else who helped them: the Argentinean fascists and nationalists, the right AND left wing have all contributed to the slaughter. But they have not completely succeeded in their task. Because I am here saying that I want to change things, that there is an Emiliano, HIJOS, and a lot of other people that are saying, "That will never happen again! They cannot kill us!" They can disappear our loved ones, take them away physically, but spiritually they are very much alive inside of us. And their ideas - a lot of artists were disappeared as well as every kind of worker - everything about them is so alive within us. I think the oppressors have failed because they could kill us all but our ideas will still remain alive. This is demonstrated in HIJOS, an organization of children formed independently of Madres. It's incredible to see them do what is called "scratches." They get the addresses of ex-presidents or soldiers or military secret service agents. They go to their houses to "scratch" them - put up their photos saying "Su vecino es un asesino" (your neighbor is an assassin), write on the walls, put up flyers, play music. The whole neighborhood will know that the person is a murderer and that person will no longer be able to buy bread at the local shop or go to this or that place. In Argentina there is no such thing as justice. Those people are free and the government is pretty much the same as always. If justice isn't going to condemn them, the people will do it themselves. A lot of these assholes now cannot move about freely in Argentina or even in Europe and that is right and just. They are paying for what they did.

MRR: You've never been afraid of saying political things or singing political lyrics?

Nekro: The only time that we had an opportunity to appear on the only TV channel that can be seen through all of Argentina, it was on a program like the Ed Sullivan show. "This is Fun People!" and there were guys inside the studio. We started to play and didn't even last half a song because I said, very clearly, some lyrics of Los Crudos: "todos juntos, hasta que caiga este estado fascista," (all of us together until this fascist state falls) or something like that. The channel cut off the transmission but just before that, for a second, you can see a little bit of a fight. The hired security began to attack the kids that came to see us and when I saw that I jumped in. Within 30 seconds some people were arrested and taken off to jail. That was terrible (laughs). One time in a squat the police asked to see some documents and luckily mine only had my nickname on it so I didn't have to go to court. Emiliano's phone was fucked up for a while - the government for a while knew everyone who was doing anything. The US pays for that, for the government to be able to control everything so we know that. But you have to continue doing it, it's a necessity - like water. I want to say to people reading this interview that there are a lot of people in this world that are alone. And maybe it's a super positive state for some, maybe it's really ugly. It is hard but maybe solitude is the most anti-system state there is. Because with all the hypocrisy and evil everywhere - at work, in the scene, in life itself - where can I find someone to talk to, to go out and have an ice cream with? I've found my way out. Discovering punk rock helped me to push all of the negative shit out of me. This attitude that you don't need anything to be punk.

MRR: Is there anything you'd like to say in closing?

Nekro: To everyone who has helped us out over all these years in Argentina, Europe, US, Paraguay, Bolivia, Uruguay, Brazil, Chile, Mexico - thanks so much to everyone who had faith in us and supported us. Keep punk rocking. This is Spinal Tap.

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Simon Harvey has been releasing records for a number of years. He has done so under a couple of different labels, but one of the underlying goals has been to put Toronto on the map - to give Toronto a presence. In the spirit of Dischord Records, while trying to provide a regional profile, Simon has released recordings by ***SHITFIT***, ***HUMAN GREED***, ***LEGION***, ***MARILYN'S VITAMINS***, ***COUNTDOWN TO OBLIVION***, *and most recently the* ***DREAM DATES***. *Simon has branched out to explore his duel loves for thrash and good tuneful punk, with* ***MONSTER X***, ***DEVOID OF FAITH***, *and* ***RAJOITUS*** *representing the thrash side and* ***MARILYN's VITAMINS*** *and a new benefit comp that will have* ***LEATHERFACE*** *and* ***DILLINGER FOUR*** *on the tuneful side. The* ***NEGATIVE APPROACH*** *comp "Reproach" is what folks mostly talk about, but in light of the* ***RAW POWER*** *re-issue, the* ***PAINTBOX*** *re-issue, and the* ***GIFT GAS*** *release, it hardly seems fair. I got a chance to speak to Simon about the label and* ***UGLY POP***'s *impressive roster. Here is what came out of it...*

Where did the idea for the NEGATIVE APPROACH comp come from?
Well, my friend Noami and I decided to do it in 1992, before "tribute" records were quite the cliche that they've since become. It's not a particularly good record in its eventual form, although it has some superb tracks, but it was a good way to start the label.

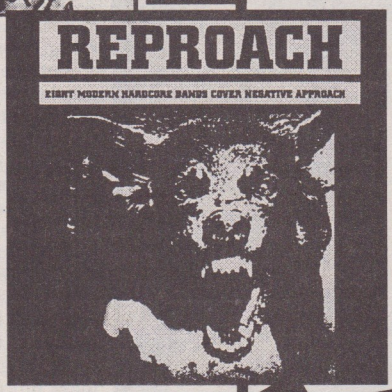
Can you explain what happened with the original plans for the "Reproach" comp?
When people heard that we were releasing it, they started asking us to put out other records, and all of a sudden we had a label. "Reproach", however, kept expanding seemingly without coming any closer to release, even as we put out records by DEVOID OF FAITH, MONSTER X, SHITFIT and HUMAN GREED. The demise of Dysgusher has already been documented both in the "Reproach" insert and the letters pages of this mag, so suffice it to say that Alex and I decided, years later, to release the embryonic LP in 7" format.

Is Ugly Pop an extension or development from Dysgusher records?
No, not at all. "Reproach" was simply a convenient overlap that enabled us to try and fulfill our initial obligation and start the new label with a fairly high-profile release.

Where did the name Ugly Pop come from?
Essentially, we needed to find a name fast, and it's a pretty obvious LIPCREAM reference. Anyways, what is punk rock, but Ugly Pop after all?

Who all is involved in running the label?
Alex recently quit due to the demands of his "real" life, and now it's Jonas and I. Jonas is a solid guy, a punk rock lifer and possessed of excellent taste in hardcore punk.

What records have you released so far and how did the ideas for putting them out come about?
After "Reproach", we released a couple of 7"s by local bands— LEGION and MARILYN'S VITAMINS. We released each of them simply because they were very good local hardcore bands that deserved to be on wax. As far as releases go, the MARILYN'S VITAMINS EP is pretty much an ideal for me— I greatly appreciate the chance to put out a truly great record that would be an all-time fave no matter who released it! Next was the RAJOITUS 7", and I'd been talking to Pena about doing a 7" for years. I love Scandinavian hardcore and they do it well, so it was an obvious choice. We did the COUNTDOWN TO OBLIVION/THEY LIVE split 7" at the request of the bands, although we were originally set to do a CTO EP. I'm not generally enthused about the split 7" idea, but this one was an honour to be a part of—two great hardcore bands that really compliment each other on wax. Finally, my friend Greg was in the DREAM DATES way back when, and gave me a tape of unreleased 1979 recordings since he knew I was releasing punk records. I totally dug it and will release two singles from the tape.

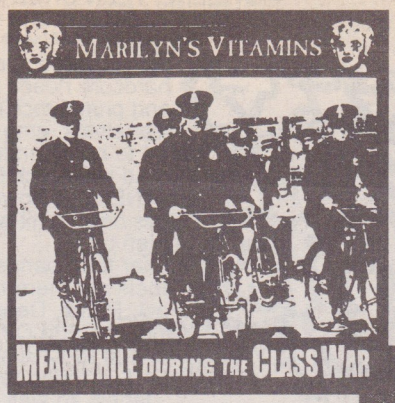


Initially, Ugly Pop was to launch their label by doing a "Toronto Hardcore" series, in which the label had the great idea of releasing a new EP by a current local band every two months. Whatever happened to that idea?
The LEGION, MV and COUNTDOWN/THEY LIVE 7"s are the extent of that. It's hard to sell local records, because you're 95% reliant on trading for other 7"s to sell locally, and all kids around here are interested in is emo/metal CDs. I have a living room full of perfectly good trade vinyl that we can't sell.

How did you get to put out the RAW POWER re-issue of "Screams from the Gutter"?
I just wrote them and asked, simple as that. That's been one of my favorite records since like 1987, so I'm very happy to release it! Mauro's been really cool and helpful to work with too.

How did the vinyl re-issue of the first PAINTBOX LP come about? What is it about PAINTBOX that makes them stand out among the hundreds of Japanese bands that currently exist? What makes them Ugly Pop material?
Once again, I just wrote Tadashi (HG Fact) and asked. He runs an excellent label, one of the best in contemporary hardcore, and we've had a lot of dealings already. Anyways, we had traded for the CD and were just totally blown away by it— for those who

don't know, PAINTBOX feature Chelsea (ex-DEATHSIDE) on guitar and play supercharged, rocking thrash with massive hooks and influences from MOTORHEAD, UK82 punk and traditional Japanese hardcore— an incredible combination! I think Jonas and I share a fairly coherent vision of hardcore that is unapologetically HARDCORE— fast, rough and raging— but still sophisticated and structured. We have little interest in the twin poles of disposable xerox noise/crust nonsense or post-punk emo/metal tedium.



Are all your releases vinyl only? Is there a conscious decision to stick with vinyl formats?

Absolutely. Vinyl = punk. We haven't ruled out the possibility of releasing CD versions of future full-lengths, but vinyl is the primary format. I've also been thinking about trying to get a couple of cassette comps of our material to distribute in the developing nations. If anyone in Asia, South America etc is willing to distribute such tapes locally, please contact us at the address below— no cash will be involved.

The "December 6 Fund" compilation has a lot of big names on the comp. How did you get LEATHERFACE and DILLINGER FOUR to participate in the comp? Will their songs be new or unreleased numbers? Who are the other bands on the comp? What is the December 6 Fund?

The December 6 Fund is a Toronto organization that loans women money for rent/bus pass/phone/groceries etc, in order to aid them in escaping abusive relationships with men that they might otherwise remain economically dependent on. I just asked DILLINGER FOUR, LEATHERFACE and MARILYN'S VITAMINS, and they agreed right away. The fourth band has been very busy and I'm waiting for a reply right now, although they've been pretty cool and responsive. They're a very popular band on the fringes of punk rock, and they probably get a million requests like this.

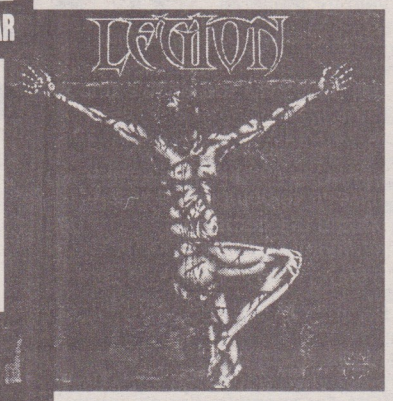
The DILLINGER FOUR and MV tracks are new, and the LEATHERFACE is a totally obscure old one that nobody has— but it totally rules, quite a coup there!

Who is GIFTGAS? Who is in the band? How did you find out about them? What will you be releasing by them?

GIFTGAS are another killer Swedish thrash unit, featuring ex-members of noted '80s kang outfit DTAL. I was in contact with one member after digging their split with KONTATTO, when another member sent me a tape after noticing my mention of his old band in the RAJOITUS liner notes. GIFTGAS are pissraw and violent-sounding, like time stopped in 1983— it had to happen!

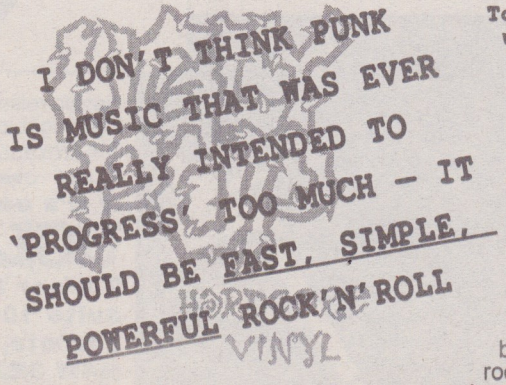
Will Ugly Pop be doing the new LEGION666 release? What happened with this project?

No. Alex quit doing Ugly Pop due to various commitments of his own (he's buying a house, works crazy hours at a corporate job, etc.) and a rapidly waning interest in this scene, but he really liked LEGION and wanted to make their full-length his final release; I would do the legwork/distribution whilst he paid the bills. After it was recorded, however, we found ourselves owed a lot of money due to slow distributors and numerous missing trade packages **(labels, beware Anomie in Germany—a shameless rip-off who took us for over 100 records)**, and Alex understandably decided that he couldn't pay for anything else until we had received an additional $1,000 in revenue. In the meantime, the original LP/CD release was scaled down to 500 CDs as we bickered with the band about an essentially unsellable record— they had changed their name to LEGION666 and presented us with "satanic" cover artwork that elicited giggles from anyone that saw it and was about as far from what we were interested in being associated with as possible, so it wouldn't have an Ugly Pop catalog number. Finally, they wrote us saying that they had other people interested in putting it out, and at this point Alex was just glad to be rid of the hassle and told them to feel free to release it elsewhere without any bad feelings from our side. They (well, their guitarist—the band was evidently far from united on these issues) responded that we were breaking our promise to release the CD and therefore owed them the recording bill! Having had no intention of dumping the project, but also being free to walk away from a scene he had no real involvement in anymore in the first place, Alex decided to drop it altogether in the face of such talk. For the record, I was in favor of releasing the record until the last moment, and tried to convince Alex so, despite Paul LEGION's insistence on believing otherwise, but I fully support Alex's decision. He put a lot of time and money into this label and he still has yet to recoup all of his expenses; it's not my place to tell him how to spend his money!



You are working with Glenn Salter, an old scenester from the mid-80s, on some of Ugly Pop's record releases. Initially this was to be a separate label from Ugly Pop that would just focus on old Toronto punk releases that were either never released or were classics and are just being made available. What was the name of that label? What was the purpose of this label? Why have you incorporated it into UGLY POP? What releases have been inspired by this side label?

Glenn found this super-obscure 1980 Mississauga comp LP at a flea market and the single punk band among all the folk and bar rock outfits is the STATICS. Anyways, they're killer— really rough, powerful punk rock and a bit of



TEENAGE HEAD style rock'n'roll, too. So he managed to track them down after some phone book detective work and we decided to release the songs (as well as another from the same period) as an EP. It was talking about this record that spurred Greg Dick to pass on a DREAM DATES tape, and since that was all ready to go, we started on it right away. I had originally intended to just help Glenn out by distributing the records for him, but when I ended up not only doing virtually all of the work but also paying 90% of the costs, I decided to give the records Ugly Pop catalog numbers. They're both great additions, so no problem there, and while I had wanted to really aim for a purist '80's hardcore vein for the label from this point on, releasing such high-quality late '70s punk can only further distance us from modern metal/emo "hardcore".

Ugly Pop

HARDCORE VINYL

You tend to release old material (eg. RAW POWER) or newer bands that reflect this period in sound (eg. RAJOITUS or GIFT GAS). This reminds me a lot of Prank Records. Are your choices in releases a response to the current state of hardcore?

Not really. I definitely tend to prefer '70s punk and '80s hardcore, so that's what I release. I don't think punk is music that was ever really intended to 'progress' too much— it should be fast, simple, powerful rock'n'roll, which still leaves plenty of room for variety from the REAL KIDS to INFEST anyway. Too much divergence usually ends up producing weak, indulgent, boring music. Of course, if a band utilizes more modern influences as effectively as COUNTDOWN TO OBLIVION, for example, I'm obviously not about to write them off.

What is your take on the current state of hardcore? What do you think of the various emerging scenes in hardcore?

Sweden and Japan remain the real hotbeds of hardcore, but I think North American hardcore is as healthy as it's been in at least a decade. That said, I view it much the same way I view '60s garage or neo-psyche— a fun but essentially nostalgic retro scene. The principal contemporary trends (Fat Wrecks pop, Victory heavy metal, all that nauseating technical prog crap, the indie rock and pop that hijacked 'emo') are all complete betrayals of the music's promise, and there's only so long you can consider the same 3 chords fresh— I guess the end of hardcore's worthwhile evolution occurred when it hit its practical speed limit circa 1985, but as long as bands like 9 SHOCKS TERROR, PAINTBOX, LIFE'S HALT, KRIGSHOT, WARHEAD, VOORHEES, OUT COLD, DS13, WOLFPACK and so on replicate and refine the old sound as effectively as they've been doing, I'm happy. The last hurrah of American hardcore was circa '89-'91, with OPERATION IVY, INFEST, BORN AGAINST, CITIZEN'S ARREST, etc. Although it's worth noting that a whole bunch of the best HC/punk records ever (LEATHERFACE "Mush" LP, BASTARD "Wind of pain" 12", JAWBREAKER "24 hour revenge therapy", NO COMMENT "Downsided" 7", SUPERCHUNK "On the mouth" LP, NEW BOMB TURKS "Destroy oh boy" LP) came out in the wake of that. The whole garage/hardcore collision (ZEKE, TEEN CRUD COMBO, SMASH YOUR FACE, ZODIAC KILLERS) is one very welcome newer natural progression. About time the hipster garage scene rediscovered speed and roughness, just as hardcore needs a hell of a lot more sexuality and primal rock'n'roll thud in this age of Heartattack, emo fests and veganism. That's not meant to be an endorsement of such idiotic/irony-choked indie rock fakery as BLACK HALOS, LIBERTINE et al, however. That particular scene produces only vomit and needs to get collectively beaten up.

Other than bands, there are also some superb labels out there right now, like Deranged, HG Fact, Prank, Dead Alive, Mangrove, Coalition, Kangaroo, Rip Off, Schizophrenic, Munster, 6 Weeks, +/- and PFC/Busted Heads, which are totally influential— I've found recent releases on all of these labels so well done as to be inspiring.

Do you think there's an Ugly Pop sound? What do you look for when you are considering the release of a band?

Not really a specific sound so much as a general adherence to my admittedly fairly purist hardcore/ punk tastes. I like bands that play with spirit, energy and brains. I also shamelessly dig anyone that competently rips off DISCHARGE, MOTORHEAD or the first few RAMONES LPs.

How much control over the sound or artwork do you retain on a release?

Most bands provide their own. We weren't happy with the bondage labels on the LEGION EP, but they were ostensibly part of a more serious graphic message, so we printed them. The saga of their LP cover is discussed elsewhere, but otherwise we've never had any problems.

How come all the Ugly Pop releases have had limited Drew Barrymore covers ? What releases have you done this for ? Will this remain a fixture of the label ?

This was just a collector nerd habit. To be honest, Drew's just not the fox she was circa 1994, nor has she been for years (get a haircut already!), but it's a fun, silly theme. The RAJOITUS EP never had one, and I don't know whether future releases will. Perhaps Jonas will institute a Diana Rigg cover series?

What releases are you working on?

GIFTGAS 7", PAINTBOX LP, hopefully some more classic reissues. We're happy to hear from newer bands that might identify with what we're about. Check the website (www.uglypop.com) for regular updates.

Final comments?

If it's not punk, It's not hardcore.

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ATROCIOUS MADNESS

Hailing from the rainy city of Portland, OR– these studded and black clad messengers of doom have done their homework when it comes to thrashy, distorted, brutal D-beat hardcore punk. They knocked my knickers off when I saw them recently, and when I decided to interview them, I found them to be an interesting lot, and that they had a really good sense of humor beyond their wall of apocolypse this and conspiracy theory that. Read on. Interview by Mike Thorn

MRR: Let's start off with the usual easy stuff- who does what and how did the band get together- you know a little band history…

Chanel: I'm Chanel and I play guitar.
Frank: I'm and I sing.
Rod: I'm Rod and I play bass.
Brian: I'm Brian and I play guitar as well.
Joel: Joel, play drums.

MRR: …and how did you get started?

Chanel: I guess it just got started with our old guitarist Sara and me and Rod playing songs in her living room, what was it like– four years ago Rod?
Rod: Three or four...
Chanel: Something like that and we just slowly got people together and we all had an idea what we wanted to sound like…
Joel: Some of us did…
Chanel: Or at least I thought we did– and then Sara moved to Germany and Brian started playing guitar with us.

MRR: Ok, cool… well so what the hell does ATROCIOUS MADNESS mean?

Chanel: Uhh... We stole it from a CONFUSE song.
Frank: Sara wanted to call the band "Spending Loud Night" and I thought that was stupid and said we might as well be called "Atrocious Madness."

MRR: That's it?!

(laughter)
Frank: Yeah that's it… it's just the name of a CONFUSE song.
(laughter)
Rod: It's sort of like the state of what's going on now– It's all "Atrocious Madness"
(laughter)
Chanel: Yeah there's a *really* deep political meaning behind it…
(laughter)

MRR: Well then– looking over the records and the lyrics sheets the image that is put out is a very apocalyptic view of the world and humanity– why it this? And, in turn what makes you happy and what gives you hope?

Chanel: Frank you get to answer this one…
(laughter)
Frank: There's not really… there was never any attempt to make the imagery apocalyptic or anything it's just how it turns out cause usually the record covers are based on certain songs and and the imagery that is the records goes along with the lyrics to specific songs and I guess they are kinda doomsday prophecy type songs. Watching too many movies and reading too much Sci-Fi about the end of the world and how we're all fucking doomed…
(laughter)

Joel: We're definitely not trying to incite any kind of apocalypse or anything…
Chanel: Reading too many Commander X conspiracy theory books…
(laughter)
Frank: I like the dark imagery, I think it looks really cool. Lots of skulls and black…
(laughter)

MRR: I mean I think skulls and black look really great. It's just like the imagery that is put out is… I was just wondering if there is a specific reasoning behind it or if it's just because…

Brian: "*It looks good!*"
Chanel: I think its a ratio of what we thinks good after being at Kinko's for several hours, but I think a lot of times it's an effort to make it go along with the lyrics, so I guess it's the lyrics fault.

MRR: Why are the lyrics like that– is it cause you've read one too many conspiracy theory books?

Frank: Well, I try to keep the lyrics toned down as far as the conspiracy stuff, but that's just what's usually on my mind or whatever is going on during a specific time or maybe it's something I just read– it's all pretty negative because it's a pretty… depressing… negative… world… we live in…(laughter) There's a lot of positive things but when you sit down and think about it and try to write about what your upset about or something– what you wanna tell someone, it's usually pretty grim. Some of them are definitely kinda conspiracy related, but the things that get put into songs are always factual. Things that are based on stuff I've read about– things like the HAARP project or Chemtrails. It's also things that are actually happening and that is also actually having an effect, and there's not always a solution– like there's not really anything you can do about the HAARP project but be aware of what's going on.

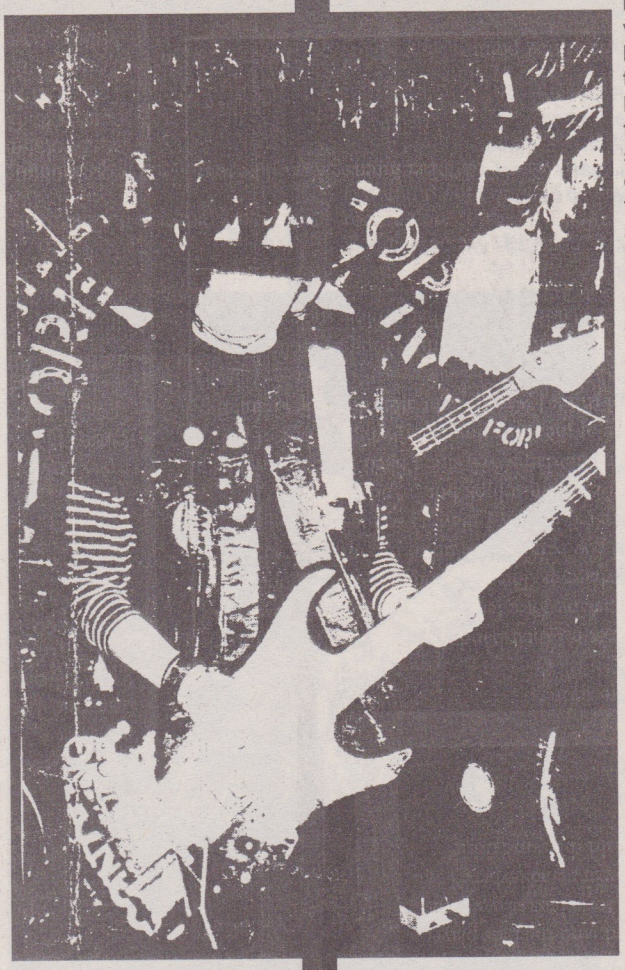
MRR: Ok, what is that?

Frank: High Altitude Auroral Research Program and it was designed using stolen nikla testing patterns by somebody who worked for NASA and ARCO. It was a way of getting rid of natural gas reserves that ARCO had left in the ground after pumping out all the oil– that was totally useless up in the middle of Alaska so they built this facility that would use the natural gas, but since he was working for NASA which is pretty much owned by the military… what they say it's for is for studying weather patterns and studying the Aurora…
Chanel: It's weather domination…
Frank: Yeah…(laughter) over the horizon radar, topographical radar– for seeking out bunkers. But the original patent and the designer of this facility admits that it can be used for altering the weather, altering wind patterns, creating massive sort of mirrored radar dishes in the sky that can direct massive amounts of radio waves at a specific target. Some of the ideas is that it can be used for mind control, since it operates on the same frequency that human thoughts operates on, so it can't actually physically control somebody or make you do

something, but it can have mood altering effects. It's a known fact that radio waves can alter your mood and...

Chanel: I think it's just really scary since it's so strong and and it obviously can have an effect on the whole environment. If it can manipulate weather patterns, what else can it do?

Frank: It also effects the magnetosphere which in turn effects migrating animals and anything that has sort of a magnetic center. Animals around the facility will wander into the antennas or they just won't migrate– it effects animals all over the world they won't migrate or they'll just go the opposite direction. Planes have been told to fly clear of it or fly around it as far away as possible cause it messes up their altimeters. It can also freeze or even melt engines, if they're the right frequencies. It cuts off a lot of the radio communication for people who live deep in the Alaskan wilderness and when the big freeze comes they can't communicate with big cities or emergency services if something really bad happened. It's just something that is a big scary example of secrecy and what the government and military can get away with and not tell anyone about.



MRR: Hmm... creepy. Well to go back a little, what makes you happy and what gives you hope in the face of all this doom and gloom? I mean you can't be upset and depressed all the time.

Brian: I dunno– little personal things you know? Like hanging out with friends, eating at a good restaurant– little things that keep me sane.

Frank: Lots of little small personal things that would make anyone happy.

Chanel: I guess it just seems like the things that you want people to know about are the things you want them to worry about...

MRR: Which is why you don't sings songs like...

Chanel: Like about my favorite book...

Brian: Loves songs...

(laughter)

MRR: Exactly.

Joel: I read my astrology today and it said I should try to look for the inner beauty hidden under all the grim things out there in the world, and I was just kinda speculating that usually under all that grim, revolting disgusting stuff there usually...

Brian: ...more grim...

(laughter)

Joel: ...yeah usually more like completely fucked things than I first saw so I usually don't like to delve to deep into things. I dunno, I just thought it was bad astrology.

(laughter)

Frank: Nothing in everyday life sorta of seems to cheerful so its kinda stuff you have to search out and find things that make you happy– like you meet people with similar views or you talk about books or records or...

Brian: Record collecting is definitely something that keeps me sane.

(mumbles of agreement abound)

Frank: Eating good Indian food or whatever...

MRR: Well keeping in the same vein as the question about the HAARP project, and this is sort of the token technocracy question. A lot of people that I interact with feel that perhaps technology has surpassed humanities ability to control it , and some people I'm friends with feel that someday soon the sort *2001* thing of having HAL in control of everything will be reality– which I don't really agree with that but– but do you think that technology is racing ahead of peoples ability to keep control of it?

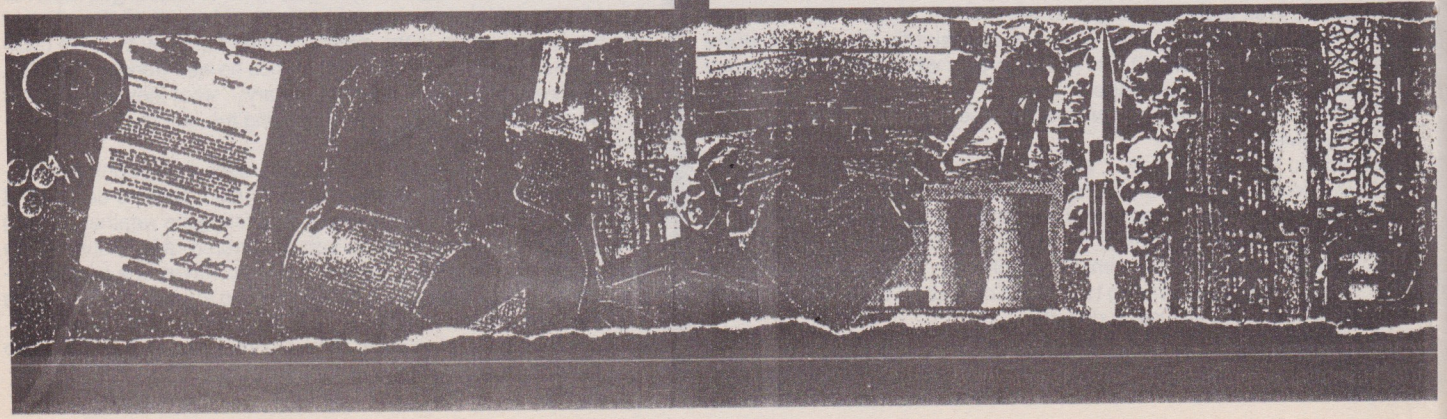
Chanel: I kinda think that the ways things are going now people are really dependent on it for a lot of different things– to the point where maybe they don't even realize it– and I think that if people continue to allow themselves to become dependent on machines or various technologies or things that they don't really need in their lives, but don't realize it, then things could be bad, but I don't think that it's going to happen next year or next month or whatever. I think that it is a possibility– it's just a process of making ourselves even more weaker as a species.

Joel: You can see that there are certain people who are in control of escalating technology and certain people who know how to use it but there's all these people that, you know, certain people who don't even know how to use the internet or computers, like all these people aren't going to know how they can convert all this technology into something they can use, so they'll just be waiting for someone else to push the button for them or control their lives.

Chanel: That's the other thing to, that in a lot of places the internet is something that only people with a lot of money get to use. A lot of people here consider the internet to be this vital resource and it's not that way everywhere. I guess is its just a matter of having enough money to utilize something that might be really beneficial.

Brian: There's still libraries, and you can still walk down to the store and buy something instead of having sent to you on line.

MRR: Do you think it's a process that people should be making some sort of effort to reverse or do you think that it is an



inevitable process, with people becoming more and more dependent on it? Is there a way to combat things like the internet from becoming the primary means of communication? I'm not saying that it's necessarily a negative communication tool, because it can be used– you know it's just tool and it depends on how it's welded– but do you think that it is a process that should be curbed or combated?

Frank: I think just becoming aware how technology is directly affecting your life– if you're becoming dependent on it then you're becoming controlled by it. We played the other night and one of our songs is about people becoming more dependent on technology and losing grasp on their own lives and that's how their being controlled and somebody said "Yeah, like your amps!" (laughter) Yeah, sorta but that's not really the point of the song. I mean, yeah, amps are technology but it's about losing control of yourself and becoming dependent on something and not realizing...

Chanel: I think not realizing it is really the key. Not knowing what you're missing, but feeling like your missing something, you know? I work in a shipping department all day long sending books to people that order them– you know we got maybe like 15 orders that come from the same city, like they order them over the internet from the same city– I think that some people may not have the ability to leave their house to go get them but a lot of those people are just doing it out of the convenient. I mean they could be going down and doing it themselves, but it's just a matter of what's fastest and what's easier for you.

MRR: On the same token, like several years ago you would see tons of handwritten letters you don't see that at all now– I mean like most of the letters section is e-mails, and it's kinda depressing to me, cause that was big excitements when I came here to do this was like– there was going to be all this mail from like 14 year old kids everyday saying "man , I'm like the only punk in my school and I get picked on daily in the cafeteria..." (laughter) but they're just not there. I mean its also like the classified section, no one really utilizes that anymore.

Brian: Yeah, we talk about that a lot, various record collector types talk about how there's just no classified section anymore, everyone just buys everything over the internet– I mean its down to just one page when it used to be like four or five.

MRR: In the same token, you can't find records in record stores anymore– I mean they all seemingly end up on Ebay; "the devil."

(laughter)

Frank: I think for people who are in their 20's now, you're not as affected, but for people who are still growing up this is what they're going to be used to– having everything be computerized or whatever– and if something happens where they can't use that then they're going be scared or not know what to do and that's how they lose control.

Joel: It's definitely easier to write an email than to sit down and write a letter and mail it and go to the post office.

MRR: Switching gears, do you see punk as lifestyle/culture– or is it a music scene? How and why? I ask that because that seems to be one of the big schisms in the punk universe– so which side of the fence would you say you fall on and why?

Brian: Definitely lifestyle, it's everyday life, you know, how you think about stuff– if you do something what is the next thing that happens that connects to it, be it what you eat everyday, what places you patronize to... its definitely an everyday lifestyle.

Frank: I don't even think about it anymore. It's just how it is. Everyday you're "punk," I mean its not like its a conscious decision to get up and be punk rock that day...

Chanel: Yeah I guess I don't really think about it either, but it is definitely a lifestyle thing– I mean when I first started getting into punk it really affected my life– like it really educated all the everyday things that I do or don't do...

Brian: It answered a lot questions too, I mean growing up in the '80s it just kinda answered a lot of things that I felt and I didn't think anyone else sort of felt the same way.

Joel: You can definitely see the division, you can observe that in Portland right now. You can tell what people are there to see the shows and drink beer rather than actually go home and do something productive beyond just hanging out with everybody.

MRR: I don't know how old you all are, but is this something you see yourselves being involved with when you're 40 or 50 years old?

Rod: Brian is 40!

(laughter)

Brian: I'm 31, so it doesn't seem too far away to me. Yeah I don't really see myself changing anytime soon.

Frank: I don't see any reason to, I mean I don;t feel that living this lifestyle is adversely effecting me in anyway...

Brian: I don't feel an emptiness or... I feel pretty fulfilled in my life.

Chanel: Actually I feel like I'm far more fulfilled living the way that I am now and being more aware of things that I would other wise and I don't see any reason why I wouldn't follow the same path.

Joel: It just seems a lot less false than to live a normal lifestyle, you know, going to the mall, picking out what you're going look like from a fashion rack.

Brian: Letting other people tell you what's hip and what you should be wearing or what movie to watch...

Joel: It's definitely more genuine...

MRR: Going down that path– how important is a punk look to you guys? I mean I'm A big fan of wearing all black and all, but if it not that important then why not wear all pink?

(laughter)

Brian: There's a reason why you shouldn't wear all pink!

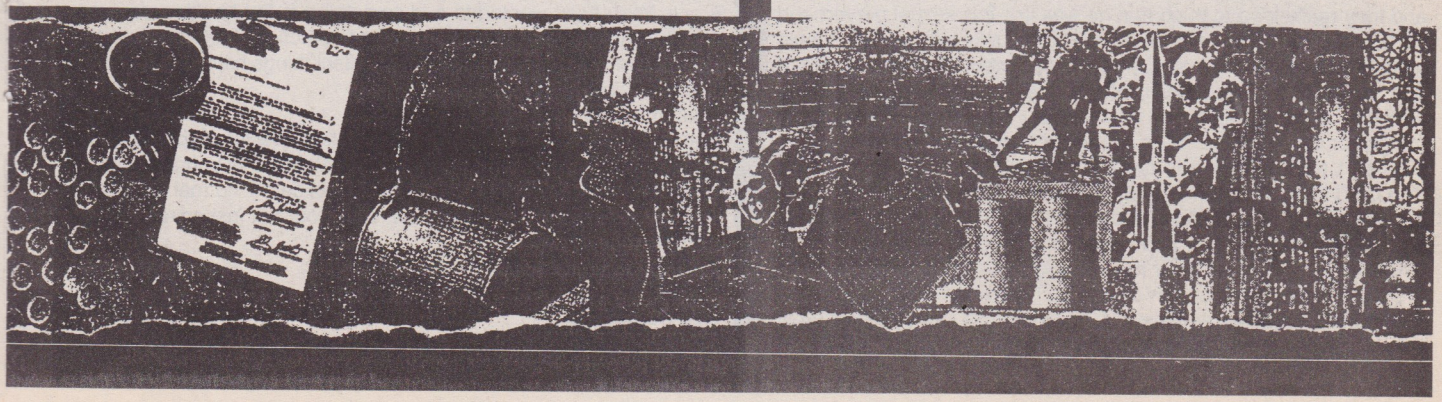
(laughter)

MRR: Yeah if you're wearing all pink you look like an evil Easter bunny or something like that...

(laughter)

Frank: I dunno, the records are black, we wear all black...

(laughter)



Joel: There definitely should be no kind of dress code…
Brian: It's all personal choice. The bands that influenced us the most growing up or whatever…
Chanel: I dunno, it's kind of what ever makes you feel most comfortable in. I mean if I was somewhere and I had no choice but to wear all pink it wouldn't really hurt me, it wouldn't kill me…
Brian: Or if its hot I'll wear shorts or…
Frank: I won't…
(laughter)
MRR: I've seen you wear shorts…
Frank: That's a lie.
(laughter)
Joel: It is pretty funny to watch some people are wearing. It's kinda horrible that we can say it doesn't matter what you dress like and still make fun of people for how they look, but sometimes it's inevitable, to laugh at someone for wearing huge pants and a tool belt…
(laughter)
MRR: What's wrong with a tool belt? Maybe he has to go work.
(laughter)
Brian: I guess it's just a Portland thing.
MRR: One other thing I wanted to ask you about is a song, that I can't remember the title, but it's about alternative forms of health care, how important is that to you and what sort of forms do you use or advocate?
Frank: Ok, the song is called "Inquisition" and the idea of the song is to point out how people are persecuted for using alternative forms of medicine or taking there lives into their own hands rather than taking what the FDA gives to them, but I want to talk specifically about who it's about which is this guy Wilhelm Reich– who I haven't read all his stuff and I don't know everything about him– he claimed to have to have cures for cancer…
MRR: This is the guy who claimed to have herbal cures for cancer, right?
Chanel: Yeah…
Frank: He created the Orgone accumulator, the Orgone box that he claimed he could cure Leukemia and could cure all sorts of ailments with it and he refused to deal with the FDA. He also threatened to expose the government on radiation poisoning, this is in the '50s before they had come out with all the findings that radiation killed you. He drove around the country with a Tesla lightning ball machine in the back of his pick up truck threatening to kill various heads of government, unless they admitted that radiation was killing people and that the drugs the FDA was pushing were adversely effecting your help and and they didn't really actually cure you they just covered up the symptoms. He was put in prison and denied any of his medication until he had a heart attack. After he died, they burned his laboratory, took garbage trucks of his books to a landfill in New York and burned them. Total echoes of Nazi Germany. Nobody really talks about him and he was framed for, well the Orgone thing is based on the orgasm, and they really tried to push that he was like this sexual pervert and he had the Orgonomics Institute, which actually still exists– people actually still research Orgonomics. It's just about being persecuted and things like the Inquisition and women being burned for being witches– a lot of witchcraft was actually just herbal medicine or "magic" or whatever. As far as alternative forms of health care…
Chanel: I think that people are just sort of intimidated into thinking they don't know what's wrong with their own bodies when they're sick and they don't know anything about their own bodies and that doctors know better and that they need to go to a professional to seek help– whatever "professional" may mean– and I think that mostly, I mean there are things a doctor can do for you but for the most part it is an industry like any other, and they are there to make money. That's what they do, it's there job. I don't think that that encourages people to live healthy lifestyles, I think that especially western medicine focuses too much on dealing with a problem once it's already started and not dealing with preventative measures and creating awareness for people on how to take care of themselves. So I think that alternative forms of medicine are really important and that people should be aware of thinks like that rather than just relying on the doctor every time that something goes wrong.
Frank: It's not so much now, but definitely in the '80s, acupuncture or Eastern medicine was sort of demonized or made fun of as new age... hippie...

Chanel: It still is…
Frank: I mean a professional acupuncturist is kinda laughed at or a massage therapist is kind of a joke to somebody who would normally be going to a hospital and seeking "professional" help or whatever…
Chanel: I'm not a vegetarian just for health reasons, but even people who are vegetarian for health reasons are just kind of laughed at… you know people who actually make decisions that are going to be a benefit to their bodies are kind of derided... sometimes it depends on the person, but I just think it's something people just kind of unconsciously do.
Joel: It's just sort of like anything that's chipping away at mainstream culture in America, is looked down upon or made fun of because its not what everyone else is doing.
MRR: Well about all the questions I had for you, except for this one last one… how come you can't hear bass in anything you guys do? (laughter) You got a big bass amp, use it!
Brian: Rod looks terrified.
Frank: I think that the bass is just so distorted that it sounds like a guitar sometimes.
Chanel: It *always* sounds like a guitar. I sounds like we have three guitars.
Frank: I think that has something to do with it…
Chanel: It's cause Rod never actually turns on when we record (laughter), he pretends to play along with us.
MRR: Is it because you're trying to imitate bands like GLOOM and DISCLOSE, like how they have totally blown out recordings and you can't really hear any bass almost…
Brian: A little bit…
(laughter)
Chanel: That's kinda what we're going for…
MRR: Alright…
Frank: That's not why we intentionally try to hide the bass, it's just that it's so distorted.
Chanel: I think it just gets lost in the fuzz.
Joel: I think it's kinda hard to distinguish anything on some of those recordings…
(laughter)
MRR: Alright so any closing comments?
Frank: Yeah I just wanted to add something to the health care question. Just as far as what people can do to practice alternative forms of health care, just being aware of what effect things have on your body and not being…
Chanel: You're one to talk Frank…
Frank: Ok, just being aware of the effect that specific *medicines* have on your body and being aware of how to take care of yourself and not being afraid to try things that aren't considered normal for health care… you want to find things that cure you, not just cover up your symptoms.

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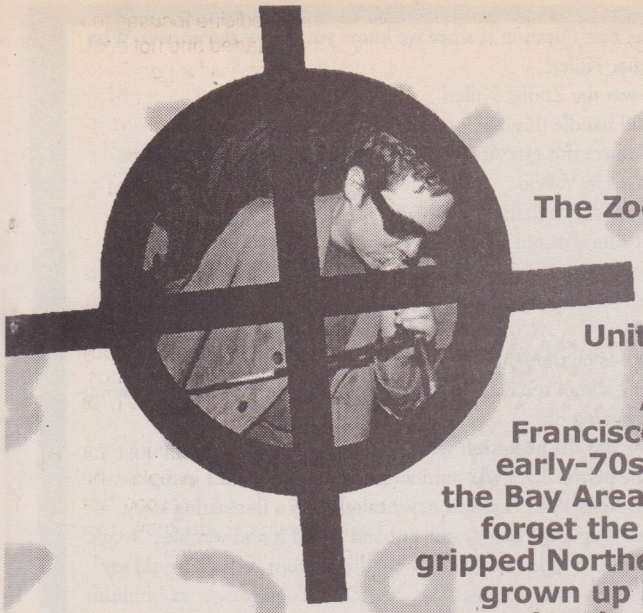


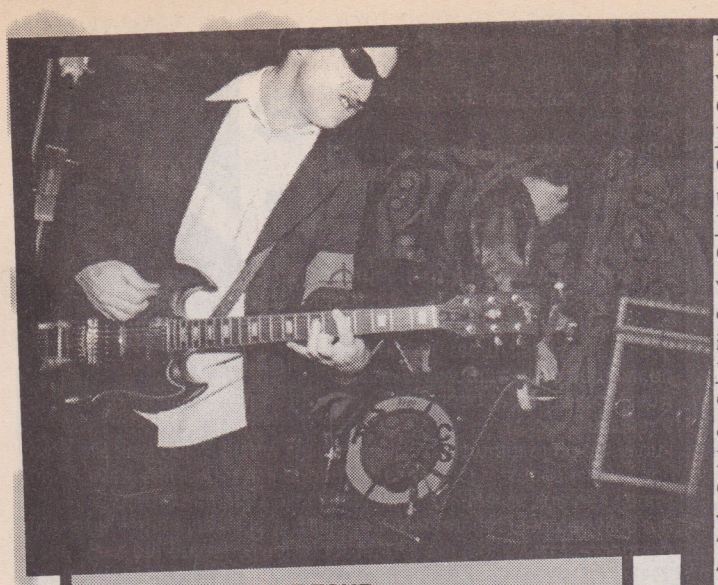
the ZODIAC KILLERS

The Zodiac Killers take their name from one of the most notorious serial killers in United States history. He operated in the Bay Area–Vallejo and San Francisco–in the late-60s and early-70s. No one who lived in the Bay Area during that time can forget the hysterical terror that gripped Northern California. Having grown up in the Bay Area, Greg Lowery has known about the Zodiac Killer all his life. His interest in the Zodiac Killer can be traced at least as far as the Rip Offs, in the song "Zodiac." With his current band, Lowery has taken his interest in the Bay Area's biggest nightmare a step further. Not only did they name themselves after the unknown killer, but the Zodiac Killers' records are loaded with Zodiacism--from the circle-crosshair logo down to the font used, which is based on the Zodiac's own handwriting.

The Zodiac Killer has, to this day, never been caught. Authorities have a strong suspect, Arthur Allen Lee. However, Lee died in 199<?>, so the world may never know who hunted down couples in lovers lanes in the East Bay, then taunted police with threats and encrypted messages.

To help you get a better grasp of not just the band, but the madman who inspire the band, Maximum Rocknroll treats you to a brief tour of the Zodiac Killer's old stomping grounds, led by Greg and Jeremy of the Zodiac Killers. This interview has two intermingled parts: the band interview and information on the Zodiac Killer. For more information on the Zodiac Killer, read *Zodiac* by Robert Graysmith and visit: http://www.zodiackiller.com

Band interview conducted by Mark Murrmann and Andrew Scott. Zodiac tour interview by Tom Hopkins and Mark Murrmann. Photos by J. Simpson, Kevin Muth and Mark Murrmann.



THE TOUR

As we drive East on I-80, into Vallejo, we pass by Rod's Hickory Pit. Darlene Ferrin, one of the Zodiac's victim's, had been a waitress there.

Greg: She worked there. Affter she left from work she went home, to her house in Vallejo and then out to the golf course over here with this guy [Mike Mageau] and the Zodiac killed the girl.

Jeremy: The Zodiac hung out there, right?

Greg: He used to hang out there all the time.

MRR: What was the name of it then?

Greg: It was called Terry's.

In Vallejo, we pull up across the street from 32 Fresno Street. The houses in this quiet middle class neighborhood are all post WWII and well kept. The entire time we're parked in front of the house, one of the neighbors gives us the evil eye.

Jeremy: We've got all the dogs in the neighborhood riled up.

MRR: So this house is...?

Greg: This is where he lived.

Jeremy: Arthur Allen.

Greg: His mom owned the house.

Jeremy: He also kept other residences-- which was part of the problem when investigating him.

Greg: He had a trailer in, in Sonoma County. [The cops] didn't get a search warrant on this house.

Jeremy: They searched in his trailer. Now they figure he was keeping most of the goodies here.

MRR: That was the house the bomb stuff was in?

Greg: They did a search warrant, in like '92...

Jeremy: After he died...

Greg: No, no, no he was still alive. Cause the book [*Zodiac*] reopened it. The book was saying the Vallejo Police fucked up, and how they fucking had this guy and they never even did a search warrant on his house. They were taking egg in the face and they decided "fuck you, let's do it." So they did and they found pipe bombs and other stuff, nothing so incriminating. They found a typewriter that supposedly was the same as used in some of the letters. But once again, there is no way they can prove it. They made him do another handwriting sample and actually, this handwriting sample...they do look similar. And there are a lot of theories that the Zodiac was misspelling words on purpose, we don't know why. But also that he was using his left hand or using an overhead pro-

MRR: Ok the first question is since we know you know the answer-Who was The Zodiac Killer?

Greg:...Who was the Zodiac Killer?

Jerry: Greg will handle this one

Greg: They suspect this guy Arthur Allen who died around '92 or something, he was up in Vallejo.

Jill: Are you sure about that?

Greg: I'm not sure, I'm not sure about anything. I wasn't there, but that's who the main suspect is. They think the main guy died, but there's all types of speculation. As long as he doesn't come back and kill us while were playing live.

Jeremy: Who was he though?

Greg: He was a school teacher, a really nice guy. He just had this little homicidal tendency going on.

MRR: So how did the obsession with the Zodiac Killer come about?

Greg: Well, me personally, I was born and raised here so. Like in Seattle, it was the Green River killer that was never caught. It's a fascinating story. Then a few years ago, the book came out and I read it and was like, "woah! This is incredible." I didn't really know anything about it. Kids would say stupid things when I was younger like, "the Zodiac's gonna get ya," bullshit like that. We didn't know what it was when we were kids 'cause we were just way too young.

Jeremy: Seems to me like a lot of guys, especially if you're into punk rock or whatever, eventually go through this serial killer obsession.

Greg: I never left it.

Jeremy: Everybody's done that. Where you read all about Jon Wayne Gacy, Ed Gein, Ted Bundy, collect the cards, you know, just get real into it. But, the Zodiac is the coolest. Why? He never got caught. Gacy got caught, what a loser.

Greg: How smart is that, burying bodies in your own back yard? Hello?

MRR: How soon after the Infections broke up did you get the Zodiac Killers together, the first incarnation?

Greg: It was about a year actually. I was deciding whether I was gonna play or not.

MRR: You were thinking of not playing anymore at all?

Greg: I was ready to become a settled, domesticated human being. But, that never happened so I decided to keep playing a little bit longer.

MRR: What happened to the last line up?

Greg: The last line up? Talk about implosions.

Billy Badass: Victims of the Zodiac.

Greg: The first incarnation, I've told people this line up now is the real Zodiac Killers. You know how bands change members, and people say "they suck now because they changed members." Yeah, I know that story. The thing is, with the first incarnation of the Zodiac Killers, we only played like three or four live shows and they were all insane. They would always try and do something, I just couldn't get anything done with them, it was a losing proposition. The intent was to keep it the same anyway, the music was really aggressive, fast, catchy punk rock and the name is great. Why change it? It's the same stuff. I don't need three other people to do this stuff, just do it all together and this is the real band now.

MRR: How did you all find Greg, or how did he find you?

Jeremy: I was an obsessed fan boy who stalked him via email from across the country and basically moved to San Francisco...oh wait that was Ross.

Greg: Oh you're one of those email geeks.

Jeremy: No, I just basically met Greg working at a restaurant.

Greg: I was trying to buy some crack, wasn't I?

Jeremy: Yeah

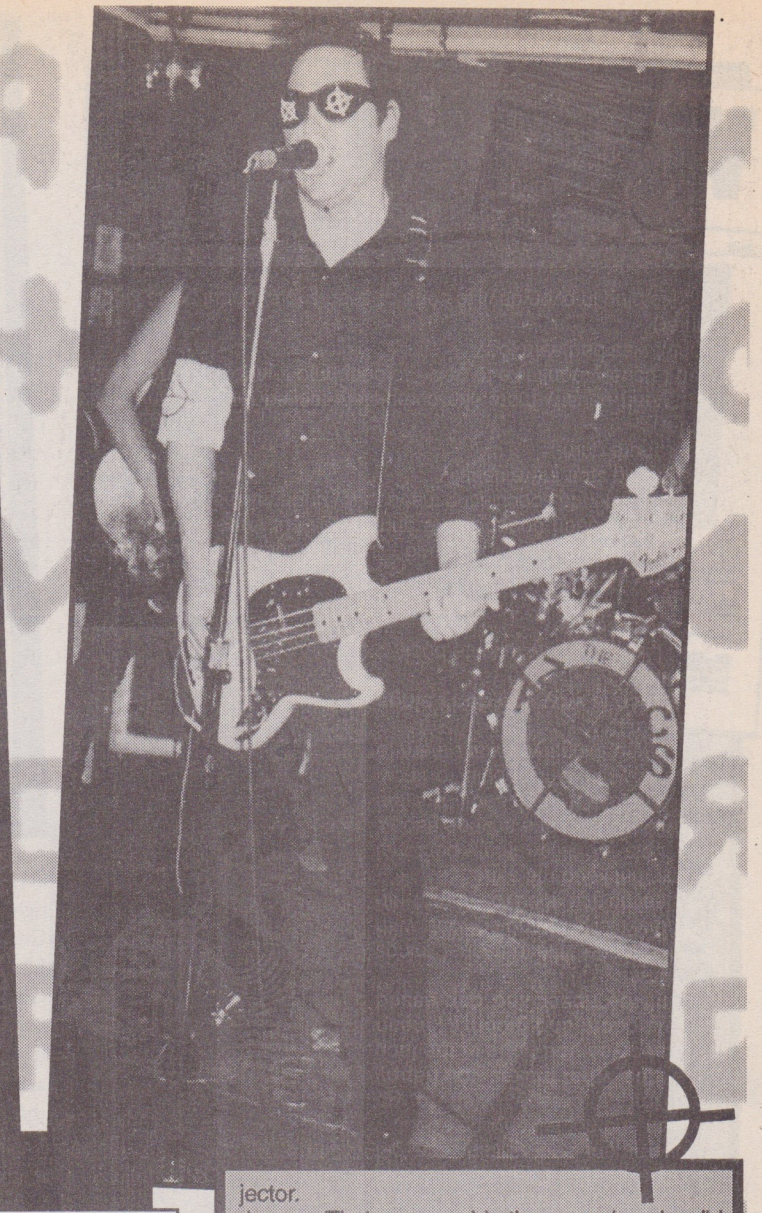
Greg: Actually, I was looking for little boys...

MRR: Wrong serial killer.

Jeremy: Oh wait, that's Gacy again dammit. No, I knew who he was from the Rip Offs. I was a big fan of that band, and basically I didn't like Supercharger. Actually, I only liked the Rip Offs 'cause I was into Jon Von.

Greg: You had one of those little things for him too?

MRR: Did he take pictures of you in your underwear?
Jeremy: No nothing like that, I just happened to meet Greg at this restaurant. I was wearing this Mummies t-shirt, and he goes, "You like the Mummies? You might like my band." And I was like "what's your band?" He says "You know, Supercharger, Rip Offs" I told him Nah, never heard of it. He asked me if I'd like to play guitar, so i gave it a shot. I thought maybe playing in a band with Greg might catapult me into punk rock nothingness.
MRR: It worked!
Jeremy: Yeah, it worked perfectly, Now I'm the idol of 14 year old fan boys everywhere.
MRR: Is this your first band?
Jeremy: First band that's really done anything.
Billy Badass: Actually, I'd known Jeremy from New York. I work at the Paradise Lounge and was booking some punk rock shows there. The Zodiac Killers were gonna play a show but canceled and Greg asked me if I wanted to play drums in the band. So, I tried out a couple of times and here I am.
Jill: And here he is, Billy Badass...
Jeremy: I had a feeling that Billy might be the right man for the job when we were looking for a drummer. I'd heard him play a few times in his previous band.
MRR: What was the band you were in before?
Billy Badass: I was in the Badastards or the Bad-Ass-Tards depending on how you like your punk rock.
Jeremy: I had seen Billy play and I knew he was a hard hitter. One time at a show at the Zietgeist, they were playing on the floor and Billy hit the drums so hard that the whole kit was moving across the floor. Every song it was moving like ten feet in the middle of the floor. I realized that, "oh my god this guy is off the hook man, we got get him in the band."
Jill: My story? Well, I was working at Localmusic.com
Greg: We're running out of tape Jill.
Jill: I was in this band called Wet, an all girl band, and the bass player had moved back to the east coast. I was looking for a bass player and these guys (pointing around the room) all had separate ads where I was looking. Which was kind of weird and they all said the same thing.
Greg: We didn't have ads
Jill: Yes you did.
Jeremy: Greg put up ads with our names.



Jill: They all had their own email and separate address.
Greg: Just edit her out.
Jill: They all said they wanted a female guitarist for their band. Before I emailed them back one of my first questions was "Why are you asking for a female?" They said that it was to off set the male-macho-ness of the band or whatever. They did come up with a good answer. But, I was real leery because I've had guy bands come up to me and say you look really good be in our band. They're not interested in how I play, it's so fucked up.
Greg: Well we really weren't either. I did say "Hot, must look hot." And you lied to us.
Jill: So he told me to check out the MP3's on Mordam's web site. I liked the name right off the bat and the music really reminded me of the Zero Boys a lot, which is one of my favorite bands. So, I came out for a try out. I think I was up right after the little Grateful Dead girl.
Greg: Yeah, the Grateful Dead chick was all "How do you play this? You guys sound so good that you don't really need another guitar player." And she had a Hole sticker on her guitar.
Jeremy: No, that was a different girl.
Greg: Whatever, they all kinda blend after a while.
Jeremy: Jill just stood out so much.
Jill: I walked in and was like a shining light. Then we played "Nazi Interrogation" like four or five times in a row.
Greg: And she still can't get that song.
Jill: So then I was in.
Greg: We were looking for anything breathing at that point.

jector.
Jeremy: That was one big theory on how he did the ciphers, was projecting them on an overhead. (Zodiac mailed a letter to the *San Francisco Chronicle* on July 31, 1969 that was written in a cipher code.)
MRR: How did they zero in on Arthur Allen as a possible suspect anyway?
Greg: That's a good question.
Jeremy: He was an original suspect, pretty much from day one.
Greg: He was, because of the Terry's connection. That he would hang out there and stuff like that, being around the Darlene Ferrin victim.
Jeremy: And probably because [Vallejo] is a small town and with a murder like this, you just open up the usual suspects book. And he's probably right there on page one. Convicted child molester, fucking known stalker or whatever. Probably just made sense.
Greg: Hey take this exit! I think it was the Ferrin connection if I'm not mistaken. They had tons of suspects, even to this day they still have multiple suspects. But he always seemed to be the best. They just never could prove it, ever.
There's a general conversation about how Vallejo hasn't changed much in the years since

WANTED

SAN FRANCISCO POLICE DEPARTMENT

the murders. Using a photo and rough directions from zodiackiller.com we drive on hoping to find the first murder site. Lake Herman Road is a small, winding two-lane road with dry, brown hills on both sides.

MRR: There's a sign for Benecia.

Greg: Let's go down a little bit. When I hit Benecia [before] I just turned back, I didn't think it was this far. But, you know, I don't think [the website] said it was in Vallejo or Benecia. I just know it's on this road. What's this here? Fuck! This could be it...this is it!

Jeremy: Yeah, there's the tree.

We exit the car and walk around the site, which is just a paved area on the side of the road.

MRR: So, who was killed out here?

Greg: This is where the first two victims were killed.

Jeremy: Faraday and Betty Lou Jensen.

Greg: Yeah, they were the first two. They were parked here.

Jeremy: (reading from a printout he's brought along) Victims approached while occupying Faraday's station wagon. Shots fired into the vehicle in an apparent effort to force them out. Betty Lou Jensen exits the front passenger door followed by Farady. Faraday is shot as he emerged from the car and then Jensen tries to flee on foot. (stops reading) So, she's like, 15 or 20 feet from the car when he shoots her. This was their first date!

MRR: And their last!

Jeremy: That sucks. (continues reading) Farady shot once in the head at point blank range. Jensen shot five times in the back with a .22 caliber semi-automatic.

Greg: This is the infamous one where the police said "Oh, it was a well lit night." Because they were wondering how he could shoot so well on that night. "Oh, it was moonlit" and stuff like that. The Zodiac actually got pissed and said bullshit. He said he had a little spotlight/flashlight on [his gun] so he could zoom right in on them.

Jeremy: (reading) It was December 20th, 1968, a Friday. While there were no witnesses, just before [a local resident] discovered the crime scene, she passed a light colored vehicle speeding in the opposite direction on Lake Hermann road towards Vallejo. I guess this chick just rolled on to the scene and she saw the Zodiac speeding away.

Greg: Yeah, but once again, Zodiac said no, he didn't [drive that car].

Jeremy: She came riding up on her dirt bike Enduro.

Greg: Her little mini bike.

Jill: It's not a mini-bike, get over it.

Jeremy: She had a helmet, a guitar strapped to her back, and a spiked collar on like some Evil Knevil punk rock bad ass.

Greg: So our next show we're gonna have her jump over like fifty fans onto the stage.

Jill: I've always wanted to play with guys, cause I thought it would be a challenge. I had a hard time keeping up with them at first, because they were way faster than I was used to playing. But now, it's no problemo. They even tell me to slow down.

MRR: Is it hard to be in a band with Greg?

Jill: Actually the first week or two these guys were so sweet to me.

Jeremy: That didn't last long.

Jill: Then finally, the real personalities came out. We had a few blow out sessions, but I think everybody showed how far they could be pushed. Now I think we know each other pretty well. We don't take each other that seriously. Anyway, how can you take this band seriously? Look at the album art, that's all I have to say.

Billy Badass: Greg used to be hard to deal with, but now it's hard dealing with his preaching all this new age spirituality bullshit all the time.

Greg: Sorry man, that's what I'm into.

Billy: He's always trying to align crystals and moon rhythms and shit.

Jeremy: It's not hard to be in a band with Greg once you learn the rules. And the rules are: music doesn't matter. It's out the window. Forget everything you know and try to make shit fun. Once you get over your musical ambitions, then it becomes fun. He does have the right idea about how to do shit.

Greg: You gotta sacrifice.

Jill: He can be a big fucking asshole at times.

Greg: No doubt about it. I believe this: It's supposed to be fun and it's gotta be fun, but when you've gotta do something...I mean how many bands are out there? There's like 500, 000 bands that never do fucking anything. They have more talent than I do, but they never do anything. You have to have a vision. Every band I've been in, I've been somewhat successful with. People just have to realize it's simple, it's catchy, and that's all it's about.

Jill: I do admire about Greg the fact that he is aggressive about what he wants. We do move forward, there's no fucking around, which keeps it exciting. I've been in too many bands where everyone's the leader or no one's a leader.

Greg: To elaborate on that, ever since my very first band, it was like

total chaos, we didn't know what we were doing. I just decided, I need to take control of the things in any band I'm gonna be in. When you make that decision, it's like anything in life, you decide you want to be a supervisor at 7-11 or anything you know, if you're the boss or whatever, people are gonna hate you.

MRR: Are you guys planning on touring ever?

Greg: Yeah were possibly gonna do something. Usually it starts off with bigger things then gets smaller. Maybe Japan, Europe, then work our way down. I figure if you're still together after that, the easier tours will be no sweat.

Billy Badass: Unless we can arrange four separate vans, like a convoy.

Greg: We could do like the Ramones did on their tour bus. It was all sectioned off, they had their own little cubicles with their girlfriends and stuff, they wouldn't even talk to each other.

MRR: I'm sure by the time this interview hits the streets, the new record will be out. What is it going to be called?

Greg: *Have A Blast.*

MRR: How is it different than the first album?

Jeremy: It's better.

MRR: How? Did you go into it differently?

Jeremy: Well, we're three different players than on the first one. I think it's got a fuller, thicker sound over all. We're coming into it from more of a rock perspective. A more bottom heavy rock sound. It's still fast, punk rock, and catchy but with a bigger sound. And yeah, the guitar playing's gonna be much better.

MRR: I noticed there were more riffs thrown in there, that gave it a fuller sound, more to grab onto.

Jeremy: I think it takes up where the last album left off, and just made it better.

MRR: How do you go into writing songs?

Greg: I don't know how it happens.

Jeremy: It's a fucking mystery basically. Greg usually comes up with a catchy chorus idea. It usually starts with a chorus, lyrics, a refrain, and we try to build around that. We write the music mostly around the vocals, we want it to be catchy and sing-a-long.

Jill: We really like to have highly intelligent lyrics.

Greg: Billy says my lyrics sound like punk Dr. Suess. Sam I am.

Jeremy: Sometimes the songs start out more complex, like three or four chords. Then we have to work real hard to dumb them down to two chords.

Greg: To me it just sounds better that way. The greatest punk rock had like one note, one chord. Ivy Green was a great band that did that. The bottom line is that it has to be catchy. The Ramones are another great example of that...you could go on and on.

MRR: Where is the major fan base for Rip Off Records and/or the Zodiac Killers?

Greg: It's all over—Europe, Japan, United States too.

MRR: Any particular cities in the U.S. in general?

Greg: It's weird, over the years it comes in waves. Generally, it's like one guy at a record store who knows what's up, or one guy who's really hip, pushing Rip Off stuff. For a long time it was Green Bay because of Time Bomb Tom, and then it was Huntington Beach for a while, and Chicago. I can't put my finger on it, it just comes in waves.

MRR: What's on the horizon for the Zodiac Killers?

Jeremy: Basically, I joined the band to put out a record and go to Japan.

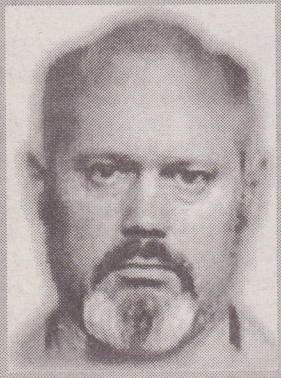
MRR: Are you lining that up now?

Greg: It's in the works. Honestly, it's the only reason to be in a band. You can start a band, put out a record, then break up.

MRR: Do other labels ever ask you to do stuff?

Greg: Yeah, actually one did. But, because I'm so synonymous with Rip Off, people tend to know it's not gonna happen. Why bother, my label's just as popular as these others. What are they gonna do for me that I can't do on my own? Nothing. At the same time, I am kind of contemplating it

Arthur Leigh Allen, 1967



Arthur Leigh Allen, 1978

Jeremy: I bet this place is scary as fuck at night.

Greg explains one theory that has the Zodiac leaving the scene at a leisurely pace due to his knowledge of the area. Greg also takes a moment to take a leak. Then we head towards the next site.

MRR: Have y'all gotten any negative feedback because of your band name?

Greg: No. Most people don't know what the name is.

Jeremy: The only people that might object would be residents up here. They're aging and there's not a lot of them left.

Greg: (in a snide punk voice) We'd just tell them to go fuck themselves! (laughter)

Jeremy: I'm sure there's families of the victims that wouldn't find it amusing at all.

Greg: I'm sure. Maybe we should send them some CD's to make them feel better.

Jeremy: (reading) While Faraday and Jensen are traditionally considered definite Zodiac victims there have been many other suspects in this case. In the early 1990's [a] former Vallejo police department detective said the couple was killed because Farraday had learned of a major drug deal and had been talking openly about who was involved. Other sources speculate that Zodiac wasn't involved because no taunting letters or phone calls were received until months after the murders. However, when Zodiac finally took credit for the attack he supplied many details of the attack that were not known to the general public. Here's the website guy's editorializing again: Perhaps Zodiac's sense of fulfillment following the Faraday/Jensen murder was so strong that he didn't feel the need to brag to the media.

Greg: Well, if it was his first killing, he was probably a little freaked out. He realized that he got away with it. I mean, nice job with the editorializing, bullshit. Think about it, you kill someone for the first time, you're going to be fucking freaked out that you're going to get caught. When he realized that, 6 months later it wasn't going to happen, he decided to go on another kill spree.

MRR: Is there any background on the Zodiac symbol (the cross-hairs) or is it something he came up with and didn't explain?

Greg: He didn't explain it, but there are all sorts of theories. One is that it is just a simple cross-hair. Other things...that it's some navy symbol and also...

Jeremy: This crazy involved theory about how it was actually a calendar that was based on the fucking moon sequences. Kind of a far flung theory.

Greg: I think there was one theory that he had a zodiac watch and the logo was a crosshair. Once again, it's all just speculation.

Jeremy: One thing we know for sure is that he definitely used that symbol to identify himself.

MRR: Have y'all ever gotten confused with being skinhead band, with all of the cross-hairs?
Greg: No. A few people have mentioned that, becaus we put it all over the first album. Hopefully most peopl who know at least my music, they know that I'm not racist or a skinhead. It's kind of obvious. (laughter) It' the symbol of the Zodiac Killer and he never said any thing racist at all, and at the height of the 60's you figur he could have easily. It did kind of start a little racial ten sion because it was the 60's and white people were assuming that it was a black killer.
Jeremy: There's interesting footage of the black San Francisco Police Commissioner,at a press conference totally trying to dispel any [racial motivation]. I guess i was at the same time as the Manson murders also, where Manson had come right out and said that he was trying to start a race war.
We pull into the golf course parking lot where the second murder took place. Greg and Jeremy try to pinpoint the exact location of the murder.
MRR: What happened here?
Jeremy: (reading and commenting) July 4th, 1969, Darlene Ferrin and Mike Mageau parked at this location to talk. Ferrin's married and her husband Dean was initially a suspect but was quickly ruled out. A car, possibly a light brown Ford Mustang or Chevrolet Corvair pulled into the lot just a few feet away. A man with a flashlight exits the vehicle and approaches them. There are no other cars in the lot. Thinking that it was a police officer, the couple has their i.d.'s out and ready. Nice. Without warning, the man begins firing at the couple. Five shots were fired. The man then walked slowly back to his car. Mageau screams in pain at which point the man returns and fires two more shots into each victim. See, he just should have kept his fucking mouth shut. It was at this point that Mike Mageau got a look at him. The man was white, 5'8" to 5'9", late 20's to early 30's, stocky build, round face and brown hair. No conversation between victims and the man occur. Approximately 45 minutes later, Vallejo police receive a call from a man claiming responsibility for the act and correctly identifies the weapon and also takes credit at that point for the Faraday/Jensen murders of 12/20/68. For the next few weeks the investigation goes nowhere. Then on July 31, a letter arrives at the *Vallejo Times*, *San Francisco Examiner* and *Chronicle* in which the killer claims the murders with details only the murderer would know. That's when shit really takes off.
Back in the car, Greg notes how close the three spots we've just visited are. We decide to try and go to one of the more remote Zodiac sites: Lake Berryessa.
MRR: Is this the one with the costume?
Both: Yeah.
Greg: But there's no guarantee we can find that one. The only way is if we go up and start talking to the locals at the bar. Have a drink with them. (laughter).
MRR: Did Zodiac ever explain his costume?
Greg: No, he didn't. You have to remember, he was a psychopathic freak! (laughter) Can you imagine seeing that guy come up in that fucking suit? Are you going to let this freak tie you up [like the two victims at Berryessa did]? There's no way in hell, obviously the dude's not normal.
Jeremy: He's obviously a psychopathic freak. [Wearing] this big box with an ornamental hood.
MRR: How did he find them all the way back here, in such a large, remote area? Did he follow them?
Greg: No, I don't think he followed him, I think he just came up here looking for victims. They were just random victims.

MRR: Did he take credit for the one up here?
Greg: Yeah, it was almost instantaneous. Because he wrote in black marker on the victim's door the date of the killing and put his symbol on there. He then drove down to Napa. That's where he called the police and said he wanted to report a double homicide. He thought he'd killed them both.
We drive on to the Lake Berryesa area. During a pit stop at a General Store, Greg tells us to suck up the ambiance while he walks about a block over to his aunt's house. He comes back with exact directions. On September 27, 1969, at the site we are headed for, Cecelia Shepard and Bryan Hartnell were stabbed numerous times with a foot long knife. Hartnell survived the attack. We pull into a parking lot that overlooks the lake from the West.
Greg: We'll park right here and walk on down. She called it Acorn Cove, and it looks like it's down there.
After parking the car, we walk to a remote picnic area on the shore of Lake Berryessa. Powerful, cold gusts of wind kept picking up and blowing through during our visit, making this a short stop.
Greg: [That picnic area] is the one, I'm positive.
Jeremy: Right, they were down by the water and he came up behind them. He changed [into his costume] behind a tree. (exclaims) That tree right there! (laughter).
Greg: They could see him coming from the road. He came from there and he changed here (gestures to tree). The reason the Zodiac knew they were here was because he saw their car parked up on the road.
Jeremy: They were down on this little point, getting it on. Zodiac comes up behind them. When they saw him at first he wasn't dressed up.
MRR: So, were there survivors of this one?
Greg: Yeah, the guy. And without him living no one would have known Zodiac wore that costume.
This was the last stop on our Zodiac tour. On the drive back to San Francisco, Greg and Jeremy debate whether they would want to know for sure if Arthur Allan was responsible. Jeremy says that he would definitely want to know the results of a DNA test that could prove Allan was Zodiac. Greg wouldn't want to know, because then it would be over and not as scary.

ONWARD TO MAYHEM

Interview by Emil Gilmanov HTTP://COME.TO/CRUSTPUNK

MRR: Lets' start with some usual interview filler, who are you, what do you play, how long have you been together, favorite ramen noodle flavor?

Daego: I, the Deacon Deadly Daego provide vokills, ax wounds, and spiritual direction for the ministries of mayhem. We are approaching our fourth year as an organized force of sheer destruction and I prefer the chicken curry, fully drained.

Rock-A-Bill: I just joined after the East Coast tour this summer on the bass. I'm too classy for ramen.

A-Kla-47: I don't do anything. I ride motorcycles through flaming hoops and smoke crack. As far as ramen, I no longer require sustenance due to my evolution to God status.

Matt-itude Scavenge: I play guitar and sing some stuff. I joined up after that horrid demo was made, subsequently the band got a lot better.

Matt. I don't believe in eating because all I need is beer and weed.

MRR: No doubt Minneapolis has a great scene with lots of influential bands calling it home, but lots of people tend to think that Minneapolis is a sort of a U.S. punk Mecca. I've heard that both laughingly denied (by Misery) and supported, by various people.

Daego: Nice question. I actually moved here for just that reason. Compared to most other cities, I must agree. That does not however mean that this place is all that great. We have tons of great things and many dedicated people who actually make it happen, but we are still riddled with the rumors, deceit, treachery, cliques, and all that tears it apart from within. People kiss a lot of ass, people fight a lot. But no matter what, Minneapolis will always provide with the best shows and newest records. The Misery boys are good friends and great guys, but they know the score. You have to do it for yourself out here, and if people don't like what you are doing, just stick it out. I love this scene, I hate this scene. But rest assured, it is one hell of a city for punkers.

Bill: I have been living here for most of my life and I've seen this scene grow in waves. It's a low tide right now but I think the waves are coming in real soon. That is how the punk movement itself seems to have worked historically.

Kla: I fucking hate this city. Too many fucking morons who can't take a joke. Everyone is always watching and judging your actions. They can fuck right off.

Matt: Agreed. I'm actually sick of it here but have so many friends that I just couldn't leave. Too many crusties. I have been to a lot of places and we do have a very cool scene but once you have to deal with it behind the curtain, it sucks. People support the wrong bands for the wrong reasons. I won't play the game.

Daego: I would also like to illustrate our take on "crusties". For the MOST part we don't mean the crusty PUNX. We mean the traveling street trash who are brain-dead, sloppy, ornery, and always try to either get into shows free, bring their dogs, or hang out front harassing people. I simply cannot deal with that bullshit. I wish our city didn't attract so many of them.

MRR: You write political lyrics, yet you mentioned to me that some people like to label you a "postcard band." Care to elaborate on that? Is it because you play with such acts as the Casualties, and now have your new LP coming out on Charged records? I personally think that the whole anti-punk movement in punk itself where people start assuming shit about kids with too big hair or too many studs or something is really fucked and just creates more divisions.

Daego: Damn, I like your questions. Fuck yeah! That is so dead on! I can't believe that people have allowed our cultural pride to be drug through the mud like this! What the hell happened to the dignity of punk? I am fucking proud of my blade and my gear and my way of life and I'll be damned if I'll allow ANYONE to tell me I should be ashamed of that. A real punk-looking punk takes more shit everyday of their lives for the way they look and have personal and emotional reasons to hate the system, not from reading pamphlets at college. We have real life experience and we know who we are. This is not a fucking phase. It's a way of life. And if someone is too far a coward to make that distinction and join the revolution FUCK THEM! We don't need your college-poseur-ass-disco-dormie shit. We're in this for life. As far as the bands we choose to work with, same there. The bands we deal with treat us well, get shit done, are dedicated and successful. There is nothing wrong with playing big shows, I like it better. Charged took wonderful care of us and spent thousands on the recording alone as well as agreeing to all of our terms on the record and things have gone far above our wildest expectations. I feel the fact that we are breaching that gap and bringing a revolutionary message back to the "punk" kids while staying true to our cultural roots and having a good time is the key to reuniting the tribes and making punk what it should be. Making it what I always thought it was again. Making punk a threat again!

Bill: As long as people want to label us this way and continue looking like beggars, that's just fine. They have no style or creativity and I am happy that I'm not one of them. It's such a brain boggle that people who are supposedly "punx" trash-talk the people who look the "punkest" now. I thought people aspired to be better, not dis those who take the time to try to do better. I support punk people a lot faster than pseudo-punk fence walkers.

Kla: How many times do I have to tell you people that I'm not punk? I hate punks. Punk is stupid.

Matt: The people who say those things fall into two categories. The first is the lazy, jealous type and the second is the self-righteous minimalist. Both types have no pride in cultural history or fashion statements. Why should our statement as a band or as people be restricted to lyric sheets? As far as that particular statement in Minneapolis, we made a very loud one. We are the only band of our tradition here and many kids have begun to follow suit.

MRR: Speaking of the new LP, tell us about it a little bit, and about Charged and the story behind you working with them.

Daego: Jake saw us in Philly and was blown away. We did a few gigs with them and he came into our stolen U-Haul for a few beers and straight out asked us to do an LP/CD and a 7". We thought about it and discussed the pros, cons, possibilities, and inevitabilities. In the end we decided that it was the best thing we could do, on the grandest scale, with the most support and truth involved and its success was up to us alone now that we had the tools to do it. So we picked that hammer up. Charged is building an international racket by getting the best, most involved bands of each major scene and making them big. By doing this the network becomes successful while the distribution and touring is made so much easier. Charged records is friends helping friends, and one really cool guy putting out kick-ass records. While we are quite a bit different from the other bands, I feel this will be a very successful project and that Charged will probably be the biggest label in the U.S. by then end of 2001. Jake won't put out a shitty record.

Bill: Jake kicks ass. He provided us with everything that an up-and-coming band could possibly hope for.

Kla: Well, our deal with Sony fell through and all so we had to settle with what we could get ASAP to continue our $5,000-a-day coke habits. Not to mention all the money those strippers seem to drain outta me.

Matt: I like Jake. I like some of the bands on the label. Others I think are pretty sucky. I'm

On Minneapolis:

Too many crusties. I have been to a lot of places and we do have a very cool scene, but once you have to deal with it behind the curtain, it sucks. People support the wrong bands for the wrong reasons.

ONWARD TO MAYHEM

just happy to actually be able to do what it is I have dreamed about as long as I can remember. It's a unique opportunity to be able to leave your dent, and we worked hard not to be another band on the label, but to be our own band. I don't think we could be anything different if we tried. We really embody the imagery and actions that we represent.

MRR: Back to Minneapolis, I am a pretty big fan of PE and am really happy it's back. Do you think you will put out anything on PE records when and if the label part of the collective is back in full swing?

Daego: I would be honored if PE ever considered us for a release, but I don't think that will ever happen. PE was probably the biggest reason I moved here in the first place and an inspiration to keep working away for the greater good. If PE did go full-blown, I hope they stay true to their eclectic punk stylings and continue to do bands that are street and drink, ala Public Nuisance, Assrash, etc. I can't imagine them getting a better band out of that genre than us right now, and we would totally do the record. I'm so sick of crust. I have been offered to write if I want, but I simply can't come up with anything that will do PE justice thus far. Getting the offer to work with Havoc was just as important to me. I saw them on the same level, but PE was, well, PE. We were really happy with that. We are going to do Felix proud.

Bill: I concur. I'm so glad PE is back. I really hope they support the whole scene instead of just crust/thrash. They are the primary voice of our city and though it is not their responsibility, I feel they should give all our scene's subsidiaries fair play.

Kla: I could give a fuck less.

Matt: I have been reading that magazine since I was a kid and it didn't leave any void in my heart, but as a staple I'm glad to see it again. It's always nice to grab one at the noise, even though I never care about the bands they talk about.

MRR: For people who aren't from Minneapolis, or the Midwest, tell a little about the Inferno, what it was and what it is now.

Daego: There was a brief period of education and enlightenment in the punk community during the days of the legendary Inferno. It was a DIY venue run by myself and Bill with no rules. We ran a million fuckin' gigs from there and had a really good run. It definitely brought punk back to the kids because it was very youth-oriented and very community. It has now become a shell of its former glory, but will be back soon. We tried to be really full-on community and eclectic, but no one took advantage of our accepting nature. So it ended up being a punk-as-fuck beer-swilling pit of shit. It was fuckin' beautiful, man.

Bill: It was the coolest thing that ever happened to Minneapolis. Fuck all those asswipes that dissed it because the kids liked to hang out there. Good for them. I'm glad kids started coming out again. It changed the face of this scene for the better and a lot of old codgers didn't like that very much.

Kla: I just went there to pick up chicks and drink free beer. Once in a while my band would grace you fools with a set, but that was it. You'll never see us on that small a stage again. Not for less than a grand, anyway.

Matt: I look forward to the reclaiming of the home court. After doing all that work you would think that people would appreciate the effort, but no. People still talk all this shit about Daego and all I can think of is how he could never make rent and how hard it was on him. What a load of ingrates and cowards.

MRR: InsubordiNation is your own label. Is it just for OTM records or do you have or plan to put out stuff by other bands?

Daego: The first release was a split with Hunger Pains and 400 Miles of Shit. Both bands are over now. I actually found a couple of bands I want to release (Violent Subversion, lost Murderers material), but I am far too busy with all this OTM stuff going on, and broke. Eventually, I would like to make it a full-blown label. OTM probably won't ever do another records on the label if at all possible.

Matt: I'm trying to talk him into putting out a 4-way split with OTM, the Menstrual Tramps, Lost Boys, and the Framed. If there were more available funds it would be cool to make it Minneapolis' premiere label for all the bands who will never be on PE or Havoc.

MRR: Everyone loves Destroy and Code 13. What are some new Minneapolis bands to watch out for and bands that you really like?

Daego: Hmm...local bands. I'm such an asshole and a band-hater I can't field that. You can tell who I support by who I book with us. I don't even judge bands by their talent anymore, it's all become too personal. I really liked the Framed and the Lost Boys on Halloween though. The Subversives are my local favorite.

Matt: The Menstrual Tramps, Big Fuckin' Skull, the Scamps, the Framed...

Kla: King Diamond, Pearl Jam, Nirvana practically invented punk rock, Kiss, the Monkeys, and Sgt. Slaughter.

Bill: I'm glad that Prozac Children are back. All the bands who played Halloween were incredible.

MRR: What other bands / things / events inspire you and your lyrics?

Daego: Social issues, especially scene ones. I get pissed. All of our music is written from anger, except the drinking anthems. Some from betrayal, some from violence, some from disgust. My inspiration is always of a displeasing nature. I've never written a love song, and I love beer. The day I do I will cease to be the person that I am. Even our drinking anthems are of a socially relevant nature. I wonder what it would be like to be in love, I have no fucking clue.

Matt: I wrote our token war song. I usually write music about drinking and wrecking shit. When I was in the Smeggz I wrote pretty much everything but in OTM it's more of a group effort now.

Bill: I pretty much hold up the musicianship end of things. I actually know about theory and stuff and am usually responsible for the pogo-style riffs.

Kla: I beat the living hell out of drums. Kinda like Animal from the Muppets on speed with a foot-long cock.

MRR: Anyone vegan/vegetarian? What's your opinion on animal rights?

Daego: I hadn't eaten a speck of meat in well over 5 years up until recently. I went to a Chinese buffet, starving, and simply gave up. I still won't purchase meat but I could more or less call myself a freegan now, but only on chicken. I won't eat any meat other than chicken. I don't condone that as a political move, it's just a life decision that I made. It isn't for anyone and it isn't a statement. But that's where I currently stand. I won't support the industry. I could give a fuck less about the animals, but I like them being alive and I like wildlife and I like pets. My choice on the industry is one of a more political nature than simple animal cruelty.

Kla: I track and kill all my own meat. Usually neighborhood kids I take from the basketball courts. Unsuspecting victims.

Bill: No comment.

Matt: I'm far too broke to give a fuck what I eat. I take what I can get. I basically live off of the food at the gas station I work at.

MRR: I just spend three great weeks in Israel, and while I was there it was 100% peaceful. As soon as I left, trouble began going down again. It really pains me to see people dying and living like shit over religion and thousand-year-old quarrels. Religion is probably the biggest divider and war-causer in the history of humanity, a lot more so than race or nationality. What's your opinion? Is it possible for people to ever shake off the shackles of religion?

Daego: Humans are a cowardly, uneducated lot by nature. They are a bunch of standing monkeys. Really. Religion, what a topic, it absolutely sickens me. Just answering this question has completely changed my mood. I cannot fucking stand the way people succumb to that apparent idiocy. How can people be so fucking stupid? How? Why do people want to make everyone else live by their rules of consumption and consummation? I cannot fathom this. Something needs to be done, and fast. I suppose we could just let the idiots continue to kill each other and eventually that would be then end of it. But we all know about the nukes. OTM officially sup-

The Inferno *ended up being a punk-as-fuck beer-swilling piece of shit. It was fuckin' beautiful, man.*

port church burning (not neighborhood ones, TV ministries and shit) and running over people who are protesting abortion at clinics. War is war, be it social, economical, or political. There will always be casualties in a war, and my freedom won't be one of them.

MRR: Since the elections are coming up, do any of you vote or will you boycott? What about Nader? Usually no matter who you vote for, the system wins, but in these elections I think I would vote Nader, but I'm not a U.S. citizen yet, so I can't.

Daego: Voting for Nader is NOT throwing away a vote, people! DO IT DO IT DO IT! Make a fucking statement! I will vote proudly and make my voice heard, regardless of the outcome. Nader all the way.

Matt: Nader.

Bill: Agreed.

Kla: I'm voting for Buchanan 'cause I don't want any faggot Boy Scout leaders. That and it's a safe bet he has a swastika tattoo somewhere on his body.

MRR: What's your best/worst show? Tour plans?

Daego: Best show, can't remember, so many. Any gig I played with a 12-pack in me was fun. Worst show, ABC NO RIO this summer. Matt couldn't play 'cause he died the night prior and we felt like shit. That was the day I got lost alone drunk in Brooklyn and tried to start fights with the public. We made total fools of ourselves. Then I broke up the band, then I tried to fight the Menstrual Tramps, the story gets worse. We are having an extensive tour for Charged this summer, Europe next fall, and maybe a Havoc tour this summer as well.

Matt: The worst show is any time these idiots get drunk enough to attempt "Paradise City." They make such fools of us. Halloween was a joke.

Bill: I love playing New York. Little Danny and Dave, and all of our fans there kick ass. I can't wait to play the Inferno on re-opening night.

Kla: The worst show ever was the one when I was in France. Like anyone could EVER replace me!

MRR: You have the "trash emo" (stick-guy throwing word "emo" into trash bin) logo on your shirts, I whole-heartedly agree. Emo and so called "indie rock" bullshit is polluting the real underground/independent music scene and its "open-minded, sensitive" politics (or lack thereof) probably disgust me even more than the awful music. Please feel free to add anything on this topic.

Daego: Oh joy! Emo, for chrissake. What a joke! You fucking cowards! What the hell do you have to do with punk rock? I'll tell you: NOTHING. Not a goddamn thing. Get the fuck out. Now. Before I get really mad. Talk about your sell-out easy way to be hip, college-ass bullshit. What a phase. No dignity, honor, integrity, focus, or anything else. It's a cheap excuse for wimpy boys with eating disorders to get pussy by being in a rock band and having some type of style. But the style is lame! It's totally for the weak of mind and weak of heart. We should not permit these people to further dilute the ranks of the underground. No tolerance. Raise your 'hawks and raise your fists!

Bill: People seem to think we are arrogant when we talk about how that shit is not punk on stage. Well, it isn't! Get used to it. I too, feel that it is deluding our scene and I personally think they all suck as people. Get the fuck out.

Matt: Punx and skins all the way. I don't have a damn thing in common with those people and never will. I'll stick to what I know and love. As long as no one bothers me I'm fine, but the moment they get in our way shit will hit the fan.

Kla: Shut up. Who gives a fuck. I hate everybody.

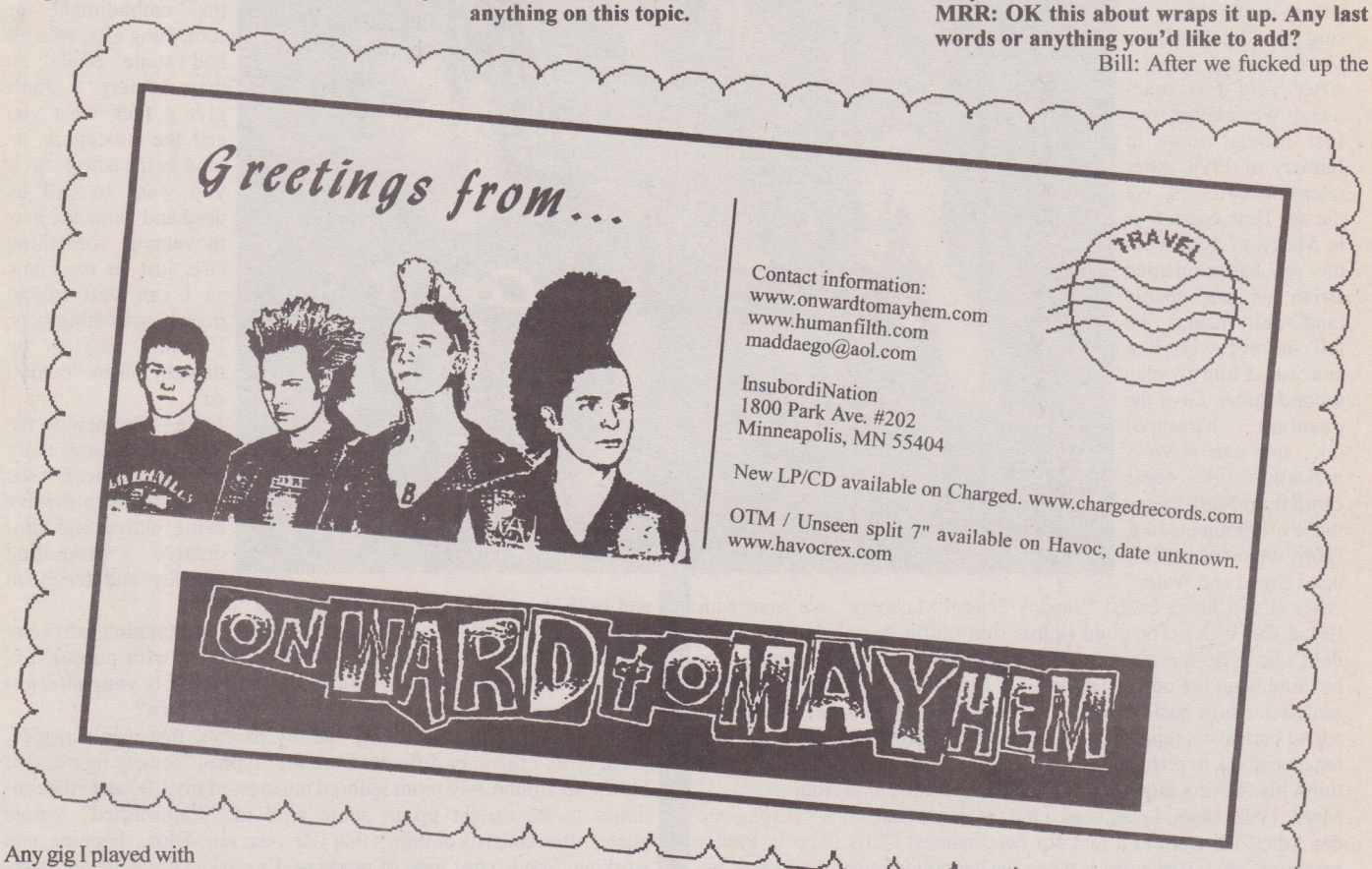
MRR: OK this about wraps it up. Any last words or anything you'd like to add?

Bill: After we fucked up the last few shows we decided not to drink so much before we play. That should improve the live show a bit.

Matt: Actually, I agreed to drink more.

Daego: Well, I think we proved something to the scene. I hope that the kids remember how OTM were once the most hated band in Minneapolis and look at what we have accomplished. You can do anything if you really want to. Dedication and devotion. I'll see you on the streets.

Some people like to label you a "postcard band."
[They] have no pride in cultural history or fashion statements. Why should our statement as a band or as people be restricted to lyric sheets?



bread and water

I first heard BREAD AND WATER last spring when I bought the record on a whim- I figured Burrito Records had put out stuff I liked in the past, so why the hell not pick this platter up too? Man, I'm glad I did- as it's been in regular rotation on my turntable ever since. Totally hook laden hardcore— that's oft compared to ECONOCHRIST with female vox. So after nearly wearing out the grooves on both of their EP's, I figured it was time to fire off a few questions via the old e-mail, and these are their responses... interview by Mike Thorn photos by Justin Jozwiak.

MRR: When did the band start; who's in it and what do they do, and what the fuck does that name mean?

Chris: Let's see....the band started approximately August of 1998. Mark and I were writing songs with just bass and drums (I play drums), looking (sort of passively) for a guitarist. We met Jorge a couple months later. He picked up the existing songs super-fast, and we started writing more. We felt like we wanted to find a friend active in our scene to sing for the band, so Mark asked Amie. After very few practices, we played our first official show in January of 1999. After releasing two 7"s, we did an East coast tour in March of 2000 with this real bastard named Brian as our roadie (and t-shirt maker). We fell in love with him and asked him to play second guitar. Give the governor harumph! OK, the name. Well, honestly the name came from Mark in one those off moments like, "Hey, we could call the band Bread and Water." After almost being called "Sunday School Massacre", we went with Bread and Water. The point to this shitty little story being the name didn't arise from a meaning, the meaning arose from the name. I'm not sure what the others get out of it, but I instantly felt like it represented the most basic means of survival – food and water. And, as an added bonus, it's representative of the historical stereotype of the sustenance given to prisoners. So, all in all, I really love the name. I even think it's fucking hilarious where Mark got the name from.

Mark: 1998. Mark, I play bass. I got the name from an NWA song one day when we were at a loss for band names. Chris liked it. Pick a meaning. My favorite one is when we get pulled over by the cops, we say it's 'cause we're a christian hardcore band.

Amie: OK, well I sing, scream, and get hurt.

Brian:I'm just going to let y'all answer the questions. We don't need four fucking opinions for every question. I trust your judgment, even if I think your full of shit....

Jorge: Guitar.

MRR: Do you think HC/punk is still relevent (sic) as a counter cultural movement or has it become another retro scene like 60's garage or the whole hippie rock thing? Why or why not?

Mark: Provided that the no compromise attitude of the DIY movement stays strong, and that people are willing to support the all ages and low door price ethics, and put pressure on bands and venues that charge a lot and only cater to 18 and up showcases, do we actually provide a real alternative. For the most part of our "counter culture", I feel that it still provides an alternative to the mediocre shit that's out there.

Chris: I think you misspelled relevant. In the Republic of Texas that offense is punishable by death. But anyway, YES, punk still means something as a subculture. I feel like an old bastard when I look around and see all these kids in the scene, but I know that's what it's all about. Keeping the movement growing, trying to spread ideas and opinions to people who are interested in doing something besides playing football. Many of us get jaded and bitter, because we had these existing groups doing actions and shows and feedings, and now they're all gone and we've got to start over. But the point is, as long as we've got something to start over with, hope is alive. Or, if you want to argue philosophically, perhaps we are the embodiment of hippies, who were the embodiment of beatniks, who were the embodiment of something else, who all had some effect on their society. I don't give a fuck what you call the subculture, as long as it's active. So if you want to call us dead and name the new movement something else, just let me know so I can start calling myself something new. I would hate to be thought of as "outdated".

Jorge – I'm new to the HC scene, and more into just music, but the scene seems to involve being active and productive – promoting equality and feminism and stuff like that. It still seems important.

MRR: Is there an alternative, in your mind, to "turning into your parents?" I mean do you see yourself involved with punk/alternative ways of living when you're 40- and what is your alternative to wage slavery- how do we break this pattern?

Amie: As far as me becoming like my parents, that won't happen. From birth, I felt very different from the "typical" society figures that I grew up around. My mom ignored me most of my life, and still continues to be caught up in some kind of "brainwashed" atmosphere...that consists of things that I despise, television, shopping, and working. She is very fond of working. I've asked her what her interests are, because I realized that I know almost NOTHING about who she is, and what her goals were as a youth. She just answers me by saying that she "doesn't know". She got so caught up in working, and doing the things that aren't promoting herself, and her ideals, that she lost all sense of herself within the years. I won't be like that. I feel almost like an outcast to "normal" society, uncomfortable with it, and my interests and goals are things that will take a great amount of time for me to reach. I am 20 right now, and my mom is 42. In my mind, it will take me that long to get where I want to be. Even if I wasn't in this band, and this type of music didn't exist, I would still be involved in artistic outlets. I am too stubborn to just give into the things I hate about society solely for convenience. I can't ignore things, like my

mom does. I refuse to be a zombie simply to cope with the suffering that comes with life. As far as breaking the pattern, I don't know if there is a feasible way to actually destroy wage slave patterns such as these. It requires a great amount of time, and in my eyes, it would require human evolution, for people in the masses to actually get really sick of things on a large scale, and completely change the way things are done. But working towards that, self employment would be one way to combat it.

Mark: Yes, I see myself involved well into my old age and on my death bed. The punk scene itself does not thrive or even dwindle on good intentions alone. It needs support, especially financially (labels, clubs, houses, zines). All those things take money. That means working a job or robbing armored cars, but that does not mean you are a slave. If you hate you're job, organize with your friends and co-workers and take the job back from your boss. That's easier said than done, but everything worth fighting for is never easily obtained.

Chris: I may eventually take the physical shape of my father, but I do hope to stay active in alternative interests. There are definitely worse fates than living like my folks, who are fairly laid back, very friendly, and very understanding. But I seem to become more interested in activism every day. I didn't participate in many subversive activities in my youth, so now I embrace the challenge with brittle bones. OK, I'm only 27, but I feel like I've survived a challenging period that drags many people into the bowels of bitterness. I feel like I can honestly say that I will be active in some type of underground movement twenty years from now, if not the hardcore scene. I'm not sure what I'll be doing to make a living, though. I wish the answer to the end of wage slavery was subsistence farming, but in this day and age I'm afraid it is not. Thanks to many people in our anarchist history, what we call "wage slavery" is not nearly as harsh as it was in the past, in this country at least. If we remain vigilant, and pursue the ideas and tactics of people like Albert Parsons(hopefully without getting executed), then we stand to improve the lifestyles of those people who come after us. I suppose we "break the pattern" through persistence and dedication to the ideas that have brought us this far. Myself, I'd like to see the four-day work week become a facet of society in my lifetime. Give me a chisel and point me toward the mountain.

Jorge: If the music still exists, I will be a part of it. And what do you mean "break" the pattern of wage slavery. I've never even had a job.

MRR: Do you do any activism outside of the band? What?

Mark: When I can find the time, I try to help out ALT, Animal Liberation of Texas, by participating at demos, setting up benefit shows and the like for them. I'm not as involved as I should be, but that's because I spend a lot of time with the A-team.

Amie: As far as activism outside the band…I had a table of information that I made available to kids, for educational purposes on tampon dangers (this girl I met named Kat has it in her zine now), women in Afghanistan, flyers from In Defense of Animals, and I also created a flyer and stickers on sweatshops and Nike. I gave most of that stuff away, and plan on making some new pamphlets soon. Other than that, I have started going to an anarchist sewing club here in Dallas, and it seems to be pretty interesting. The kids are planning drumming marches for downtown, to educate people on Mumia and Leonard Peltier…and it's also promoting lesbian and gay activities, as well as painting, making clothes, and other interesting things. Also, outside of that, I'm working on another music project, art collective, and films pertaining to these things, shortly.

Chris: I do, but not as much as I should. I participate in some of the animal rights demonstrations they have in Dallas. I intended to participate in a march against the treatment of Hispanics in the American legal system, but that fell through. I want to this, I want to do that. I don't have anybody to blame but myself. I do more reading than anything else to get me inspired. I need to figure out where I want to focus my energy and concentrate on that thing. I'm meeting more and more alternative minded people outside the hardcore scene, and I'm becoming overwhelmed with the amount of ideas that I have to bring people together and accomplish things within our community. I'm hoping that interaction with these people will just naturally lead me into more activism in different places.

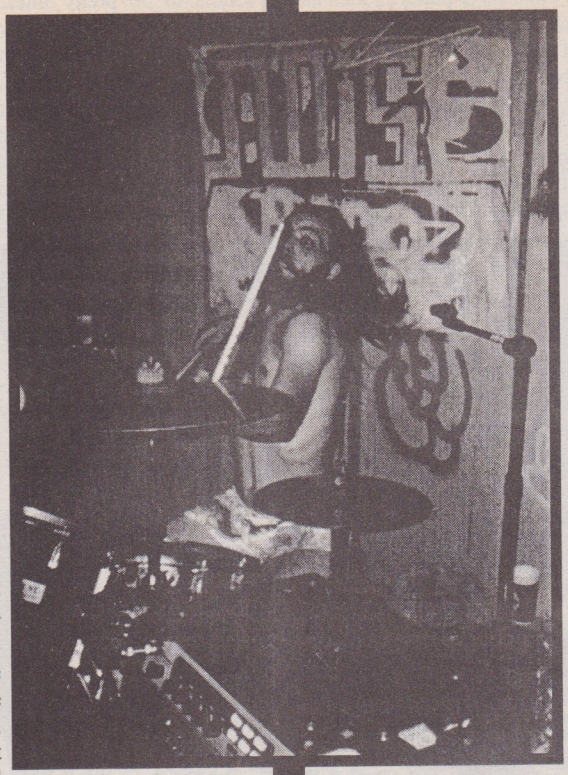
MRR: In reference to "Cash for Houses", where you sing "we don't want your shopping malls/ we don't want your fucking bars/ we don't want your fancy lofts/ this neighborhood is fucking ours", this process of gentrification is something that people are seeing across the country on a massive scale- what are some ways you feel people can combat it? Also, how do you respond to the criticism that implicates a lot of punx and artists as being the fore runners to gentrification in neighborhoods?

Mark: There are all sorts of ways to combat gentrification, from organizing your neighbors, to pulling up the "cash for houses" signs, to sabotaging construction sites, to hiring the A-team. I see punx in some places who unite and combat it well. In Dallas, however, in the 1980's Deep Ellum was the punk and artist community, and without opposition the rich came in and turned the whole place into yuppie strip malls. This area was a warehouse district then, but there were hundreds of homeless people there. Sadly, punk is somewhat trendy, and if the punx parade around like a fashion show and not a movement, then we totally open the door for gentrification.

Jorge: You need people, you need community support. Some people don't fucking care, and you have to convince them that it's worth caring. If you don't want something in your neighborhood, then your neighborhood is where you have to start.

Chris: I saw HARUM SCARUM talking about that in their MRR interview. Somebody actually accused them of being the forerunners for gentrification in a neighborhood where they have a club. I think this is a way for people to shift blame. Like it's quit as simple as "wherever we see a white person, we're gonna build a shopping mall and 600 lofts". Take a look at the target areas. I think we'll find that many of them are in a short radius to high traffic areas focusing around business. The largest factor in gentrification is the overwhelming state of the American economy for the last five or six

years. I'm gonna laugh my fucking ass off when the investments of these fucking companies go bust in another five years. As far as those accusations go, whenever Rick Rueben takes a walk with me through South Dallas is when I'll start believing that shit.



MRR: Ya'll have a strong animal rights push in your lyrics. How important is that to you and why?

Amie: Being Vegan is an extremely important factor to me. I have learned a lot about life that I would have just never thought about otherwise. I would have to say that vegetarianism is one of the biggest steps for our evolution into becoming a more intelligent, loving society. I feel better health-wise also.

Chris: I agree with Amie. Considering the feelings of other forms of life seems like a natural evolutionary step to me. I guess since it's something that we live with every day as part of our lifestyle, our eating and grooming habits, it becomes second nature. It takes on an air of importance that we may not give to other things because those things are not so easy to grasp. I mean, if I actually lived in South America and saw the poverty and hunger that I read about, I may have an inclination to dedicate my actions to other more immediate concerns. But because I live an average existence in the United States, my focal points tend to be problems that are more common where I live. Animal abuse, experimentation, and slaughter being some of those problems. Plus, spreading the idea of vegetarianism is to spread an idea of one of the easiest forms of activism that could eventually really make a difference on a much larger scale.

Mark: This is extremely important because animal rights, human rights, and environmental rights all coincide. You can't pick and choose freedom. It's liberation for all or none. A cage is still a cage no matter what species you are.

MRR: Is the concept of class war relevant? How?

Mark: I think its relevant to any one who lives from paycheck to paycheck, whether they're supporters of the class war struggle or not. If you don't eat the rich, the rich will eat you.

Jorge – Unionizing and working class organization is possible. Class war can be relevant if we want it to be.

MRR: Do you feel that punk is dying?

Chris: No. I've seen it go through a couple low times, and it will come back as long as I keep sacrificing the souls of christians to the evil punk god; Bob Suren.

Mark: Only if I feel like being cynical.

Amie: I don't feel as though punk is dying. I think that it is a part of almost every underground movement; Industrial, gothic, electronic, some country, film, paintings, books, the list continues on. NOTHING DIES.

Jorge – If you're talking about old punks, then they might be dying by now. (ha ha) Otherwise, no.

MRR: What is the reason behind the strong anti-christian sentiment in your lyrics? How would you respond to something like liberation theology – which isn't about being submissive to state power.

Mark: I think it's more anti-organized religion, which comes in all forms of faith. I feel that if you believe in god, to each his own; but if you force your god or beliefs on someone else, it becomes just another dogmatic cult.

Chris: The lyrics may seem just anti-christian, but they are more directed at organized religion. Granted, I don't believe in god, or any other gods for that matter, but it's this relentless rampage of "christian ideals" being forced down your fucking throat. I've seen the bible used to support every fucking argument there is, including vegetarianism and eating meat. It's just a god-damned book (pretty funny, huh?). OK, liberation theology…Regardless of how people feel about state power, the idea behind liberation theology is too controlling. Everything for our god. You can only help people in the name of our god. You're going to remain downtrodden unless you're submissive to our god. Like without god people can't have compassion for other human beings. On one hand, it's empowerment to people who have struggled for so long against horribly corrupt governments and economies that have kept millions of people in poverty. But fucking christ, when will people realize that you don't need God to unite against a common enemy. Even if that motherfucker did create me, I don't owe him any more than a simple "thank you". I'd love it if he showed up, I'd look that motherfucker in the eye and tell him if all he wanted was a slave, then he shouldn't have created me in the first place. I am my own god you son of a biscuit eater. Fargin' icehole.

Jorge: I didn't write the lyrics, but I hope to intimidate any christian listeners we might get. Grrr.

MRR: So, what are the upcoming plans for the band?

Chris: We just had a split 7" come out on Burrito records with this great thrash band from Louisiana, Reason of Insanity. There's also another split 7" with an expected release of January/February 2001 with Russian School of Ballet from Brazil (on System Suck Records). Continuing our love affair with Bob Suren, we expect to release an LP in June or July on Burrito records, a mini-tour of the southeast to end up in Brandon for a show celebrating the sixth anniversary of Sound Idea (show set to include Murder Suicide Pact, Otophobia, Reason of Insanity), and a west coast tour in June/July sometime.

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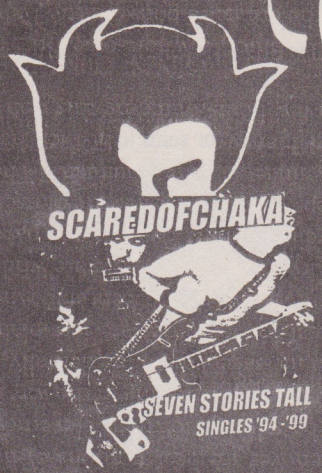

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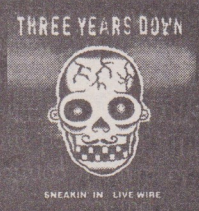

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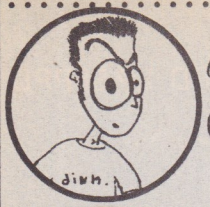

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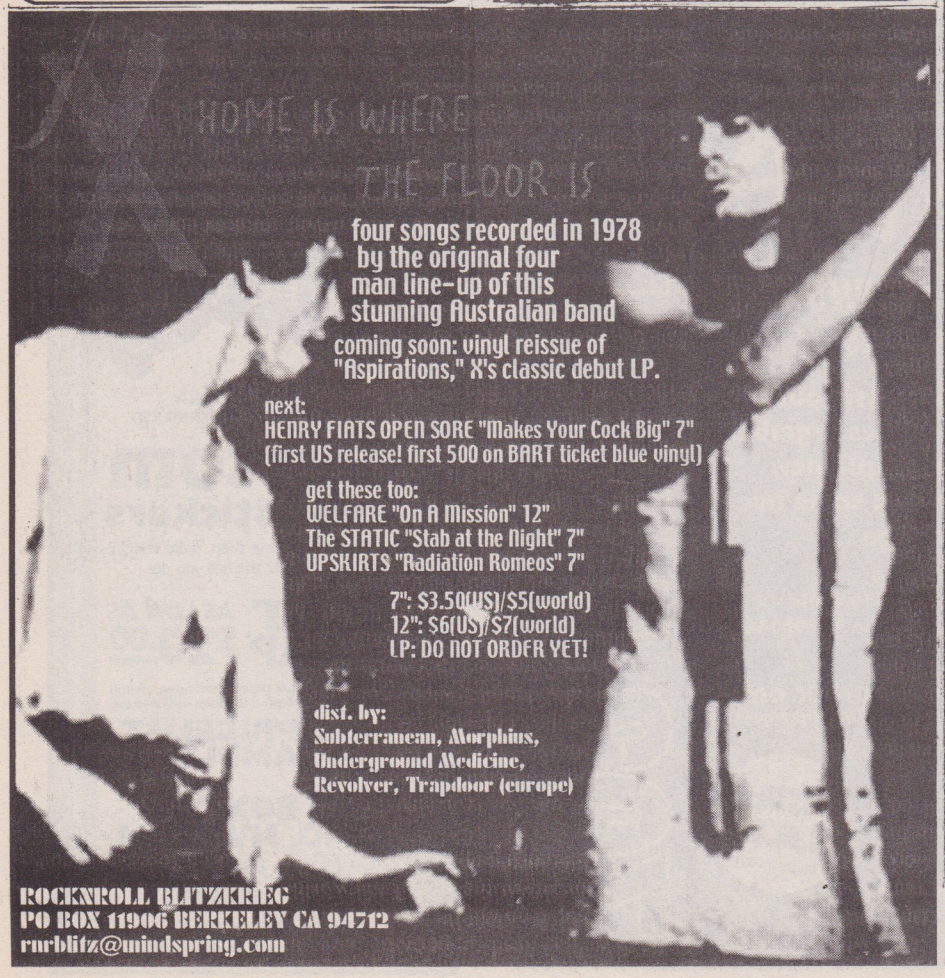

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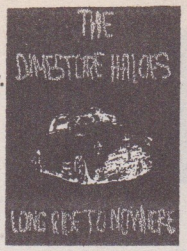

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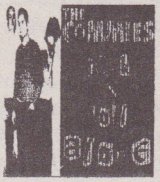

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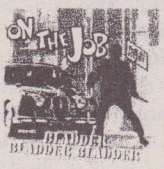

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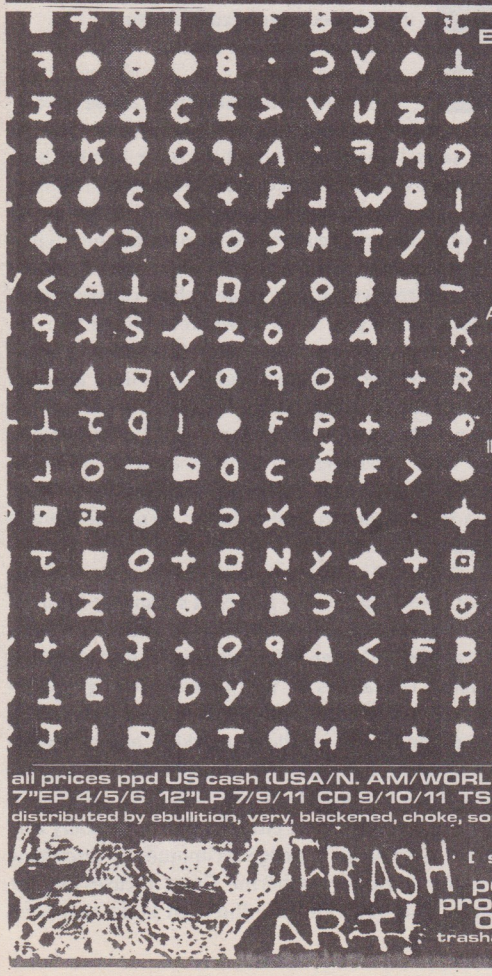

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BOOKS

CHRON!IC!RIOTS!PA!SM! • Fly
128 pages • $10.00
Autonomedia • PO Box 568 • Williamsburgh Station • Brooklyn, NY • 11211-0568

Fly is an artist, a performer, a punk, a squatter; a woman who wears leg warmers. She has squatted New York's Lower East Side for the last decade (give or take), and was involved in the tenant's demonstrations that turned that neighborhood into a modern day war zone in the early 1990s. But more than anything else, Fly knows how to live, and this book is about living.

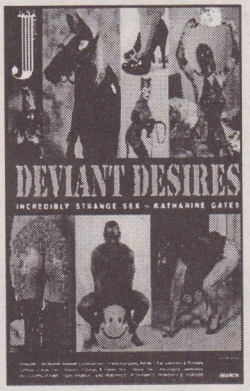
The stream-of-consciousness tales range in subject matter from dumpster diving in the bitter cold to finding true love, or perhaps both at the same time. Fly's commentary on the changing face of the once thriving artist community in which she lives conjures up thoughts of home, as friend after friend is displaced amidst the Bay Area's "economic boom" (I found out just today about two more punk households served with 30 day eviction notices). Her words take you to a dreamlike fantasy world, but her metaphor jerks you back into reality just as quickly as she talks of a "GANG of stuper heroes made out of SCRAP METAL" terrorizing and eating people while the rich (having won the class war take people to "THE BASEMENT of the SHOPPING CENTER to RECEIVE PRIZES for their LOYALTY to certain BRAND NAME PRODUCTS." Not so far fetched at all, really.

CHRON!IC!RIOTS!PA!SUM! speaks the truth of those who refuse to be beaten down. Tale after tale tells a story of getting kicked in the face, both literally and figuratively, but still relishing in life. Because in the impending apocalypse, life may be all that we have that is truly ours. And if you don't believe that apocalypse is imminent, then listen to my friend Fly: "I WAS TRAVELING within the APOCALYPSE on my horse...of course...my HORSE...was also my HUSBAND...we were hunting within the humming...MACHINERY...hunting RABBITS...we found NO RABBITS...we were beginning to wonder if LIFE still EXISTED." Its like reading a personal zine that is really a religious tract, except that it talks of societal oppression and the freedom from it instead of discussing Jesus...did that make sense?

The comic strips interspersed throughout the book are worthy of a book of their own. Fly is renowned as an artist, and with good reason. One can easily get so lost in the drawings that you almost forget that there is a story line. Almost. There are pictures within drawings within comics, and characters commenting on the very art that has created them. There are are strips that are frighteningly surreal ("Indoctrination," see "stuper heroes" above) and those that are frighteningly real ("The Oath Of Destitution" required to sign up for government assistance). And there is even a flip strip at the bottom of the book.

As the technological revolution not-so-slowly closes in, it seems like people are forgetting what it means to be full of life. And *CHRON!IT!RIOTS!PA!SUM!* made me feel a zest for life just as much this week as it did two years ago when the book came out. Lose yourself in the webs that Fly weaves from this world to the dream world (fuck, that sounds like a "Book Of The Month Club" quote, doesn't it?). Sure, it's not the same as watching her sew her lips together and sing songs from her punk band, Zero Content...but then, what is? —Robert Collins

Deviant Desires: Incredibly Strange Sex • Katharine Gates
238 pages • $24.99
Juno Books • 111 Third Avenue #11G • New York, NY • 10003



"We believe that no matter how bizarre the details, sexual fantasies contain dramas and conflicts that are universal. Part of the fun in meeting new deviants is to discover their idiosyncratic ways of mixing and matching symbols from popular culture, literature or mythology, with elements of their own childhood and environment to make a narrative that condenses intense personal meaning with ecstatic sexual pleasure."

Excerpt from The Deviant Manifesto

Anything and everything can be sexualized. Nothing sexual is foreign to human beings and nothing is sacred, no matter how bizarre or benign, how disturbing or banal. If it exists, chances are at some time, somewhere, someone has used it to get off. In anthropology, a fetish is an object to which powers are attributed that go beyond its natural ones; when the term is extended to sexuality, it indicates an object not naturally connected with sexual reproduction that nonetheless causes sexual arousal for some people. Loosely, a fetish is whatever turns you on. Contrary to popular belief, people don't choose their fetishes or sexual triggers. Genetics, environment, societal/cultural beliefs are just three among a myriad of factors responsible for shaping everyone's, sexuo-erotic makeup, whether vanilla or deviant. Jack Morin summed it up wisely when he said, "anything that inhibits arousal, including anxiety or guilt, can, under different circumstances, amplify it." And that means anything: a shoe, a certain type of fabric, a specific scent, a certain situation, a balloon. A Balloon?

Yup, even balloons. And that's just the beginning. If there ever was a book that lived up to it's name, it's *Deviant Desires: Incredibly Strange Sex*, released earlier this year by Juno Books, a spin-off of RE/search Publications. Although there are several encyclopedia-style books on alternative sexualities as well as numerous guides to BDSM, *Deviant Desires* is truly like no other. Most mainstream writing about kinky sex is sensationalistic, shallow, mocking and/or overly concerned with psychoanalytical approaches that describe sexual nonconformity in terms of dysfunction and disease, while the alternative publications tend to cover kinks that are either trendy, politically correct or spiritual. Instead of showing bondage techniques or discussing the latest in leather finery, author Katharine Gates focuses on the weird, silly, lighthearted and pop culture influenced kinks that even

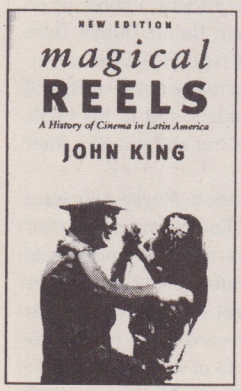
the kinkiest of folk might consider deviant.

Katharine Gates opens her book by introducing us to Turkey Man. Turkey Man's erotic fetish involves stripping down to only his socks, getting trussed and stuffed into a 3 ft. tall brown cardboard box with knobs and dials drawn on the front with a marker to make it resemble and old fashioned oven. Immersing himself in his role as a dinner-to-be would put him in such an ecstatic trance, he would orgasm without any kind of genital stimulation. But that's not the weirdest part. The weirdest part is that Turkey Man's fetish has a name ("vore" fetish lingo for carnivore) and a following. With only a few exceptions, every fetish discussed in *Deviant Desires* claims hundreds, even thousands of followers, many of whom always thought they were alone in the world. But with the advent of the internet, deviants with even the most obscure and specific kinks can now find each other, share information and create their own sexual entertainment while building new erotic communities that push the boundaries of what is considered "normal."

Gates explores seven different fetishes or group of related fetishes: ponyplay, balloon fetish ("looners"), body inflation, giantess worship, crush freaks, messy fun, and fat admirers and feeders. And briefly introduces a couple more including furverts, plushies, robot fetishes and K/S slash fiction—porn stories depicting Kirk and Spock as lovers. The amount of information is unbelievable! Every fetish is introduced with a brief synopsis stating what they call themselves, what it is, what they do, what it is not, related fetishes and internet search keywords for power searching. But rather than just provide generic descriptions of each fetish, Gates went out and found experts, aficionados and other practicing deviants from within each community to speak for themselves. Also included are photos, stills from movies, comics, top ten lists, fetish lingo glossaries and terms, safety dos and don'ts, tips and tricks for beginners, previously published articles, fetish-specific publications, historical facts, questions, quotations, fun rainy day cut and paste projects and over three hundred B/W illustrations. Not to mention the ubiquitous resource guide for further research. Whew!! But it's the interviews that really make *Deviant Desires* a worthwhile read.

Deviant Desires is definitely one for my coffee table. It's informative, beautiful, and downright hilarious without a hint of condescension, and written with true affection. A true testament to how imaginative and creative people can be. An excellent book for those seeking a broad overview of the different enclaves within the fetish community. Or for those who just want to see a guy fuck a balloon. —Catherine Cook

Magical Reels: A History of Cinema in Latin America • John King
314 pages
Verso Books • 180 Varick Street • New York, NY • 10014-4606



I am reading this book at the end of the Fall semester. All around me are students whining and rationalizing about the obstacles before them as filmmakers. San Francisco in particular is filled with miserable, disenfranchised so-called artists of every stripe. *Magical Reels* should be required reading for any North American filmmaker who thinks they have problems. Let them see real problems! "I didn't finish my movie because.the military took over the government and shot my crew!?" I haven't heard that one yet.

The author, John King, suggests that the history of cinema in Central and South America and the Caribbean is not just influenced by these regions' political struggles, but is inseparable from them. And his book backs it up in a really fascinating way: we see that the cinema is brought to Latin America by Europeans, and then developed and dominated by North Americans. Though the people and the details vary from country to country, as you would expect, King makes a solid case that the apparatus is the same all over – regional cinemas battling against Euro-American capital from abroad, and against censorship and repression in their own countries.

North Americans controlled feature films and star vehicles continuously after 1910, using means explained in great detail here. When filmmakers were able to make movies domestically, a number of them contained incisive critique of class structure in sharp, powerful melodramas. These were rare, but King names and describes them, making you really want to see what these movies looked like, before the world domination of Hollywood pulp!

Documentary filmmaking thrived throughout these years, though, because that was what local people could make that foreigners couldn't (or wouldn't). Nonfiction movies of all kinds were produced. Newsreels, social documentaries, thinly veiled manifestoes against the governments, it's all there. Maybe the burgeoning film luminaries of the Teens and Twenties felt like they were relegated to this less glamorous genre, but I think that had a lot to do with the development of the most well-known period in Latin American cinema in the Sixties.

Also fascinating is the development of "Cine Clubs," mostly in the Forties and Fifties. These were often characterized by their members as "alternative cinemas" or "experimental cinemas". It would be a bunch of young filmmakers getting together, dissatisfied with social conditions and media access, and they would make movies, create an exhibition space, and write their own publicity materials. This is a scenario familiar to punk rockers and underground filmmakers here, I'm sure. These filmmakers also insisted upon formal innovation in their movies, as well. Not just to make a movie "challenging," for the sake of being difficult, or to stratify an educated from an uneducated audience, as so often happens here – but because the airtight, happy-ending, nonreality of Hollywood films represented the yoke of foreign commercialism and fascist escapism that these filmmakers were really trying to resist.

In the Sixties, you can see the fruit of this all over Latin American cinema – from the Cuban Tomas Gutiérrez Alea's Memories of Underdevelopment, which liberally combines a fiction film story with newsreel and documentary footage to the Bolivian collective Grupo Ukamau's Blood of the Condor and other films, which illustrated their feeling that Hollywood cinematic conventions and screen language were inappropriate to express ideas in a culture that did not privilege the individual over the social. In fact, formally innovative political cinema was erupting all over the world in the Sixties (Emil de Antonio's Year of the Pig, Gil Pontecorvo's Battle of Algiers, etc., etc.), and Latin American cinema was at the crest of this wave.

Of course, in the Seventies, everything changed. The revelation of the Cuban government's real attitude towards cinema (and creativity in general) was a serious blow to the international political film scene. (It seems like a lot of people still haven't figured out that Castro is a dictator...) The incendiary moment, referred to here as "the Padilla incident," involved a poet in Cuba who was jailed for criticizing the government. Later, the poet made a public statement of retraction, to the horror and disillusionment of the world's leftist film scene. By all accounts, this was a groveling, humiliating, and painful statement, and it had an enormous dampening effect on the vigorous wave of international political cinema. So did, conversely, the relative stability of the Mexican film industry, and the ideological auguring in of Central American revolutionary cinemas.

Magical Reels is essential reading to anyone even remotely interested in Latin American history and culture, or cinema of any kind. It is a great resource of descriptions and titles of rarely seen Latin

American film, and presents some interesting suggestions about the relative success or failure of varying combinations of cinema and politics. Here's the bad news – the book is really poorly written, and is full of meandering sentences and unexplained references. The index does not include even half of the filmmakers mentioned in the book, so that when you put it down and then want to look up something you just read about, it is impossible to find. Why do that? That's totally sadistic. It is definitely worth checking out for the wealth of information here, even though sometimes you will feel like you are working a pickaxe to mine it out. –Greta Snider

Venus Drive • Sam Lipsyte
160 pages • $13
Open City Books • 225 Lafayette Street • Suite 1114 • New York • NY • 10012
www.opencity.org

It seems to me that anyone who has Gordon Lish at the top of his thank-you list doesn't need *MRR*'s help plugging his book, but I'm going to do it anyway. The short stories in Sam Lipsyte's first book, *Venus Drive*, are at once delicious and demented. They have the slow-motion, high-resolution quality of seductive nightmares. Enjoy a stroll down Venus Drive—but bring a can of mace for some of the folks you'll meet along the way. Lipsyte's characters include a college-age Trotskyite with a puppyish love for his mentor and a vicious ice-pick fetish, a suburban baby-sitter who cons her young charge into lascivious nude dancing in front of his parents, a man who shoots up his dead mother's ashes as well as her leftover morphine, young friends roller-skating through a morgue, and a peepshow client who sexualizes his dying sister.

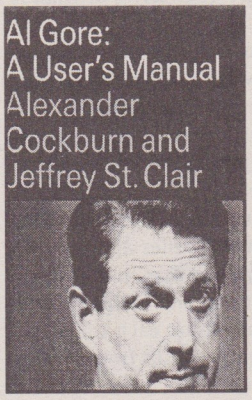
Though many of the stories deal with sordid themes, Lipsyte somehow manages to gracefully avoid the kind of emotionally dry/alcohol-and-testosterone-drenched bluster we have Charles Bukowski to thank for. Instead the characters are at once brutal and wistful, full of both murderous and generous impulses. It's often possible to peep through to the emotional undernourishment that lies beneath their blunders and surface numbness. In "My Life, for Promotional Use Only," the narrator, once a minor rock star and now a dot-com lackey, lies in bed with his sleeping ex-girlfriend, who also happens to be his boss, trying to figure out "how I can get my teeth on her nip without violating this cuddle paradigm we've got going..." Cold-blooded as this may seem, he never acts on this impulse and the true power dynamic is betrayed by the dialogue which follows when she wakes up:

"See you at work," she says.
"Wait," I say, "did this happen or not happen?"
"Nothing happened," she says. "So I don't care if it happened
or not."
"We can talk about it later," I say.
"Or not," says Rosalie.

This is what Lipsyte is so good at. Even at their most heinous, his characters have something vulnerable, often verging on pathetic, peeking through. And Lipsyte has a knack for narrators who can't see the forest for the trees, but who make up for it by describing the trees in exquisite detail. "My sister did a snort through her air mask, this noise like everything that had always been my sister was clotted and wet inside her and we might need a tool to scoop it out."

Originally from New Jersey and currently residing in New York City, Lipsyte portrays the seedy underbelly of the suburbs and the lurid sterility of the city with equal precision. Describing a former bank which now swarms with hip young entrepreneurs, he says, "It's very artsy in the elevators. Everybody's shaved and pierced in dainty places. They are lords of tiny telephones, keepers of dogs on battery-operated ropes." This attention to detail and character make *Venus Drive* eminently readable despite those moments reading it when you may want to puke. And on a personal note I gotta love Lipsyte for adding aging punk Jewish fuck-ups into the literary mix. ("Me, I was never bar mitzvah'd. According to the tenets of my faith, I'm nothing close to a man, though I have a hairy neck and look older.") –Melissa Klein

Al Gore, a User's Manual • Alexander Cockburn and Jeffrey St. Clair • Verso • 284 pages



In Italy, Peru, or Israel you expect electoral politics to be interesting. Not here, though. Well, surprise! After one of the most discursive presidential campaigns in living memory, coastal dwellers, minorities, urbanites, and women reluctantly voted for the Democratic incumbent, while continentals, WASPs, ranchers, and cowboys voted, with marginally more enthusiasm, for the GOP scion. The folks in Florida, though, are a wild and crazy bunch. They can't decide if they're part of the deep South, the Riviera, Latin America, or Brooklyn. So they split right down the middle, and for a while they gave the rest of us something interesting, and unscripted, to talk about. Reality TV.

As I write this, the suspense is finally over. Antonin Scalia has proclaimed that his son's lawyers were backing the right man in Florida, and, more remarkably, that this was precisely the result foreseen and provided for by the founding fathers. A shaky majority of the Supremes have backed him up. Al Gore is poised to concede. The election is finally over, and we have a winner. By the time you read this, our new national Shrubbery will likely already be taking root on Pennsylvania Avenue.

We have a winner, but what have we won? I don't know much, myself, about young Dubya. Like Athena, he sprang full-blown from the coffers of his father's backers. His transition team and his cabinet look like George Bush redux. To me, Dubya isn't really (yet?) an individual—he's more like a character in a C. S. Lewis novel, a zombie or disembodied head, manipulated by evil-but-clueless masters. But this election wasn't about G. W. Bush. Nobody who didn't have a finger in one of the puppet strings voted for Dubya. The election was about Al Gore—it was Al Gore's to lose, and he lost it, if not fair and square, at least (and at last) legally.

If there's anybody out there who still thinks this election was a massive ripoff, that Al Gore really deserves to be president, that Americans would be better off if Al Gore were president, I know of no better therapy than to read Cockburn and St. Clair. Unlike Dubya, Gore is an individual, albeit an individual of a familiar type. He's been a congressman, a senator, and a vice president. He's actually done stuff, and although what he's done isn't exactly what he advocated in his book, that's OK, because Cockburn and St. Clair found it out and put it in their book.

There are two good reasons to read their book. Maybe you want to know the details of Al Gore's political career. Cockburn and St. Clair didn't write a biography, though. They haven't tried to understand Gore's hypothetical human side. They haven't interviewed classmates, analyzed unpublished works, or unearthed secret lovers. They've just researched and reported facts in the public record. This is not the secret life of Al Gore, it's the overt larger-than-life of Al Gore. If you're too young (or, like me, too old) to remember his early pretenses, it's

instructive, if depressing, to be reminded.

Or maybe you don't care that much about Gore himself. But you're a conscientious citizen. You take the candidates' stated positions on "the issues" seriously. You think politicians are (or should be) public servants, diligently explaining their positions in their speeches (and in their writings, if they are literate), eloquently supporting causes in which they sincerely believe. If you think this, even a little bit, then you also should read this book. Gore is about as honest as they come. Or at least he's about as uncreative a hypocrite as they come, which comes to pretty much the same thing. I've watched politicians posturing on the national stage for three decades now, and I can't remember more than a couple of them who were more sincere than Gore. Yet, despite his mediocre level of hypocrisy, Gore has managed to betray nearly every position and constituency he ever publicly supported, as Cockburn and St. Clair amply document. This is good to know.

Gore has positioned himself publicly in three areas: the environment, trade and labor, and civil liberties. Probably in his own mind, and surely in the caricatures bandied about by his enemies, his first priority has been the environment. He even published a book, "Earth in the Balance" which, though not really a scholarly work, is nonetheless reasonably accurate and, for a politician, surprisingly nuanced. He has always waved the banner of labor rights and civil rights. Gore, like Dubya, was born and bred for the presidency. His father, Senator Al Sr., was in most ways a typical Southern politician, and no better than he should be. Yet Al Sr. sacrificed his career by supporting civil rights for blacks before it was fashionable. Al Jr. inherited some of the credit for his father's principled stand on civil rights, but he also learned his lesson: taking stands on principle is a loser's game. Gore has also crusaded against smut. Or, at least, he's let Tipper make "cleaning up the media" her trademark issue. Gore's attacks on free speech and his enthusiastic support for the War On some Drugs and increased police powers to snoop, search, and seize, are worthy of Tricky Dick Nixon. He might even be worse than Dubya. Dubya is a loyal Republican, of course, so he's officially against sex, dope, and rock and roll. But can you imagine him toking without inhaling?

Lurking behind Gore's public positions, and energizing his legislative and executive activity, are the true passions of all successful politicians: raising money and brokering power. And of course getting nasty as necessary, as he showed when he helped with the taming of Jesse Jackson in 1988. Gore also has a nationalistic streak. He has strongly defended the Vietnam War (in which, unlike Bush or Clinton, he actually fought), the nuclear arms race, Star Wars, Cuban exiles, invasions and blockades of small countries, etc. Gore's support for these patriotic causes is rather spasmodic, and a bit too strongly protested to be quite believable. So it seems likely that these are merely points of policy, not of principle. But I might be wrong.

Someday, if Al Gore ever realizes his dream of presidential power, a future Robert Graves might write a gripping story of his times, his passions, and his follies. But Cockburn and St. Clair have not written such a story. Theirs is a bare-bones account not of grand passion, but of petty compromise. And the authors have their own bugbears. To me, Gore's most poignant betrayals have been his sellouts to polluters and despoilers: toxins in Love Canal, extinctions at Tellico, "salvage" logging, incinerators in East Liverpool. Many of these I had blissfully forgotten, before Cockburn and St. Clair saw fit to remind me. But Cockburn's digression to attack Zero Population Growth, Planned Parenthood, and William Vogt is off-topic and overblown. Yes, Vogt was probably a racist, but that doesn't save Julian Simon from being a fool. Here, as elsewhere, Cockburn seems to believe that, in order to prove someone wrong, it is necessary and sufficient to show them to be a scoundrel. But it's neither necessary nor sufficient. Perot, for example, is surely a scoundrel, but he was mostly right about NAFTA.

Though NAFTA, GATT, China trade, and fast track were top priorities for Gore during his tenure as Vice President, trade and labor issues were not much discussed during this campaign. This is partly because the candidates, who were both backed by the same huge corporate interests, don't have much to discuss, and partly because the media, who are huge corporate interests, don't have any interest in airing such a discussion. If WTO-style globalization is a race to the bottom for labor, or destructive to the environment, you won't hear it from Gore, and you certainly won't hear about it on CBS. Clinton/Gore's betrayals of labor are probably the single most important reason Gore didn't win the election in a walk. If you were tempted to believe that a vote for Nader was a vote for Bush, then you weren't paying enough attention to the trade issues that were being raised by Nader and Buchanan. Also, Gore as well as Bush supports the large increase in military spending, and posturing, that will be required to ram this brand of globalization down the throats of the rest of the world. Not to mention support for the harsh sentencing and policing at home required to cram it down our throats.

A lot of ink was rearranged trying to draw a distinction between Bush and Gore on civil liberties issues, especially abortion. But both candidates support the War On some Drugs, including massive military aid to destabilize Columbia. Gore supported Clinton's "Clipper Chip", now thankfully defunct, whose sole purpose was to allow the government to more conveniently spy on its citizens. Neither Gore nor Bush was willing to express an opinion about legal abortions, which is not surprising, since their positions (if not the positions of their supporters) are practically identical. But the civil liberties issue of most concern to *MRR* readers is probably the censorship of music and film. If rock music is really "one of Satan's grandest schemes", as Tipper Gore's anti-smut allies believe, then what should logically be done with the lesser devils who write it, play it, record it, distribute it, listen to it, and write about it? If you believe that jazz or hip-hop should be banned, then you shoulda voted for Al Gore. If you think the government is a lousy music critic, then you'd've had to vote for Nader or Harry Browne.

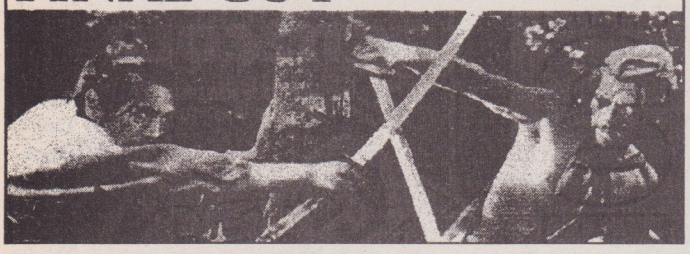
Unfortunately, Cockburn and St. Clair restrict themselves to the stale dry tale of Al Gore's sins and hypocrisies. They don't offer any context, or remedy, or hope of redemption. In fact, the absence of context almost amounts to deception, since it might lead a naïve reader to believe that Gore's failings are unique or egregious. But in fact, they aren't. They're rather normal. And, if you think about it, it's hard to imagine anyone much more honest, loyal, or principled than Gore getting even as far as he has. Who would give them the $100M it seems to take to run for president? If I'm a bond trader, or a trial lawyer, or an oil executive raising millions to hand off to my boy at his next fund-raiser, what am I expecting in return? Am I buying honesty, or am I buying service? It doesn't do much good to prove that Gore is a slimy scoundrel, if our only alternatives are all slimy scoundrels. In that case, the best we can do is to figure out which one is our slimy scoundrel, and vote for him. It's useful to know to whom our lawmakers are beholden; it might help keep us on our guard against blatant ripoffs like banning low-power stations on almost all broadcast bands, or letting your buddies drill for oil on public lands, or deregulating electric power generators. But it's silly to fulminate over it. If Americans all decide to pretend that our representatives are motivated by pure ideals of public service, we haven't thereby changed the dynamics of power, we've only agreed to reward hypocrisy.

I'm not holding my breath waiting for some political genius to write a book showing how we can fix the problems with our political system. That will require a continuing dialog among all of us, for a long time yet. But it helps us to think more clearly, over the cacophony of infotainment, when we can get a clear description of one of the latest products we're being asked to buy. I'd like to see more User's Manuals: for Dubya, for Nader, for Bill Gates and Alan Greenspan and Antonin Scalia. But ultimately we users are going to have to stop just kvetching, and figure out how to demand our refunds. —Bo Curry

• If you did vote for Dubya, and you really like the guy, even though you aren't in the 100K Club and you didn't know his father, well, stranger things have happened. Probably.

MOVIES

FINAL CUT BY STEVEN SPINALI



TORTURE IN THE DARK

Quills offers a modern moral under its labored British accents and powdered wigs — that in a republican culture, we should embrace unpopular freedom of speech in order to preserve our basic liberties. (In other words, Quills is an Enlightenment version of **The People Vs Larry Flynt**.) And if anyone meets the acid test for that moral, it's the Marquis de Sade, whose life and words have come to be equated with licentious evil. On the other hand, Philip Kaufman is one of those directors whose affection for sexually-oriented material is only surpassed by his literary pretension, so **Quills** is a perfect match. Adapted from a play by Doug Wright, it's a broadly theatrical piece — and strangely unsuited for film. Try to imagine a historical epic filled with grandiose speeches and madmen who look like they're acting it up for supporting actor Oscars.

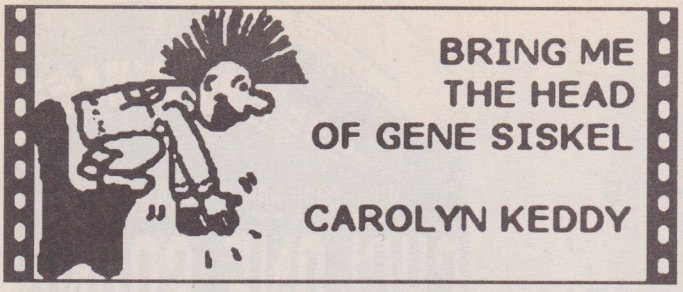
At the center of the insanity is the Marquis de Sade (Geoffrey Rush), confined to a barred room in Charenton Mental Asylum. A fairly well-off man, he's imported all the conveniences of home to his cell (including a four-poster bed, antique carpets, a library, and his precious collection of antique phalluses). When asylum manager Abbe de Coulmier (Joaquin Phoenix) visits, their conversations are cordial — even if it's just the Marquis' ploy to gain the confidence of the young priest. In reality, the Marquis is smuggling manuscripts out of the asylum with the help a washerwoman (Kate Winslet). She not only spirits the pages to the publisher — she even transcribes for him. (Here, the film is a cheat: in real life, these manuscripts were written well before the Marquis' final imprisonment.) When Napoleon, the current high ruler of France (but not too high; one shot shows that, seated, his feet barely touch the floor), is informed of this, he wants the Marquis' head. Instead, Dr. Royer-Collar (Michael Caine) is called to observe things at the asylum. The doctor doesn't believe in the Abbe's soft glove treatment of the insane; he moves in a spare room with an iron maiden, constraining devices that would make any card-carrying sadist drool, and a chair contraption that flips the gasping patient head-first into a vat of cold water. The doctor has moved into town to claim his underage, convent-trained virgin bride, whom he practically rapes in bed every night. He's vowed to protect her mind from corruption by locking her in her room with a key that opens only from the outside.

Quills tries to make a connection between the Marquis' mental state and his fermented anguish for injustices that happened during the Reformation. Then, the movie hedges its bets by implying that he's a modern-styled anti-authoritarian and advocate of free speech out to provoke the powers that be. Finally, his acts can only be explained by the fact that he's perverted and proud of it. But whenever we hear portions of his books read aloud, they seem to be selected for their cleverness and trendy anti-religious bawdry. **Quills** is irritating in the way it panders its libertarian message (a message which, incidentally, I mostly agree with). The historical incongruities are just plain annoying. (Is that music from the 16th or 19th century? And since when were early 19th century washerwomen literate while the rest of the peasants are shoveling dung?) But like any passable stage production, **Quills** keeps your interest in spite of itself — and it's been a long time since a Phil Kaufman (**The Unbearable Lightness of Being, Henry & June**) lit-flick has done that for me. Squandering a few hours watching this won't be the worst sin you can commit.

I can't say the same for **Billy Elliot**, a wholesome British import that occasionally evokes the cringe response. Little Billy Elliot (Jamie Bell) is an atypical eleven year old whose delicate ways make him a punching bag at the boxing lessons his father (Gary Lewis) pays for "to toughen him up." And in Maggie Thatcher's recession-bound England, it pays to be tough. His mother died years ago, and his dad is waiting out a rough coal strike against government-protected scabs and a working class life that mimics poverty. Billy's hot-headed older brother (Jamie Draven) doesn't need boxing lessons anymore, having become an anti-government provocateur. Through all this, Billy finds he's more interested in Mrs. Wilkinson's dance studio next door to the boxing ring. Soon, Billy is spending his dad's 50p to do pirouettes with Mrs. Wilkinson (Julie Walters) and her class of tutu'd ballerinas. When Billy's father finds out, the man nearly implodes under the thought that his son could turn into a "poof." Considering Billy's best friend wears make-up and his mother's clothes when his parents are out, you understand Billy's dad even if you don't agree with him. When we hear T. Rex in the background, we half expect Billy to start wearing eye-liner.

It's a relief when a Clash track finally blasts on the soundtrack (about ten years out of sync, but who cares?). The rest of the movie is a battle of wills between Billy and his father to let him audition with the Royal Ballet School. The mere thought is an affront to a staunchly male household that believes a boy should be playing "futbol, er boxin', or wraslin'..." — and then they even have second thoughts about wrestling. As **Billy Elliot** toys with your emotions according to all the formulas, you begin to wish you could invite the Marquis to torture the scriptwriter. I did like the photography, though, which takes you on a fasci-

nating tour of working class England.
–Steve Spinali Comments?E-mail me at spinali@postma. net



THE LUNATIC FRINGE

People that live on the fringes of society are always more interesting than "normal" people. That's why movies are made about them and they continually fascinate me. I saw two films within days of each other that may not seem to have anything in common at first glance, but later seemed to be very compatible.

The first film was **Dark Days. Dark Days** is a documentary of a group of homeless people who live below New York City in an Amtrak tunnel. The opening shot of the film follows a man as he descends from the streets of New York to the tunnel where he lives. This shot is long; building up to the tunnel entrance as the train goes speeding by. The man explains how he came to live in the tunnel, his first impressions being in the dark and his eventual adaptation to his surroundings.

The thing that immediately strikes you is that these people are intelligent. There aren't any of the Hollywood homeless stereotypes. They realize they have problems, most of them are addicted to crack, but they have decided to make a home for themselves any way they can. The train tunnel provides a secluded space and protection from the weather. Each person has built his or her own home and furnished it. We are shown typical days of cooking and cleaning, as well as going to the surface for money or food.

The filmmaker Marc Singer lived in the tunnel for two years. He really knows these people and is able to bring out their stories in a compassionate way without the typical condescension documentary filmmakers tend to use. His uses his familiarity to bring out the best by letting the people speak for themselves. The viewer gets to know each person and discovers his or her strengths, weaknesses and regrets. The stories are sad. Dee, the lone woman living in the tunnel, is addicted to crack, spent a lot of time in jail and lost her children in a fire. She realizes she has made mistakes, misses being a mother and really wants to get her life together. Tommy's wife kicked him out of the house when he wouldn't choose his family over crack.

The focus isn't just on personal events. We also experience the day to day life living in the tunnel. The way the homeless people relate to each other. One person is very neat and when another leaves a glass unwashed, he gets very upset. It's the typical roommate not washing the dishes except that the surroundings aren't typical. You also get a good look at the disadvantages of living in a tunnel. There is no plumbing. A bucket is used as a toilet. A water leak of very cold water is used as a shower. There are rats scavenging around constantly, going through people's houses. The interruptions of the loud trains that constantly travel through the tunnels. But someone points out they do get free electricity so they can watch TV and cook.

Then the Amtrak police raid their happy little neighborhood. Dee's house gets set on fire bringing attention to the encampment. The police give thirty days notice to evacuate the tunnel. The Coalition for the Homeless is called in and negotiations begin. The Coalition for the Homeless, along with Amtrak, helps everyone get an apartment and a job. It's a strange and unexpected happy ending that seems very out of place.

I am cynical when it comes to this type of easy resolution. I want to know what happens after five months or a year. Have they managed to keep the apartments and their jobs? The happy ending kind of cheapens the impact of the film, but I think it is the overall hope and belief in these people that Marc Singer has that eventually comes through.

Quills is a based on fact account of the Marquis de Sade's confinement in Charenton, a French insane asylum, where he wrote his final stories which had to be snuck out to be published. The Marquis writes masochistic erotic stories that have been banned and has been institutionalized by his wife who is humiliated by her husband's notoriety. Living in San Francisco I am used to people trying to get others worked up about something or another. San Franciscans are proud to be sexually deviant, but **Quills** takes place in the Eighteenth century during Napoleon's reign. People were expected to be chaste then, so the Marquis becomes a success.

The Marquis de Sade (Geoffrey Rush) is given a great deal of freedom due to the influence of his wife and the trusting Abbe de Coulmier (Joaquin Phoenix). The Abbe believes that the Marquis will be cured. He allows him to write to rid himself of his demons. The Abbe just doesn't realize that the laundry girl Madeleine LeCrec (Kate Winslet) is passing the manuscripts off to a publisher. When Napoleon gets word that the Marquis's books are being published, he sends Dr. Royer-Collard (Michael Caine), a physician known for his extreme tactics at curing the insane, to work on the Marquis.

Quills is your basic period film, but it has the advantage of being fun due to the subject matter and locale. The Marquis has a great sense of humor and is totally obnoxious. There is nothing that is taboo for him. He writes a play for the other patients to perform for the villagers. The doctor has just been wed to a teenage girl Simone and the play is based on the rumors that have been spreading about the couple. The play is very sexual, but in a trashy, over the top way so that everyone laughs and enjoys it with exception of the doctor and the Abbe. Simone has her curiosity peaked by the play and she hunts down a copy of the Marquis's forbidden book *Justine* from one of the townspeople.

With the constant titillation, it's appropriate, albeit disappointing, that the movie turns to tragedy. Fortunately, the Marquis gets a few more stories in before he truly goes crazy. The focus on the actual stories is minimal. There are a few choice readings here and there. Though there was enough to inspire me to read some of his books...well, just for research.
–Carolyn Keddy

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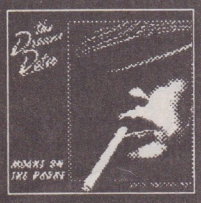

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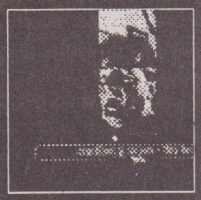

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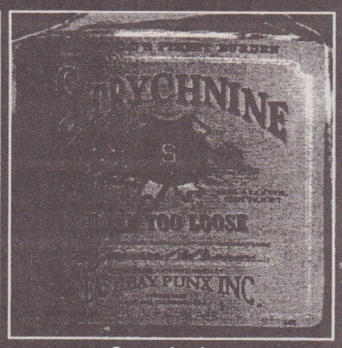

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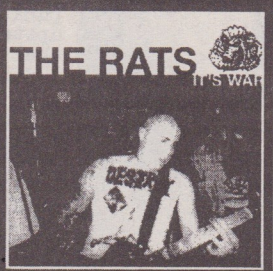

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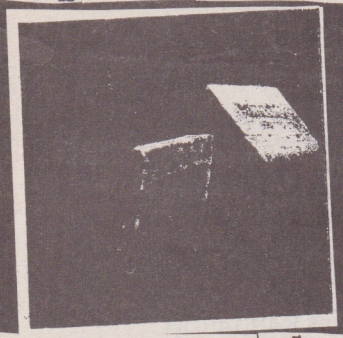

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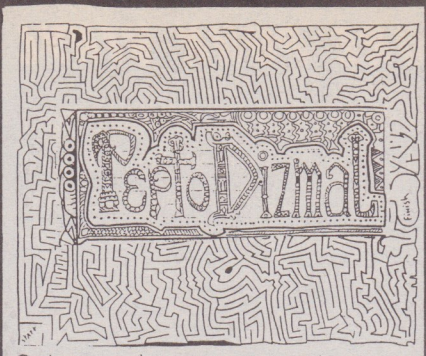

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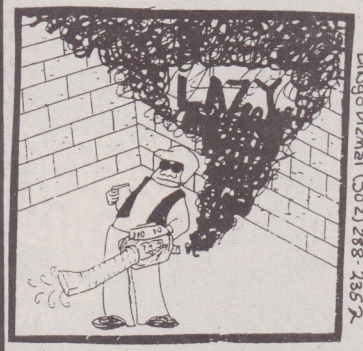

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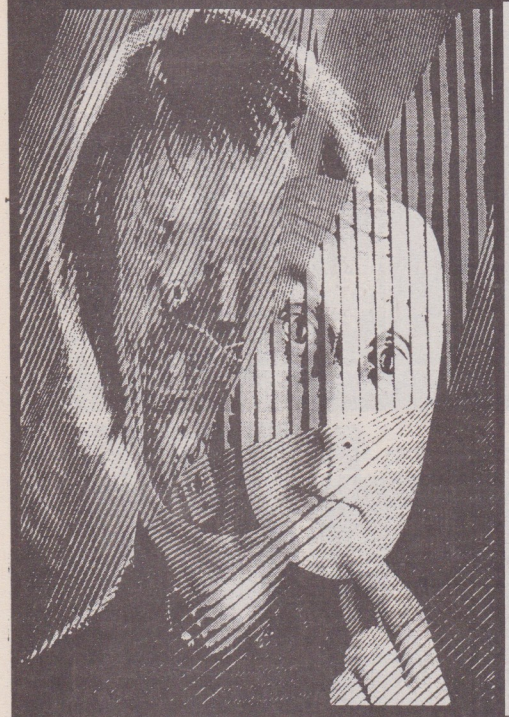

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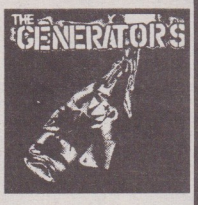

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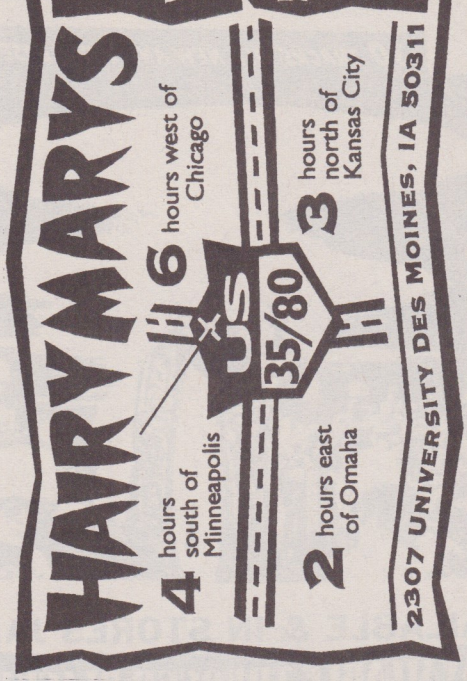

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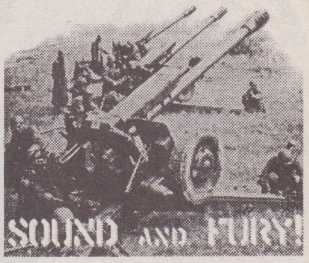

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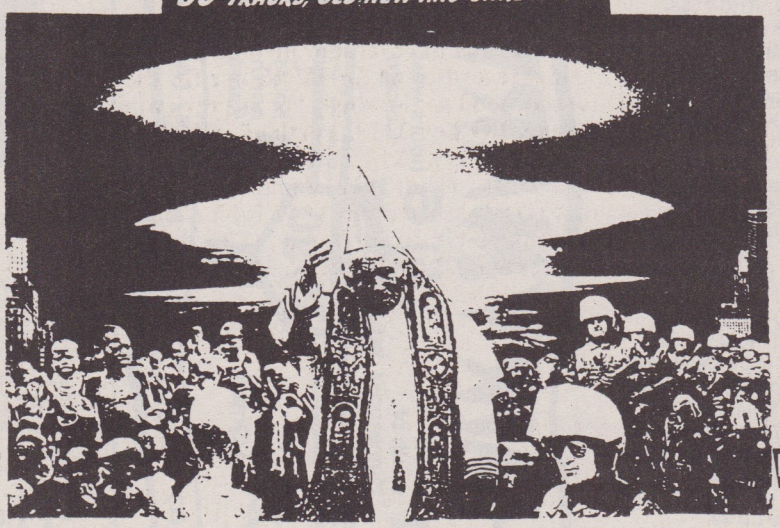

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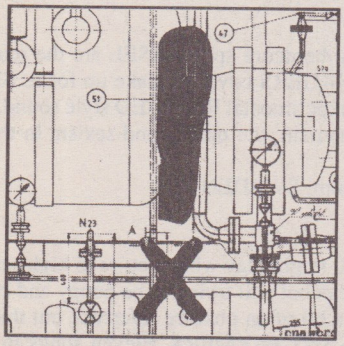


/i/ - "One Word" CD

Revitalizing mid-tempo hardcore that spans from brash, screamy, slightly metal hardcore sound to lighter, catchier MISSING 23rd youthful sing-alongs, yet they meld these sounds together seamlessly with passion. There's even a little speech about not compartmentalizing others or yourself. (TJ)

(Let It Burn/Daniel Nagel, Krautgartenweg 3a, 86663 Asbach Bäumenheim, GERMANY, daniel@keepthefaith.de)

ABUSO SONORO/AUTORITÄR - split EP

All those involved with this release (AUTORITÄR, ABUSO SONORO, and the Yellow Dog label) are long time punkers that fans of all things pissed and thrashing need to be familiar with. Brazil's ABUSO SONORO stick to a super-fuzzed-out chorus/verse guitar assault. The Portuguese lyrics (handily translated to English) speak to war on youth, racism, and cruelty to animals. Germany's AUTORITÄR are a bit looser, slightly faster, and have a cutting guitar sound that pulls into some piercing leads. They have a somewhat peculiar mix of humor ("Extreme Dry Humping") and stern political opinions ("Marching Off to War") in their lyrics. A strong example of the network of friends. (TH)

(Yellow Dog, PO Box 55 02 08, 10372 Berlin, GERMANY, www.yellowdog.de)

AEROBITCH - "Steamrollin" - LP

"...You say it's gonna raise the devil!" I think this slab of Spanish plastic rotating in front of me just might do the trick. Smoking from start to finish, these bitches play the hard hittin' rock music that jumps out of the speakers at ya. I'm fuckin' hooked! And with names like North Shore Bitch, Txetxar Bitch, Laura Bitch, Rockaway Bitch, and Bitch the Kid, how could you really go wrong? What you've got here is some female-fronted vocals over get up and go punk rock 'n' roll from Madrid. Think Scandanavia, think mesh hats, think I'll buy this record. (AS)

(Punch, APDO 60167, 28080 Madrid, SPAIN, www.evildistro.com/areobitch)

AGGRO/VEX - split EP

Fuckin' a. The band AGGRO is rad. They play straight-ahead, raw-as-hell, thrashy punk similar to BATTALION OF SAINTS and DR. KNOW, complete with cool little lead guitar parts. These are some of the best hardcore songs I've heard since a band from SoCal called the DOGS (yeah I know there's already a couple of these) put out a killer seven inch on Revenge Records a couple of years back. the VEX lean a bit more towards the omnipresent street punk sound on two of their tunes and I didn't really dig those. Their final song though, sounds more like that shit house band the RANDUMBS, and I liked it. (RM)

(Mickey Jaramillo, 5170 Cordoy Ln, San Jose, CA 95124)

ALLEGIANCE - "Heroes in the Making" CD

Eleven songs of mediocre street punk from this Japanese band. If I'm not mistaken, the singer is Caucasian and thus they don't have those grunting vocals so common with Japanese bands. Oh well. (RM)

(MCR Company, 157 Kamiagu Maizuru, Kyoto 624, JAPAN)

GG ALLIN & THE JABBERS - "For Those Who Can Take it Raw" EP

Strange boot idea; two early '80s single sides (the pop years) and a couple interviews/promo spots. Guys, boot the first single, the *Bored to Death* single, that one, boot *that* one, okay? I'll take ten, okay? (RW)
(no address)

ANGRY SAMOANS - "Inside My Brain" LP

A reissue (from 1998) of the 1980 collection LP of demos, live recordings and outtakes from 1979 (confused yet?). This rocks, I mean, you can't really go wrong, it's the old ANGRY SAMOANS (when they were still angry); primitive, snotty, juvenile, and fast SoCal punk rock *a la* the GERMS, WEIRDOS and BAGS. This is one of those records that you put on and remember what it's all about... (*I'm not going to tell you to put the fucking record on yourself and remember!*) This reissue comes on purddy red vinyl but the original has a sleeve with notes and photos so it's a toss-up one which is cooler. The two track recording of "My Old Man's a Fatso" is pretty raw. (BM)
(Subway, no address)

ANTHEM EIGHTY EIGHT - "Q: And Progress? A: And Progress." CD

Let down by ANTHEM EIGHTY EIGHT's first release? You won't be burned twice by the "members of ASSÜCK and more importantly a member of JUD JUD's youth crew" band (I actually didn't dislike the first record like some people, but I did play it less than other records). Here they prove that ANTHEM EIGHTY EIGHT is more than a studio side project. They destroy. Eight unrelenting tracks you can't help but windmill to. Of course this doesn't have the conviction of JUD JUD, but no band can be so true. (TJ)
(Schematics via No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604)

ASSEL/SECOND THOUGHT - split EP

Two of Sweden's finest power through a blinding hardcore split. ASSEL are the more modern/metallic sounding, but they do offer a RAPED TEENAGERS cover to make up for it. SECOND THOUGHT combine straightforward thrash with a more experimental REFUSED style sound, and rail against fascists like Jean Marie LePen, corporate consumerism, the media, and sexism in the scene. Good record. (AM)
(Bent Edge, Dadde Stark, Inedalsgatan 7, 112 33 Stockholm, SWEDEN)

A THOUSAND TIMES NO - "Trust is Obsolete" CD

Pretty basic punk here, not unlike the kind that you might play when you're in high school and just getting into punk. Playing most songs as fast as you can but still trying to be poppy and catchy by using pop riffs and lots of octaves. I know this might be a bit of an obscure reference but this sounds so much like the early records by the KRUPTED PEASANT FARMERS. Eleven songs in all, five were previously released on 7". Although it's nothing new, for some reason it has some nostalgic effect so it must at least be O.K. for what their doing. (PA)
(Baphomet, 447 Flat Hill Rd., Lunenburg, MA 01462)

A200 CLUB - "Once In a Lifetime" CD

This is awful—it's like that emotion skate rock that I hate so much. It's got the BLINK 182 music with whiny unrhyming lyrics about how they feel so much pain and angst and heartbreak.... man, I really feel bad for those guys, not only are they in emotional turmoil, but their band sucks, too... these guys just can't win. One day maybe you boys will catch a break...just not today. (BM)
(Fount Me, A200club@hotmail.com)

THE AUTOMATICS/ WILLY WANKAS - split EP

Hey it's the AUTOMATICS....still snotty, still catchy, still a lot of vocals, still doing the poppy punk rock like they've been doing forever....their side was over before I realize it began. This is by far the least noteworthy release by them. The WILLY WANKAS have made me see that there are bands in Italy. They just kinda take everything that is notoriously pop punk and place it all into one song; I will cut them a break because it sounds like they don't have a full grasp of our beloved English, but... a song like "Go Amish" just should never been recorded. How many Amish people are there in Italy? Seriously? Then there is "I Need You (To Hate You)"...let's just say if this were an American band I'd have called them crappy to the tenth degree... (BM)
(Mad Driver, via Germanasca 12/b, 10138 Torino, ITALY, maddriver@iname.com)

AWAKE - "Kingdom of Madness" CD

Solid mid-tempo hardcore comin' at you from Poland. Thumping bass lines overlapped with a well-planned octave-heavy guitar style. Intricate lyrics, which are somewhat staccato in delivery, but still conveyed with emphasis and meaning. They cover an INSIDE OUT song which definitely reflects an aspect of this band's influences. Not many bands delve into this genre nowadays, its either really fast or really "brutal". AWAKE prove that you don't need to live up to current trends in hardcore to be a good band. Personally, I would love to play in a band like this, I almost couldn't stop myself from picking up the air guitar. Definitely a keeper. (SP)
(Shing, c/o Tomasz Goral, Konopnickiej 13/36, 38-300 Gorlice, POLAND. www.shing.w.pl)

BAD TASTE - "Nunca Olvides la Lucha" LP

Finally, a full length from Spain's BAD TASTE. They have been around forever (started in 1993). The record comes with a great fold-out poster and full lyric booklet, which is something that modern punk records are missing these days. The music is catchy punk/crust that reminds me of later NAUSEA. Nothing too mind-blowing, but still delivered with expertise. Plus I don't know where they pressed this thing at, but the vinyl is so damn thick I could go rob a liquor store with it. (MW)
(Bad Taste, PO Box 1110, C.P. 07080, Mallorca, SPAIN)

BALACLAVA - "Casting of the Bell" EP

Super powerful modern hardcore from Eastern Europe. Well thought out lyrics and explanations translated into English for our convenience, they address subjects like animal rights and the scene in an insightful manner that makes you forget that there are 84 records a month dealing with the oppression of our furry friends and "the state of the scene". This isn't another in the army of retro youth crew bands, nor are they a part of the European metalcore invasion, just pure hard hitting hardcore with thick production, male/female vocals and intelligence to back it all up. (WN)
(Hopewell, Ondrej Benes, U hraze 1, Praha 10, 100 00, CZECH REPUBLIC, balaclava@email.cz)

THE BEACH BITCHES - "Soul Shake Power" CD

A decent garage band. The tempo is fast and the accent makes the singer sound a bit like LIGHTNING BEAT-MAN's younger brother. Interesting, but nothing I'm ready to go crazy over. (CK)
(30, rue Ernest Lavisse, 66 000 Peripgnan, FRANCE, beach-bitches@wanadoo.fr)

BEAT DOWN - "Blood 'n' Tears" LP

RickTa Life's German cousins started this hardcore band because they have cool tattoos, tough dogs and can't communicate with women (this cover has a man dressed appropriately in a "wife beater" and pretty tattoos shooting a woman in bed with another human—what a way to deal this infidelity). I really enjoy their song about that great movie "Falling Down" and the "Tribute to Oi!" chorus "oi! oi! oi! The BEAT DOWN crew....oi! oi! oi! the violent few." There is one song that rips, "Love it or Leave it," about life being hard and shit...hum. This should be a joke hatecore band, but they might just be for real. (TJ)
(Mad Mob, Oranienstr 37, 10999 Berlin, GERMANY, coretexrecords.com)

BELLRAYS – "Grand Fury" CD

The long overdue second LP from this SoCal combo. Pretty much along the ways of the first LP with its soul punk blast fueled by great female vocals. A little better produced than the first LP but by no means slick with its live-to-tape feel. This includes songs that this band has been doing for a while such as "Fire on the Moon" and "Stupid Fuckin' People." One of the best bands around with its unique sound that keeps on rocking it. (RL)
(Uppercut, 4470 Sunset Blvd. #195, Los Angeles, CA 90027, www.uppercut records.com)

BELLRAYS - "Suicide Baby/Chemical"

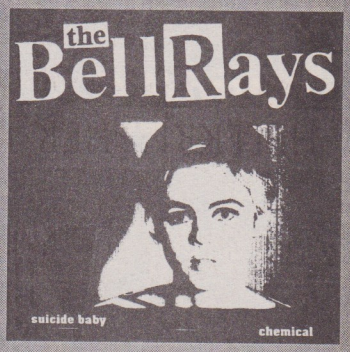
Two new blasts of soulful grit from these current darlings. "Suicide Baby" side is a short, quick jab to the ribs of killer guitar riffs and some righteous vocal testifying. Kicks and prods in all the right places and sure to do you right This song be *sassy* and bad. "Chemical" starts off slow and slithering and sounds like Ms. Tina Turner fronting the MC5 doing "Come Together" or something equally epic and alternately explodes and smolders. Left me all wiggly and tingly-like. It's THAT potent. Left me jonesing for more of this stuff! (JY)
(No Tomorrow, PO Box 1134, 12080 Castellon, SPAIN)

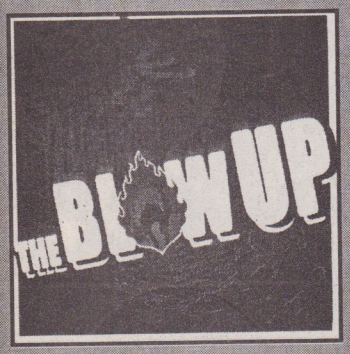
BLACK LEFTY PINKY/THE FRANTICS - split EP

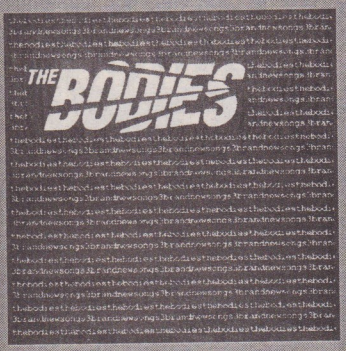
Oh my god, what did I do to piss Tom off this month? This is awful. BLACK LEFT PINKY have more in common with (Jesus Christ this is bad) the likes of PANTERA (minus the "good" guitar work) or new MISFITS (minus their "spookiness"). Growled vocals and chugga-chugga guitars make this by far one one the worse bands I have ever heard here at *MRR*... someone shoot this band.... the FRANTICS still sound like early AFI... I'm going to go out on a limb and just say this sucks and write this one off to a lapse of judgment and wait for an apology from these bands for making me sit through this... (BM)
($3 ppd: Trend is Dead!, 18 Harwood Place, Bloomington, IL 61791)

BLACK JAX - LP

Ain't there any new music out there? Another posthumous release, this L.A. band is from the mid-'80s (not be be confused with the Beantown band with a similar name from the same era) tho they claim to channel the '70s punk sound. They never really toured or put out any records during their heyday, but they did record an LP's wortha who in 1986. Had they put this out then, it'd be really cool, but now it sounds like way too many pop punk bands of today and will probably get no attention. However, fans of BEATNIK TERMITES or WOOLLY MAMMOTH (or name-a-pop-punk-band) will find it nestles quite nicely in their collection. I like it too. (HY)
(Wankin' Stiphs, PO Box 6480, Mesa, AZ 85216)







BLADDER, BLADDER, BLADDER - "No Control/Slots of Fun"

This new offering by BLADDER, BLADDER, BLADDER is smooth pop-punk for fans of THE BOYS, THE JOLT, THE CHORDS and their ilk. The guitars are tastefully executed and the singer with the accent really IS from Great Britain. This "No Control" single has polished production for easy listening, but it just does not grab you by the throat. Do we need another slick pop band in the year 2000? I think not. (BR)
(77 RPM, PO Box 9186, Glendale, CA 91226).

BLOWBACK - "I Like Time" CD

Another ferocious Japanese hardcore band, albeit without some of of the polish and character evident in so many. The pace is up there—it's all fast, abrasive and driving, but there's a lack of variety that gets especially evident in the longer tracks. This would be amazing if the songs were half the length, but the overall effect is greatly impacted by the sheer length. Good stuff, still blows most things away, but not quite what it could have been. Vocals are similar to the music in their dependence on repetition—some editing, this would have been a thousand times more memorable. (TM)
(HG Fact, 401 Hongo-M, 2-36-2 Yayoi-Cho, Nakano, Tokyo, 164-0013, JAPAN)

THE BLOW UP - "Dead Stars, Seven Sixes" EP

Sheik, heroin addict type rock that'd appeal to fans of the BLACK HALOES, or any other crap that sounds similar to them. I'm sure they'd be one hell of hit if they lived here in San Francisco. The poptarts here eat that shit up, but I can't stand it! (NF)
(Empty, PO Box 12034, Seattle WA 98102)

BLUE FLAME COMBO - "Rockabillies Go Home" CD

Did Billie Joe join a pop rockabilly bad or what? I can't believe how much GREEN DAY has influenced this vocalist. Crazy. This is cute poppy rockabilly with an excellent SMITHS and FUGAZI cover a la STRAYCATS style. I can't deal with the voice impersonation though. (SR)
(AMP, 92 Kenilworth Ave. S, Hamilton, Ontario, CANADA, L8K-2S9 Amprec@cgocable.net)

BODIES - "Hup Two Hey" EP

For starters, this EP is numbered and limited to 1,000. Which these days doesn't mean a whole lot compared to something in the 200-copy range. Second, I've never been into the BODIES. This like their other records is rocking and anthemic, but I've never related to the scene/crowd at their shows. I do love punk but I can live without the football mentality. Maybe that's a drawback of being straight edge. So this record is the BODIES doing their street punk thing very competently, I just wish Bruce had got to this review first. (RL)
(Hostage, PO Box 7736, Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

BOVVER WONDERLAND - "Forgotten Heroes" CD

I must say, this knocked my socks off and made me take back any misgivings I've ever had of the band. I had never heard their energetic, muscular and nimbly-tuneful rockin' punk until now, and I've been missing out. Radio Records is carving out quite a name for themselves, and this 14 song (6 of which are previously released) disc is crisp and infectious, with more of a straightforward SCREECHING WEASEL to it than a COCKSPARRER or ANGELIC UPSTARTS, as I had thought. (RD)
(Radio, PO Box 1452, Sonoma, CA 95476)

BREAKING SPREE - "9PWF" CD

Three teenagers from upstate New York doing eight tunes that sound like RANCID and SCREECHING WEASEL. I thought it was pretty crappy. (RM)
($6 ppd: Free Balloon, 34 Sunny Knoll Dr, Poughkeepsie, NY 12603)

BUG CENTRAL - "Money and Riots" EP

Average, kind of bland, mid tempo, mildly aggressive punk with Brit-accented vocalist. Three of their own songs plus an cover of a British band called INTENSIVE CARE. There's an anti-TV song but the anti-religion "Halo Protector" is pretty all right—its got this funny little part that says "Ah piss on your religion." Not too exciting but ok. Needs a little more "umph" to make me happy. (SR)
(Arson, 112 Montreal St., Kingston, Ontario, K7K-JE8, CANADA, www.arsonrecords.com)

BUNNY BRAINS - "Sin Gulls (Goring St. Eddy) 1988-1998" CD

A singles collection from the now-defunct (I think, because of the title or maybe because I never hear anything about them, any more) band from Connecticut. I picked up the first single starts off this CD on a recommendation from Tim Yo and I became immediately obsessed with this band. I bought all their singles and albums, I traveled to Connecticut to see them play and I even got a label to put out an album by them. Then I stopped buying and listening. Now it's been long enough now that I can enjoy hearing those old recordings without holding any sort of grudge. Can't I? The early singles start out in a punk style, fast songs with three chords with the semi-poet ramblings of lead singer Dan Bunny. "For You I'd Kill", "On The Floor Again" and "GG's Dead (and I'm Not Feeling Too Good Myself)" are ones that can please any punk rocker with a sense of humor. The later stuff goes

into space-jam background soundtracks to the spoken lyrics. Overall it's a great collection of work. And Ryan thought I was going to mention that they wrote a song about me. Whoops. (CK)
(Menlo Park, PO Box 7652, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276-1652)

BURIED ALIVE/REACH THE SKY - split EP

I have always like BURIED ALIVE and their two songs do nothing to change that opinion. They crank out great hardcore with lots of time changes that smoothly alternate between fast and charging guitar work to powerful breakdowns. They have great song structures and production values. And the vocals have a lot of force and authority. REACH THE SKY from Boston, MA go for a much more melodic punk approach. Actually one of their songs reminded me a lot of MONSULA. Now that is a band I have not thought about in a while! Enjoyable release. (RC)
(Indecision, PO Box 5781, Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

CAPITALIST CASUALTIES - "Planned Community" 6"

Menstruating Christ! On this 6" platter, this power violence powerhouse returns with 4 more tracks of socio-politically aware pummeling hardcore that hits you from every angle with brutal, cutting commentary on everyday life. Intense, dark and unrelenting, but what, you expected nursery rhymes? (RD)
(Six Weeks, 225 Lincoln Ave., Cotati, CA 94931)

CARPE DIEM - s/t LP

It's quite a coincidence that I'm reviewing this, because tomorrow I'm flying to Barcelona for a week. I'm fairly certain that a CARPE DIEM show won't be featuring in my itinerary, but I'm not too bothered. This is metallic pop-punk, if you can fathom such a thing. The Spanish vocals somehow manage to capture none of the romance and passion of the language, while the over-melodic bass lines drown out the guitar. It's funny that they mention SONS OF ISHMAEL on the thanks list, as this seems dated from the period when that band was active, and there's a certain similarity in the sound (with none of the inventiveness). Perhaps the lyrics share their sense of humor. (AM)
(Tralla, Ap. Co: 37.119, 08080 Barcelona, SPAIN)

THE CARPETTES – "Frustration Paradise/Fight Amongst Yourselves" CD

This is a CD of this UK band's two LPs circa 1980. Good mod-ish punk with a JAM and NEWTOWN NEUROTICS feel. Although this doesn't have the social political urgency of those bands, this is still a good trip down memory lane. 24 tracks of power trio punk that is Brit all the way. Although lesser known than most bands from this era, this deserves the attention of Brit punk fans. (RL)
(Captain Oi, PO Box 501, High Wycombe, Bucks HP10 8QA, UK, www.captainoi.com)

CATTLE DECAPITATION - "El Decapitation" EP

So when the first CATTLE DECAPITATION record came into *MRR*, I asked Tom how on earth it passed as punk, and his only defense was that there were no solos. Well there are no solos on this 3 song one sided EP either, but my friends, this is metal. While not quite as CARCASS as some of their other records, and not as ridden with blast beats as the full length, this prolific bass-free-three-piece delivers another platter of sinister gore-ridden metal. My only complaint is that there ain't nothin' on the other side. (WN)
(Prono de Accidente, PO Box 460686, Escondido, CA 92046)

CECILIA ET SES ENNUIS - "Mon Engin D'Enfer" EP

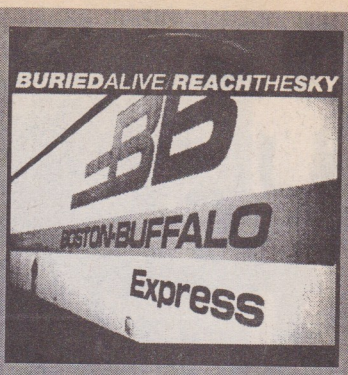
Hey cool, another record by those crazy French garage beat music heroes, CECLIA ET SES ENNUIS. I was just turned on to them a couple months ago, when their last EP was reviewed, and here's a new one already. Unfortunately, this one isn't as all out essential as the last, but it's still miles beyond the competition. The songs on the A side are good, but not as intimate or urgent as the other songs I've heard. The B side's lone track, "J'Aime Le Pop Corn", on the other hand, is pure magic propulsion. Excitable sexy singing over a garagey version of mid '60s JAMES BROWN. Worth checking out. (BG)
(Telstar, PO Box 1123, Hoboken, NJ)

CHARM - "Hito" EP

Fucking raging Tokyo BMX-violence...I saw these fucking maniacs in Tokyo, and besides fucking destroying live (and their equipment), they had a jumping stand-up bassist...yeah, a fucking electronic stand up bass...whose owner happened to propel himself off it like it was more of a stage-diving platform than the distributor of the low-end. Great thrash, with no bullshit. Get it or cry when you have to trade for it later. (MW)
(Coalition, Hugo de Grootsraat 25, 2518 Eb Den Haag, THE NETHERLANDS)

CHINMOKU BAKUGEKIKI - "Muyo-no Yu" EP

Without any information (in English or otherwise) I'm going into this review blind. I wish I had a day or two so I could ask some of my pen-pals in Japan if they know any info on this band. This is mid-paced, rocking Japanese punk/hardcore. Up beat, metallic guitar riffs, shouted choruses, guitar solos, discernible Japanese lyrics....its catchy and pretty fucking awesome. Write the address below and see if you can even get this. Don't know what else to say. (MW)
(2-7-303, Morinomiya, Jyouto-ku, Osaka, 536-0025, JAPAN)



CHRIS WARE BAND - "Soul Shakedown" CD

I'm trying to get into this one, but sumthin' just ain't right. I can't pinpoint it. There's some vocal awkwardness that feels like a nose out of joint. Lots of kinda arty poetic lyrics with fat Elvis tendencies. I think it's a white boy punk blues thing happening here. Seriously, I'm just a little too irritated to care. (DL)
(Fan Attic, PO Box 391494, Cambridge, MA 02139)

CHRONICS - "SoulShaker" CD

Danish Garage/roots rock stuff with guys who looked like they've been around. Reference point seems to be the updated SONICS (and maybe MITCH RYDER) sound, sorta old time R & B but with a modern "take" and some soulful touches. Therefore, instruments are pretty conventional, no fuzz or "psych" touches, but the band seems to make that up in sheer solid playing. "Fire Up" is a great stompin' party song with that familiar killer riff and some impassioned singing which makes the song happen. "Shine On Me" is a killer soul/garage tune with cool horns and a killer hook that rocks and swings in all the right places. The CD is chock full of tunes like this. The singer also reminds me a little of the BARRACUDAS and at times they uncannily remind me of them. Music might be conventional but the band totally delivers and plays their heart out. Totally unexpected and totally cool! (JY)
(Bad Afro, Postie Restiantie, Fredericksberg Alle 6, DK-1820 Fredericksberg C DENMARK)

CIVIL RIGHTS - "Be As Still A Stone" EP

Fuck - this is the real deal. For a first release, this is pretty amazing. Frenzied hardcore with all the classic trimmings - sweeping guitars, blazing speed, some crazy choruses where everyone screams their heads off, searing guitar - it's all here. There's a lyric sheet enclosed, but it's mostly in Japanese, and what English is there is somewhat incoherent. Whatever - this wins on the pure 'rock' factor - as it fucking rocks. Awesome. (TM)
($6 ppd: Kiyohiko Nagai, 79 Uomachi Toyohashi, Aichi 440-0894, JAPAN)

COMPLICITE CANDIDE - "Vzdyt Strojum Tolik Chutna" LP

This is an interesting release. I unfortunately don't know anything about this band, but I swear they sound like they are from the mid-80's, not the year 2000. They have good a loose mid-tempo punk style that is raw and slightly eccentric. The recording is hollow and full of treble. And they sing in their native language, which is always a bonus. There is a booklet with some of the lyrics translated into English. But there is no further information, at least that I could read. This definitely has perked my interest. (RC)
(Malarie, PO Box 153, Posta 1, 756 61 Roznov p. R CZECH REPUBLIC)

DAMNATION - "Damnation" LP

I sort of remember seeing this band play something like five years ago. So I'm pretty sure they've been around a while. Then again, maybe I was just drunk. This band is kind of all over the place stylistically. Some of their songs are pretty cool SoCal style punk/hardcore with a bit of a DANZIG or MISFITS thing going on. Others border on sounding like RATT, MEGADEATH and WHITESNAKE, and a couple tunes are bad pop punk similar to THE TEEN IDOLS (no not the classic DC band, Sherlock). Nineteen tunes total. (RM)
(Anti, no address)

THE DARK AGES/GRIMM LTD. - "Tomorrow's Gonna Be Another Day" EP

Reissue of 1965 New Zealand single, with energetic renditions of "Tomorrow's Gonna Be Another Day," (also done by THE ASTRONAUTS, SHADOWS OF KNIGHT, and THE MONKEES) and BO DIDDLEY'S "Cadillac." As a bonus, two previously unreleased live recordings (also 1965) by fellow Kiwis GRIMM LTD. doing two more BO numbers, "One Ugly Child" (presumably by way of the DOWNLINERS SECT) and "Hey Mama Keep Your Big Mouth Shut" (by way of THE PRETTY THINGS, based on the vocalist's attempts to emulate Phil May. Prim-o-tive. You know whether or not you want this, so what's for me to say? (DD)
(Action, PO Boxc 8282, Symonds St., Auckland, NEW ZEALAND, www.records.co.nz)

DEAD BOYZ CAN'T FLY - "Everything You Missed" CD

These wacky Italians deliver energetic, three chord punk that sounds unrehearsed and out of sync. If that's not bad enough, the mix on most of the CD has the guitars too low and the unsteady drums too loud. This CD contains most of the songs off their two EPs and sounds like a bad drunken practice. (HM)
(Derotten, c.p. 62, 36051 Creazzo (VI), ITALY, wimpyale@xquasar.it)

THE DEFECTS – "Defective Breakdown" CD

A great reissue of this early 1980s band's only LP with bonus singles tracks tacked on. Straight out of Belfast, Ireland, this band falls in between traditional Brit punk a la UK SUBS and faster GBH type punk. A good release from a band that deserves to have its moniker spray painted on a leather jacket or two. Snotty punk that would have been more at home on the No Future label back in the day instead of the obscure label this came out on. Good stuff. (RL)

(Captain Oi, PO Box 501, High Wycombe, Bucks HP10 8QA, UK www.captainoi.com)

DEMOLITION - "Road is Free" CD

Awesome followup to their great 12" of a couple years back. It's metal tinged hardcore—a mid-paced effort by Japanese standards—reminds me more of MOTORHEAD than the more traditional 1,000-mph Japanese hardcore band. The vocalist shows verve—showing the guttural growl and crazed effects seen with vocalists like Sakevi (G.I.S.M.) or someone similar. The guitar is what keeps the whole thing moving along—it's blazing with personality even during the more "metal" sections. No lyrics, but there were some great motorcycle sound effects! Good stuff. (TM)
(Answer, Hase Bld No. 2 B1 5-49, Osu 3 Naka-Ku, Nagoya-City, Aichi 460, JAPAN)

DENY/UNCONTROLLABLE URGE - split 10"

Not only is it a split 10", it's a picture-disc 10", no less! Sweden's DENY play some ripping fast-Scando-thrash. All of it's formula, but the delivery is fast and furious. Germany's UNCONTROLLABLE URGE are a little too over-the-top for me. They play blast-beat driven crustcore, but the vocals don't really do much for me. (MW)
(Hombre Lobo c/o Bertil Blees, Kaiserslauterer Str. 11, 66123 Saarbucken, GERMANY)

THE DEPRESSIONS – "The Punk Rock Collection" CD

A great collection from this first wave British band. Circa 1977, this is great punk/pub rock *a la* EDDIE & the HOT RODS and VIBRATORS. Although this band is pretty unknown by classic standards, this disc really kicks ass fueled by great songs. Their LP and nine bonus tracks, this is in the upper echelon of reissues so don't hesitate to track this down if you are an early punk fan. (RL)
(Captain Oi, PO Box 501, High Wycombe, Bucks HP10 8QA, UK, www.captainoi.com)

THE DIALTONES - "Oh Baby Doll!"

One of my favorite records is *198 Seconds of the DILS*, two short sharp attacks, this is equally short and fast, but nowhere near the intensity, frankly I want to hear about "Class War" not "Baby Doll". But don't get me wrong, if you like the RAMONES you will like this. (EC)
(Now!, Minneapolis, MN 55413)

DOGS - "Fed Up!" LP

I hate having to include historical footnotes with my record reviews, but the DOGS require them if any band does. Okay: formed in Detroit in the early '70s as a tough, mixed-gender three-piece, resolutely of the Motor City School of one-two punch rock 'n' roll. Relocated to LA in time to hop on the Hollywood punk rocker bandwagon of the late '70s. Released the excellent *Slash Your Face* single that appeared on an early volume of the *Killed by Death* series. Consider yourselves educated...*Fed Up!* is an ace collection of mostly live material (from the same show that yielded the single version of "Slash Your Face", included here) and a few choice demo tracks. The band's Detroit roots are readily apparent in their STOOGEy guitar leads and Loren Molinaire's whoops and animal calls, which owe a large debt to *Funhouse*-era Iggy. Tunes like "Sleaze City," "Fed Up," and "Black Tea" are as punk as any to come around the pike before or since, and twice as smart, stylish, and powerfully *real*. Essential record. (JH)
(Dionysus, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507, dogsrunfree@earthlink.net)

THE DONTCARES - "Keep 'Em Rolling" EP

Just when you thought it was safe to compete with Sweden in a drunk-punk rumble, out stumble the DONTCARES! Awe-inspiring! Motherfuckin' takes the Christmas cake! More fun than chimps with kazoos! Working a familiar sound (TURKS channeling JOHNNY RAMONE), with undeniable songs. Impossible to refuse. (RY)
(Eternal Broadcast, PO Box 170247 SF, CA 94117)

DOWN BY LAW/PSEUDO HEROES – split CD

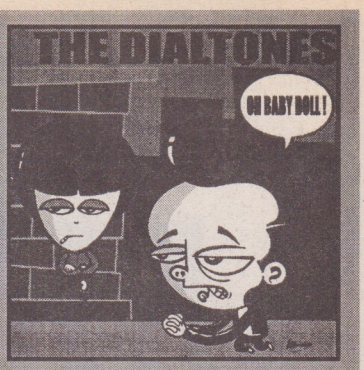
The PSEUDO HEROES is a side group for a member of DOWN BY LAW and they do some mod-ish poppy punk. Almost a jangly pop punk thing with some decent songs with UK overtones. The DOWN BY LAW stuff is cover songs including "Safe European Home" and "The Kids Are Alright." Interesting covers that are a little loose but fun. A decent pop release in all. (RL)
(Theologian, PO Box 1070, Hermosa Beach, CA 90254)

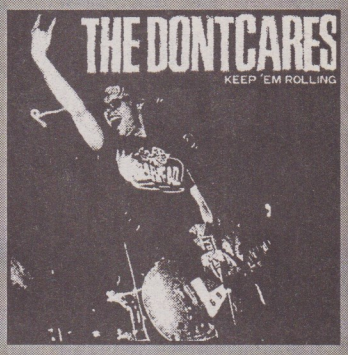
DREAD 101/EXISTENCH - split EP

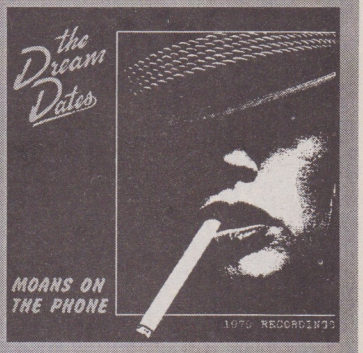
DREAD 101 are really straight forward, crust from Czech Republic. Alternating male/female vocals, some tempo changes, and that's about it. They do the genre some justice, the songs are decent and well produced, but something just seems missing. I like EXISTENCH, from Canada a lot more. They're totally crushing and mix it up the way any self-respecting crust band should. These days, drummers really make or break fast bands like this, and EXISTENCH is a prime example. The drums are turned way up and hit the sixteenth beats at breakneck speeds providing a foundation for what would otherwise be total noise. (SP)
(Malarie, Stampen Apak, PO Box 153, 756 61 Roznov P./R., CZECH REPUBLIC, zapa@knir.cz)

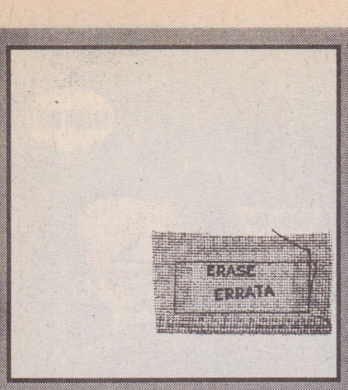
THE DREAM DATES - "Moans On The Phone/Heart Attack Rhythm"

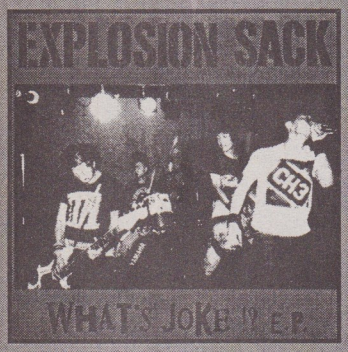
.....1979 Canadian power-pop....not bad, but I hate Canadians and most of their lame music with a passion.....Donny Denim could easily simulate better power-pop with his poor little pecker....I suggest you kids save your hard earned cash for something better, like drugs or firearms.... (SW)

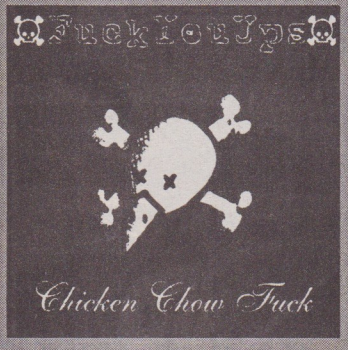












(Squelchtone, 2 Bloor St W, Suite 100, Box 477, Toronto, On, M4W 3E2, CANADA)

ELECTRIC EELS - "Agitated/Refrigerator"

A coupla decades plus ago, a proto-punk scene festered in Cleveland dripping with artiness, a bit of prog, and oodles of aggro. The EELS were one of the more awesome art sludge combos. All of their stuff was recorded (not in studio but "live in loft") in the proto-punk year of 1975. All posthumous, their output was limited only to the odd 45 or two in the early 1980s, and a couple of LPs in the late '80s, the *It's Artastic* LP on Homestead, and the *Having A Philosophical Investigation With* on Tinnitus. Where does this handsome lookin' boot fit in? "Agitated" originally appeared as the A-side on their first single on Rough Trade when they were called DIE ELECTRIC EELS. "Refrigerator" is from the same 1975 sessions that appeared on the LPs. Loud, grinding and abrasive flatulence with noisy guitar and the damaged vocals of Johnny Morton. Nick Knox later of the CRAMPS provides staccato assault on drums. The real sound of things falling apart. (HY)
(no address)

ERASE ERATA - "Cat And Canary" EP

High energy! No-wave influenced! Girl group from Oakland! The bass lines are all low, with dissonant rhythms, the guitar is all high pitched, wires extend out of her arms and head, everything is off-time and crashing forward with the hippest sounding girl singing over the chaos about past jobs she'd had harvesting in the summer and being a delivery girl: "In the day I ride, your package by my side, tight pants that make me glide...delivery." This is the most awesome dance band!! It's so good it makes me want to scream and throw things and beat somebody up!!! It will make you dance until you pee in your pants. (JT)
(Inconvenient, 3288 21st St, San Francisco, CA 94110)

EXPLOSION SACK - "What's Joke!?" EP

Japanese punk rockers are internationally renown for embracing a musical style and taking it kicking and screaming right over the top of the precipice. These Osaka punkers live up to that reputation. Spikey haired and resolute, EXPLOSION SACK perform the aural death knell on your eardrums with fast guitars, shouted vocals and shit-loads of punk mayhem. The early '80s English and American influences are embellished upon, then distorted and fucked with. It's a fine punk-rock mess you are left with! (BR)
(Shout & Shout/Bronze Fist, 5-2-104-203, Higashi-Toyonaka, Toyonaka-City, Osaka, JAPAN)

FALLEN SHORT/DISASTER STRIKES - split CD

FALLEN SHORT is up first, playing some fast-paced crustcore with dual male/female vocals. The guitar/bass tones seem to be hidden behind the vocals and drums, but the riffs are catchy nonetheless. DISASTER STRIKES comes out a little thicker (due to production) but with a very similar style to FALLEN SHORT. Dual female/male vocals, mid-paced hardcore/crust...it's the choruses and sing-a-longs of DISASTER STRIKES that really stand out. (MW)
(Rodent Popsicle, PO Box 1143, Allston, MA 02134)

FLAMIN' GROOVIES - "Sneakers" 10"

Another one of those records that should have come with an instruction manual for amateurs, even though the music speaks clearly enough for itself. Back to basic training: the FLAMIN' GROOVIES were a long-standing and criminally-underrated SF band that have been (mostly) consigned to the dustbin of official rock 'n' roll history. Mainly 'cause they were the only children of the Summer of Love that played short, simple, beat-influenced tunes (as opposed to the epic drones of fellow scenesters the GRATEFUL DEAD or JEFFERSON AIRPLANE). *Sneakers* is an important record because it was one of the first "indie" releases of the post-BEATLES era, and also marks the debut of a great power-pop/rock 'n' roll/beat group that influenced more than a few '70s and '80s punksters. That said, I gotta mention that it's also much more happy, jaunty and radio-friendly than later efforts like *Teenage Head* or *Shake Some Action*, but still displays the pop promise the band was to later fulfill. It ain't punk rock, but your mother and I think it's high time you listened to some *good-sounding* music for a change, see? An extra-big commendation goes to Munster records for handling this reissue with such care. (JH)
(Munster, PO Box 18107, 28080 Madrid, SPAIN, munster@munster-records.com)

FLINCH! - "Dyslexic Rhino + Flesh Enema" CD

Most of the times, this band is a old school-type gruffcore band with the gravelly-voiced singer and touches of ANITISEEN or something. Then abruptly, on other songs, there's a more melodic girl singer and the band even sounds more psych/poppy and almost VELVET UNDERGROUND-ish. Okay, some major musical schizophrenia here! Not so say that any of the two musical types here appeal to me either. Just pointing it out for our curious readership. Though, to be perfectly honest, the musical divide represented here is just a little too much to take. Bands, get your genre down before recording a CD, okay? And the punk rock stuff here also gets pretty tiring and silly after a while too. (JY)
(Flinch, 13213 DairyMaid Drive. Atp T-2, Germantown MD 20874)

FOUR LETTER WORDS/PEELANDER Z - split EP

FOUR LETTER WORDS are one standard fuck you song and a weird metally SPINAL TAP-sounding one that I can't decide whether I love or hate. PEELANDER Z sound like if you put the singer from RUDIMENTARY PENI in a garage band. (DP)
(Geykido Comet, PO Box 3743, Laguna Hills, CA 92654, www.gcrecords.com)

THE 4 SKINS - "Low Life" LP

This retrospective of the 4 SKINS gives a fair shake to one of the early '80s' less well-known street punk bands. Put honestly, they've never even been half-way up to the standard of, say, the BLITZ at their prime (or even the PARTISANS, for that matter), but their anthemic, yelled vocals and uncompromising lyrics make them a little more appealing than many of the bands that listlessly copied them. (SS)
(Get Back, c/o Via Aretina 25, 50069 Sieci (Firenzi), ITALY)

FROSTY - "Liquor Drink" CD

Noise, noise, noise, noise, yeeeeeeeaaaaaahhhh! They thank HARRY PUSSY, and TO LIVE AND SHAVE IN LA, which I do on occasion as well, eerie. More messed up scrungey action from Menlo Park, who are on quite the roll these days. (RW)
(Menlo Park, PO Box 1652, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276-1652)

FUCK YOU UPS - "Chicken Chow Fuck" EP

Simplistic lyrics about drinking and puking and fucking girls with baseball bats. Why would anyone think this is remotely worth listening to. Oh, yeah, drunk people. Maybe they were drunk when they "wrote" "Hit You with a Bat" and don't realize it is a rip-off of "Borstal Breakout" by SHAM 69. Sometimes I really hate punk rock. (DP)
(Formula 13, PO Box 7385, Tempe, AZ 85281-0013)

FULHAM FURIES - "These Boots Are Made For Walkin'/Under Pressure"

Reissue of Limey 1978 single (what am I, the reissue reviewing machine? Sheesh.) Proto oi, sounding as if done by a studio band, cover of the NANCY SINATRA number with half-hearted pub singalong by the lads, get it? I'll bet the producer thought he had sure fire novelty hit on his hands; I don't know, maybe he did. Anyway, PURE HELL's version was better (USA! Number One! sorry...), but it's always nice to hear that endearingly crappy English drum sound. Flip side is a pleasant little number with a hint of bubble gum. (DD)
(no address)

GERTY FARISH - "Deadly Attackers" EP

GERTY FARISH continues to rock out with their guitar, Casio keyboard and drum machine assault. Their hyper, fucked-up, simple, melodic new wave with dissonant touches is brilliant! Check out this amazing disc! (HM)
(Menlo Park, PO Box 1652, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276)

GODNOSE - "Odessa" LP

Great Australian hardcore—they've managed to infect every song with enough variation to keep the whole thing interesting. Ranging from full on thrash to slower, more "crust" stylings—an impressive quality and variety of songwriting. For a three piece, it's surprisingly full—some studio tricks going on here! The lyrics wander all over—from downright silly to more 'political' to dungeons and dragons mumblyspeak. The vocals are well managed between Ben and Jane—having the option to use either/both vocalist brings another facet to their overall sound. Well done. (TM)
(Papst Jhonnie, Probacherstr. 37, 53783 Eitorf, GERMANY, papst@gmx.de)

GODSTOMPER/ GREEN BERET - split EP

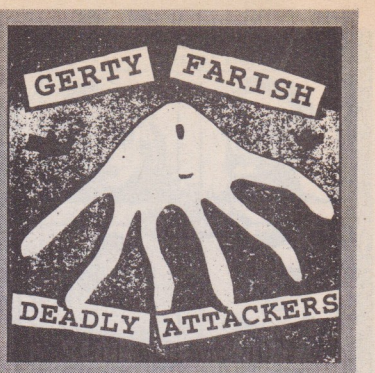
GREEN BERET are from Tuscaloosa, which is neat to me, for whatever reason. They work the power violence tip - it's quick, it's energetic, and there's some great sound effects / organ stuff going on. Enough personality that it doesn't sink into the quagmire, which is no easy task lately. GODSTOMPER unfortunately can't maintain the momentum brought to them - these three songs sound unfocused and generic. They're competent, but going through the motions doesn't leave me with anything worth going back to. Too bad, as they've shown in the past that they're capable of more. (TM)
(Cess Pool, 985 Bidwell Ave, Sunnyvale CA 94086)

GODSTOMPER/RIDGEMONTS - "Nothing Emo Can Stay" Split EP

Bay Area bass/drum grind veterans GODSTOMPER deliver two more raw blasts of anti-emo fury (the crucified sweater boy on the back is a nice touch). To know GODSTOMPER is to see them live, but I swear I can hear the drums collapsing in the second song, and I just close my eyes and hope that their onstage carnage carries over into the studio. RIDGEMONTS are just as raw, but not as good. Basic four chord punk/grind, but with the most horrendous vocals I have ever fucking heard. Many different vocal styles, all of them annoying as all fuck. If you take away the singer (and his reverb too) they wouldn't be half bad. (WN)
(Rock Lobster, 3715 Canterbury Way, Boca Raton, FL 33434)

GO FASTER NUNS/WILLY WONKAS - split EP

This is totally incredible. The GO FASTER NUNS side, anyway. Crudely-recorded 4-track punk dripping with hooks, attitude and shouted choruses. I'll just bask in their trashy glow for a moment before returning for the WILLY WONKAS. Oooooh. Yeah, it's just as good, if not better. Apparently the ex-singer of DEAD BOYZ CAN'T FLY sings for both of these bands, with the latter having more



of a gritty, pounding, but nonetheless infectious approach to the punk spectrum. Super-duper, to be sure. (RD)
(Eat the Beat, Leipziger Str. 3, 90491 Nurnberg, ITALY)

THE GOLDEN ARMS - "Oriental Junk Sick" EP

Here's a straight-up shot of Japanese Johnny Thunderism for all you L.A.M.F.'s who just can't get enough. The GOLDEN ARMS' dueling trashy rock 'n' roll guitar style, heroin romanticism, and seedy attitude are living proof that when it comes to emulating American rock 'n' rollers, they are the kings. (DL)
(Vicious Kitten, GPO BOX 20, Canberra, AUSTRALIA)

GOLDEN GUINEAS/RANDY CAPTAIN DYNAMITE HORNOCKER AND HIS WORLD FAMOUS LOADED HOODS - Split EP

Lo-fi surf and garage is the bag. GOLDEN GUINEAS give a bigger thrill ride slapping down a chewier brand of rock 'n' roll. RANDY CAPTAIN is, like, some kinda novelty act, and is about as punchy as puddin'. (RY)
(Ken Rock, Fabriksgatan 39b, 412 51 Goteborg, Sweden)

H20 - "It Was a Good Day" EP

You know the drill. H20, with their inimitable and bounding finesse, cover "It Was a Good Day", DYNAMITE HACK-style, originally done by some hip hop band—I'm not sure, it doesn't say who. *(ICE CUBE—Tom H.)* The flipside serves up a cover of SUICIDAL TENDENCIES' "I Want More," and all of it on ultra-thin and, most importantly, ultra-collectable blue vinyl. Funny and catchy. (RD)
(SideOneDummy, 6201 Sunset Blvd., Suite 211, Hollywood, CA 90028)

HARUM SCARUM/STUPOR - split EP

This is the first I've heard from HARUM SCARUM since their LP on Tribal War. Two songs, one (a pro-choice declaration) has more of the panic and disorder of my favorite songs from the previously mentioned LP while the other (an attack on globalization) provides instrumental input in a smooth and measured manner. The vocals are mainly split between a gruff and spitting vocalist and one whose higher sing-song style is well suited for crust-core nursery rhymes. The Eastern Europeans in STUPOR knock out three songs on their side, all of which start off thick, slow and muddy but quickly smash into fast paced and slightly quirky hardcore punk that reminds me of a number of South American bands. Writings from the label and contacts for D.I.Y. abortion resources pull everything together. (TH)
(Malarie, PO Box 153, 75661 Roznov P/R, CZECH REPUBLIC, zapa@knir.cz)

HEADGRENADE - 10"

HEADGRENADE have a raw and thorny hard-edge street rock 10" out right now. This Reno, Nevada punk band attacks with electric guitars bristling and deep vocals pounding on your face. When HEADGRENADE get up to full speed they have enough venom to hang with the likes of LIMECELL or ADOLF AND THE PIST ARTIST. HEADGRENADE's lyrics deal with a myriad of subjects. In "Reject," they write: "Society has labeled you a reject/Yer just like me, a reject...". In "Blue Collar," HEADGRENADE sings: "Work hard and I'm proud the way my life is turning out/Blue around the collar now—not gonna wash it out." There are strong sentiments expressed here with enthusiastic music to convey them. (BR)
(702, PO Box 204, Reno, NV 89504)

HELLKRUSHER – "Victims of Hate" EP

From the UK, this band sounds a lot like a more-DISCHARGE DISCHARGE with hints of DISCHARGE, or maybe even DISCHARGE. The lyrics and imagery bring DISCHARGE to mind. DISCHARGE. (AD)
(Skuld, Maimsheimerstr.14, 71272 Renningen, GERMANY)

HELLSUCKERS - "Rock 'n' Roll License" EP

Drag racing fans from Switzerland of all places doing a pretty good NOMADS take: some rockabilly-ish skank filtered through loud guitars and a Motor City rock mentality. 4 songs, all with that loud power-chording thing with some surprisingly rootsy touches. Downside is that all the tunes tend to sound alike, also some goofy accents abound. But hey, the guitars are crankin', the band ROCKS! "Helldriver" sounds like an unholy collision between Lux Interior and Iggy doing the James Dean thing. More fun than watching an old Elvis movie dubbed in Finnish. (JY)
(Sheep, Schonegg-Platz 10, 8004 Zurich, Switzerland)

THE HOLLYWOODS - "Hollywood Delinquents" EP

This is a three-piece Swedish surf band—I'm not really crazy about surf music though. Instrumentals about a masked woman village and a US trenchcoat—I'm remembering the *Brady Bunch* episode when they went to Hawaii and got in trouble... (JT)
(Subway Star, c/o Jansson, Vargsparet 14, 610 55 Stigtomta, SWEDEN)

HOSTAGES - "Grebo 2000" EP

Mediocre bluesy almost-metalish punk from Minneapolis complete with cowbell and a har-

monica.This is the band that you sit at the bar (and you would most likely see this band at a bar) and have another drink while waiting for the real action to start. ...Zero on the rock o' meter (yawn). (AS)
(Sell Your Soul, PO Box 6113, Minneapolis, MN 55046)

THE HYMANS - "Rockers" EP

I bet the singer is American, there's no way he can be Swedish, no accent, anyway this four-song is clearly RAMONES mid '80s-period and the vocals remind me of DAG NASTY, remember them? (EC)
(Bootleg Booze, P.O Box 78, 67122 Arvika, SWEDEN)

IMMORTAL LEE COUNTY KILLERS - "Let's Get Killed/Revolution Summer"

At first rush this single might seem to be right up my alley, though after the second or third listen I'd relegate it to the wrong side of the tracks, left at the 7-11, and another quarter mile of open road past the county line. The IMMORTAL LEE COUNTY KILLERS have all the superficial elements that generally comprise a band I'd dig...mangled slide guitar, angry lyrical sentiments, reverb-laden caveman shouts and stomps. Doesn't change the fact that "Let's Get Killed" goes on about 120 seconds too long and the b-side is a not-okay PUSSY GALORE cover complete with a very frail John Spencer imitation. Next time shoot first and ask questions later. (JH)
(Estrus, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227, www.leecountykillers.com)

INSENSIBLE EGGS - "Around & Around" EP

Well, this is I-talian garage recorded live (I think) around 1993 which, of course, was the Year That Garage Broke, and the year that Mr. Lucas finally bought his parents the House of Their Dreams. Well, no digs high on any of the Seven Hills for these guys, only a really (gulp) good '60s-type garage 45 to soak their heads with. The sound is muddy, but the cliche "...bet they were good live" definitely holds here. Good single. Weird, I thought the stuff I heard previously was kinda "eh". (RW)
(Psych-Out, P.zza l Maggio, 44 Ostuni, ITALY, c.cubo@tiscalinet.it)

THE JOLT - LP

Reish of these modster's eponymous LP with a baker's dozen of extra tracks from their 7"ers, all released in the '77-79 bonanza. Great sound and packaging make it a perfectly legitimate illegitimate placeholder while you wait for the originals to appear on eBay. Mebbe too wimpy for you hardcores, but you power poppers and modsters'll go for these fast, highly melodic, hook-filled donuts in a big way (count me in!).The fact that on the back of the jacket they credit "Lesley at Vidal Sassoon for their haircuts" pretty much tells you where these girly boys're coming from... (HY)
(no address)

JUDGEMENT - "Just Be..." CD

Whoa. Another powerhouse from these Japanese thrashers. It's a four song CD with all of the characteristic fury they've shown in the past—pummeling drums, songs anchored by the shouted choruses, and a vocalist who almost talks over the mayhem. The songs show developed songwriting—noticeable structure and variety that so many bands miss. The guitarist goes off at times, but it's kept short enough to be less than irritating. Stop and start on a dime—this is the real thing. (TM)
(HG Fact, 401 Hongo-M, 2-36-2 Yayoi-Cho, Nakano, Tokyo, 164-0013, JAPAN)

JUNCTION 18 - "This Vicious Cycle" CD

These kids combined really catchy pop song writing with clean, well sung vocals and then put just enough power and drive into the guitars to make them a punk band. The drumming is pretty straight forward along with the songs themselves that stay mid tempo for the most part. At times they get pretty close to that border between popular rock and punk (when they start sounding kinda like JIMMY EAT WORLD). I guess that line is so fuzzy now that it doesn't really matter. (PA)
(Fearless, 13772 Goldenwest St. #545, Westminster, CA 92683, www.fearlessrecords.com)

KAAOS - "Nukke" EP

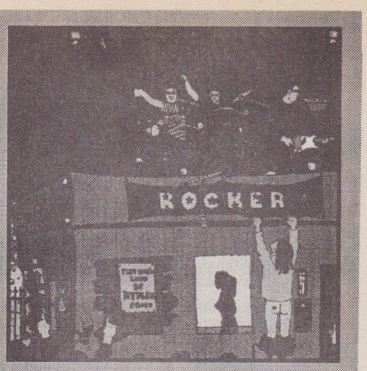
A reissue of a classic 1985 Finnish thrash record. Not too much to say except that the Finnish thrash bands had such an original approach to playing punk...and KAAOS was one of the legends of that scene. If you haven't heard em, you *have* to get this or you forfeit all your crusty-rights. (MW)
(Havoc, PO Box 8585, Minneapolis, MN 55408)

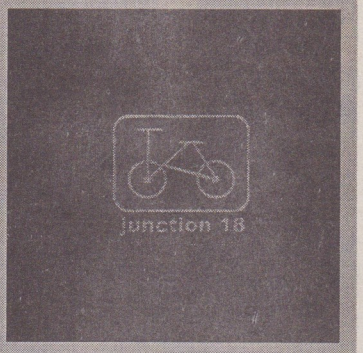
KAFKA PROSESS - "Ingen Fattige, Ingen Rike" LP

YES! FUCK YES!!! A reissue of their split LP from '86 with DISORDER and varying other comp tracks from the same time frame from these Norwegian punks that went on to form the oh-so-mighty SO MUCH HATE—sort of like RAW POWER mixed up with MOTORHEAD with a healthy dose of melody to create a tasty stew of ripping circle A hardcore! Essential listening for the punx. (MT)
(Skuld, Malmsheimerstr. 14, 71272 Renningnen, GERMANY)

KAKISTOCRACY - "And So You Spill Your Children's Blood" EP

Excellent political punk rock from the South. This reminds me of bands like THE PIST that permeated the east coast a few years ago. There is no lyric sheet with our copy (tsk, tsk..), but with song titles like "Economic Genocide," and "Refuse to Kneel," I think we all know what they are pissed about. I bet they put on a powerful live performance, and, while the songs are a little long for my short atten-





tion span, I would like to hear more from this band. (WN)
(Uncorporate Productions, PO Box 1375, Johnson City, TN 37605)

KERMIT'S FINGER/ZIPPO RAID - "They'll Play Anywhere" split EP

KERMIT'S FINGER do a couple longer tunes (for them) then blitz into their standard short, blazing thrash. ZIPPO RAID mix up their styles with a mid-tempo street punk tune, a fast pop punk ditty, and go back to the street punk mid-tempo stuff. Both bands serve up some solid tunes. A fine EP. (HM)
(Fan Attic, PO Box 391494, Cambridge, MA 02139, dafinga@ix.netcom.com)

THE KILL TONE THEORY - "Takin the Impala to Walla Walla" EP

This really isn't my style. I think a lot of people might like this and maybe they put on a good live show, but recorded it's not that great. THE KILL TONE THEORY plays real fast rock and roll. There is very little singing in the vocals, it's more that kind of talking/screaming which would imply that the singer is a badass. This is really fast, driving, lo-fi punk rock and roll with some RAMONES influence and some surf influence maybe. I guess check them out live to see if they rock. (WT)
($4 ppd: Preposterous, 651 Chestnut, Richland, WA 99352)

KOBAYASHI - "Hat Null Eienen Rhesusfakto?" EP

Saw these guys last winter in Austria. Record lives up to the live show for sure—totally manic roll on the floor and throw a temper tamper screamo in the same world as ORCHID, REVERSAL OF MAN or even MOHINDER. Could have done without the techno shit on side B—you say that's progress, I say that's cruel! (On my ear drums that is.) Worth it if you see it, but only for side A. (MT)
(Invertebrata, Brigittaplatz 22/2/10, 1200 Wien, AUSTRIA)

LA PESTE - "Better Off Dead/Black"

Reissue of one of noted (by Jon Von, at any rate) Boston band's 1978 single. "Better Off Dead" is a bona fide classic, "Black" is arty but unfunny. Fortunately, the A-side more than makes up for it. Certainly beats picking up that turd-stuffed Rhino *Boston D.I.Y.* comp. (DD)
(no address, try inquiring at an old oak tree, they're fairy mailboxes)

LARRY DIRTY - "Drug Abused" EP

There's three, sloppy, lo-fi, garage rock songs here on this record that bored the shit out of me! I guess I don't really have any tolerance for mediocrity today. (NF)
(Flying Bomb, PO Box 971038, Ypsilanti MI 48197)

LAST STAND – "Any Battle Won" CD

A reunion release of sorts from this Boston band from the '80s. I really liked this band's stuff from then and was kind of hoping this was a CD release of that stuff. But this is new stuff produced by Dave Minehan of the NEIGHBORHOODS fame. This sounds more current with its anthemic pop punk feel with old school UK roots. Almost BOUNCING SOULS or SWINGIN UTTERS-like. Still a good release. (RL)
(One Way, 324 Broadway, Somerville, MA 02145, www.onewayproductions.com)

LEGIONNAIRES' DISEASE BAND - "Catch the Disease" 10"

I will always be first in line when a lost punk band of the '70s roots around in the closet and digs out their old demos and gig tapes; there's always a couple of good to great tunes trapped on that decaying drugstore-bought cassette. These guys put out one now hideously $$ single; here's eight more headpunches circa 1978. I can't emphasize how important it was that bands like this endured the total apathy and indifference of '70s bar-band culture. Everything we take for granted today is based on no-hope drug sponge losers like these guys. Oh yeah, the songs are heavy snot-drenched '70s punk that ain't garagey in any sense of the word, these guys wanted it *loud*. (RW)
(Lunar Lab, PO Box 71367, Pittsburgh, PA 15213)

LE SHOK/STITCHES - split EP

I think anyone who has been reading *MRR* for any period of time knows that the two bands are well-liked in these pages. Well, let me officially jump on that bandwagon. The STITCHES play '77 style better than in '77, and LE SHOK are this amazing keyboard-dominated, arty garage band. They're both great live, and the bandwagon has room, so get the fuck on. (DP)
(Bottlenekk, 12031 1/2 Regentview Ave, Downey, CA 90241, www.bottleneck.com)

LIE/LIVE FROM DEATH ROW - split EP

Either WHAT HAPPENS NEXT? has created a huge new thrash revival scene, or they merely wiped the dust off something that was already there. Either way, I thought the WHN sticker on the skeleton's skateboard on the LIVE FROM DEATH ROW side was a nice touch. Anyway, LIE rules. Do I really need to go into detail? Passionate, crazy thrash with super high-pitched "I'm going to lose my voice in a matter of seconds" vocals. Excellent. LIVE FROM DEATH ROW follows with four solid thrashers. The songs are good and all, but kind of lack that certain something to bring them over the top. An excellent split none the less. (SP)
(Human Stench, PO Box 3783, Pittsfield, MA 01202)

LIFE ALIVE - "The Winning Hand" EP

The Japanese oi scene certainly seems to have a distinct "sound" over the past ten years or so, and LIFE

ALIVE sticks to it. These guys sound a bit like GRUESOME, the BAD VULTURES, BLUSTER, or CRIKEY CREW, but they're mediocre at best. (NF)
(Bronze Fist, no address)

LOAD - "Feel the Power" LP

Grunge lives. LOAD smacks of the whole 1992 Northwestern package. Sensitive, short haired metal. The droning, the griping, the slow pounding drums, the suicide references. Not having it. (RY)
(702 Records, PO Box 204 Reno, NV 89504)

LOS LOCOS DEL RITMO - "Rock Con Los Locos del Ritmo" 10"

Mexican surfy-garage band. They produce an authentic '60s sound and sing in Spanish giving them the edge over their American counterparts, but some of the cover choices make this a bit too boring for me. (CK)
(Electro-Harmonix Records, PO Box 18107, Madrid 28080 Spain)

LOS SHAINS - "El Ritmo de Los.." 10"

I kinda like this...first song is a surf number that kinda reminds me of "A Taste of Honey" at times as well as countless other AM radio hits. This is good; it's got little notes next to every song—"go-go" for the go-go songs, "jerk" for the songs you do the jerk to, "surf" for the surf songs, "sloopy", "bird", "shake" etc... It's in Spanish (which I am digging on) and the vocal numbers have a Spanish (from Spain) dialect, not a Mexican one... Elector Harmonix is finding a lot of great Spanish and Mexican bands from the '60s and putting their stuff back out on the streets; I'm really loving on this. "Agente Secreto" ("Secrete Agent Man") is growled from the throat (this sounds like it may hurt)... this is good stuff. Worth putting on... oh yeah, and happy hunting, there are only 500 copies from what I hear... (BM)
(Electro Harmonix, no address)

LOS SOMNAMBULOS - Rock con Los Somnambulos" 10"

Wow! I was expecting something cool, but never thought I would get something as incredible as a traditional, straightforward rock en Espanol group, covering such greats as JERRY LEWIS' "Great Balls of Fire" (albeit "Grandes Bolas de Fuego"). This is truly refreshing, and has none of the pretensions of a thoroughly punkified rock band. The whole record plays through like this - incredible. They've got the era down to a tee—cooly restrained, plaintive—there's even an "I want you"-style song, done slowly and longingly. However this made it to HQ for review is beyond me, but this approach is more punk than anything I've heard in eons. So convincing, I can hear it being filtered through a transistor while you make out in the back of a Nova in some dusty, godforsaken drive-in. It's just that good, folks. (RD)
(Munster, Apdo 18107, Madrid 28080, SPAIN)

LOUDMOUTHS/ROCKS - split EP

The LOUDMOUTHS? Perhaps you've heard of them...no? Well, maybe it's about time. Two pissed-off, snotty tunes with female vocals over fast, loud and catchy punk rock from SF. Makes me wanna grab my skateboard and ride around town giving people like you the bird. On the flipside you've got the ROCKS from down under being true to their name. The legendary ROCKS don't quite live up to meet their rivals on side A, but all in all this is good shit too. This record is solid, get you some! (AS)
(702, PO Box 204, Reno, NV 89504)

LOVE LOST BUT NOT FORGOTTEN - "Intro" CD

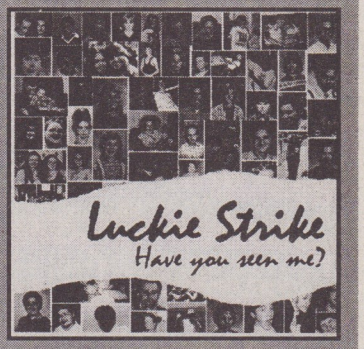
You know this six-piece band is really trying to sound a lot like ACRID. All the parts are there. Multiple vocals style, lots of grind/hardcore/metal with plenty of crazy time changes. Unfortunately, they fall short because they just don't carry the power that ACRID did. It is just a bit to scattered and the recording doesn't really back the sound that they are trying to achieve. But I will tell you this. If these kids stick it out there is some serious potential here. (RC)
(Happy Couples Never Last, PO Box 36997, Indianapolis, IN 46236 / hcnl@hcnl.com)

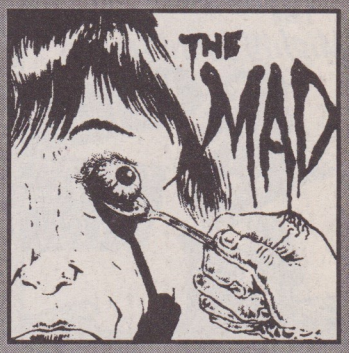
LUBRICANTS - "Activated Energy/Trans-formation Vacation"

Reissue of good but not great (although I'm sure some collectors out there consider it "classic") 1980 punk-influenced rock single. A fair amount of energy, but no real hooks. (DD)
(Relative, 150 Hampton Street, Chicago, IL 60326)

LUCKIE STRIKE - "Have You Seen Me?" EP

A charming EP from this Sacramento band with gal vocals. The A-side includes a cool cover of the BEACH BOYS' "Sloop John B" and a great pop punk original along the ways of RED NUMBER NINE and ME FIRST. The flip slips a little with an instrumental and a goofy hardcore song which I hope doesn't mean that this group has a shortage of good material. Still the A-side songs are top-notch. (RL)
(Tomato Head, PO Box 61298, Sunnyvale, CA 94008)





THE MAD - "Eyeball" EP

First glance at the blacknwhite glossy hardstock sleeve with digitally transferred graphics (you can see the pixelization and unreal curves, natch) and I'm thinking another sort of lame boot, but at least it was a monsterfuck of a platter to begin with: 1978 genius overthetop punk and a fave of many a collector. However, it not only sports handsome inner labels as opposed to the usual blank shit, but there are four fuckin' trax. What gives? Only two tracks listed, "Eyeball" and "I Hate Music", as the original 45 did. But this'un includes not only those studio versions but a live version of each too. Damn decent sound repro too, making this a must own, even for those who already own the hyperrare orig. (HY)
(no address)

THE MALCONTENTS - "Liquor Store" EP

This band, half of which comes from Canada the other half from Michigan, came to form Los Angeles' MALCONTENTS. This three song pop single is soaked with understatement. It reminds me of college indie pop. The honey boy vocals sing about liquor stores with the kind of romance that might just bring to tears to your little red eyes. As for me, I prefer a little more cock and balls. (DL)
(Skull, 3770 Vinton Avenue # 23, Los Angeles, CA 90034)

MANNER FARM - "Ideas Result from the Deeds, Not the Latter from the Former..." LP

Shit, what a terrific LP! You can color me lazy for noting a similarity of energy in MANNER FARM and PROPAGANDHI, but I swear I'm not saying that just because they're both from Canada. MANNER FARM just happens to have the talent for mixing heavy politics with hooks. The enthusiasm is varied and not all super upbeat, but a mix of the earnest hardcore of FORMER MEMBERS OF ALFONSIN, Gainesville, Florida crooner-core (PANTHRO UK), and lyrics whose power I couldn't ever imagine being able to communicate. "Blood is still as bloody as newspaper blankets in the streets." I wish both sides were as speedy and abrasive as the first, but I'm more than happy to take what I've been given. (TH)
(Troy Malish, Box 1168, Elkford, BC, V0B 1H0 CANADA)

MANEURYSM - "Disecting (sic) **The Remains of Humanity" LP**

About as much fury as you can pack onto a 12 inch piece of wax, that's what we have here. Musically, this falls not too far from DYSTOPIA, but with faster fast parts and higher vocals. This is heavy, well written and pissed, three things I like in a record. If you missed them on tour this summer with fellow Wisonsin-ites DESPITE, then console yourself by seeking out the record. (WN)
(Yellow Dog, PO Box 55 02 08, 10372 Berlin, GERMANY)

THE MANGES/ MCRACKINS - split CD

I just can't get into the MCRACKINS... I don't understand the whole chicken gimmick; it has nothing to do with their music at all!! Maybe it's the Canadian thing... I don't know. They do decent pop punk but the chicken thing bugs the hell out of me. I just don't get it. Coupled with the fact they do a record every month. I really don't think we need another release from them until, hmmmm... early never!! The MANGES, on the other hand, are just a bunch of Italians playing good catchy pop punk. I've been a fan for a few years now and they just keep getting better. They may sing with a slight accent, but they totally get what pop punk is supposed to sound like. They have the right hooks to grab you and the consistency to make you stay. Their *Clean Cut Kids* and *Mandy* 45s are a lot more intense, but these tunes aren't anything to scoff at either. Best band out of Italy. (BM)
(Amp, 92 Kenilworth Ave. South, Hamilton, Ontario, CANADA L8K 2S9)

MAR/FALL TIME - Split EP

MAR go for the throat with some harsh and seething hardcore that has plenty of thick metal riffs for the taking. The vocalist has a good solid hoarse scream. (Except for that silly singing part) FALL TIME goes for for more of a rapid fire approach to hardcore with lurching time changes and a style that builds and builds and then flows into a slower more mellow part. Both bands are pretty solid, and I think this EP is a worthwhile investment of your time and $$$. (RC)
(Thomas Reitmayer, Lorystr. 54/1/21, 1110 Wien, AUSTRIA / firewalkwithyummy@yahoo.de)

MASSICK - "Zur Falschen Zeit" EP

This is fucking bizarre and I don't really know what to make of it, thanks to the confusing lyrics about the army, mopeds, flesh, and the scene. So I will just do my best to describe it. This German band plays some sort of fucked-up mix of speed metal, polka, and punk. I catch myself thinking of the DEAD KENNEDYS during some parts, but before you know it they just stop and play some jingly keyboard part. A lot of this record sounds like background music for the soundtrack to a car chase scene in a movie. I think this is a joke, but even if not I'm very interested. (WT)
(Hombre Lobo, Kaiserslauterer Str. 11, 66123, Saarbrucken, GERMANY)

MIGHTY JOHN WAYNES - "Kill That Girl" EP

Four songs on this EP with a rough production that the blown-out guitar and bass strut through while the singer lets loose with tales of raunch 'n' roll. The phrase "100% Dirt" that appears throughout the packaging of this release and the reworking of the Rip Off Records logo as their own says quite a bit about the sound of these wailers. This EP is a house party waiting to happen. (TH)
(Record, no address)

MILLOY – CD

A good six-song CD from the great Crackle label. This is a good blast somewhere in between FACE TO FACE and SNUFF. This is kind of a done sound these days with all the tempo changes, but this is still a welcome emo pop punk release for its UK tint. (RL)
(Crackle, PO Box 7, Otley, LS21 1YB, UK, www.crackle.freeuk.com)

MISGOVERNMENT - "War is Served" EP

This was apparently recorded in 1994, but I have no idea why it's finally seeing the light of day now. I guess a record about war is always relevant. This one seems particularly inspired by the conflict in the Balkans. Inspired may be the wrong word, because although the chaps responsible for the record sound angry enough, this is one of the least inspiring records I've heard in a long time. If war is responsible for records like this, give me peace. (AM)
(Wall Of Noise, c/o Johnny Christiansen, Möllevangstorget 5C, 214 24 Malmö, SWEDEN johnny@nx.net)

MISSING 23RD - "Ctrl+Alt+Del" CD

Nard-core seems to be alive and well. Well maybe it's not and I just wanted to say that. This record is much more youth crew. Fast songs, vocals being yelled rather than screamed and in keeping true to the music it has it's fair share of back up chanting. If you're keeping track I'd have to say that this is better than their last record. (PA)
(Sessions, 15 Janis Way, Scotts Valley, CA 95066, www.sessions.com)

MORON ENVY - "A Temporary Escape from Insanity" CD

This young band tries to live up to their name as they spit out a fairly original punk style that's sorta '80s DC punk mixed with 7 SECONDS and HORNY MORMONS. These MORONs use lots of vocal "whoas" and a saxophone that doubles the bass and guitar. They would sound a lot better if they dropped the sax all together and tightened up their delivery and transitions. These kids have lots of potential. (HM)
(Moron Envy, MoronEnvy@juno.com)

NAVEL/THE TV DINNERS - "2 Lovely Broken Down Cars" split EP

This EP features two songs from both of these Japanese bands. NAVEL play a poppy, melodic SAMIAM-ish style with overpowering guitars and and cymbals making it difficult to hear the English vocals. The TV DINNERS deliver two slow, moody, alternative rock tunes and then break into a heavy, upbeat SAMIAM-type tune. (HM)
($6 ppd: Snuffy Smile, 4-1-16-201 Daita, Setagaya-ku, Tokyo 155-0033 JAPAN, tominavel@c7.ezweb.ne.lp, ausuda@fan.hi-ho.ne.jp)

THE NEATBEATS - "Everybody Need" LP

These guys are the absolute tops at what they do; on a good night, they not only top the KAISERS, they top the SEARCHERS and BEATLES when those bands were at their Kraut-pleasing primitive R 'n' R best. Of course, the BEATLES went straight down the tubes when they started writing their own songs; the NEATBEAT's originals, however, are worthy accompaniments to the likes of "Lawdy Miss Clawdy" and "Good, Good Lovin". This isn't the non-stop fierceness of their best live shows (which is most of them), but any one with the least bit of interest in beat music should certainly get an earful of this. (DD)
(Majestic Sound, Horie-Daikyo Bldg. B1, 1-2-25, Kita-Horie. Nishi-Ku, Osaka, 550-0014, JAPAN, ms-rec@mti.biglobe.ne.jp)

THE NEON HEARTS - "Popular Music" EP

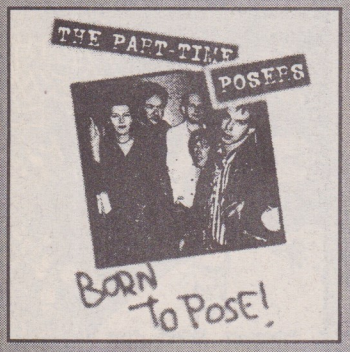
This really seems to me like a reissue of a British band from the mid-late '70s, though there are no records in the *MRR* library. It reminds me of The ADVERTS, The STRANGLERS, ROXY MUSIC... I was excited to hear the saxophone but he is too cheesy although some of it is pretty catchy. My favorite song is "Venus Electric" where the chorus goes "Ecstasy beneath the sheets! ecstasy beneath the sheets! Venus oh Venus!" very funny and rad. Side B has more dramatic longer songs—it sounds like they listened to too much RUSH! (JT)
(Randall, no address)

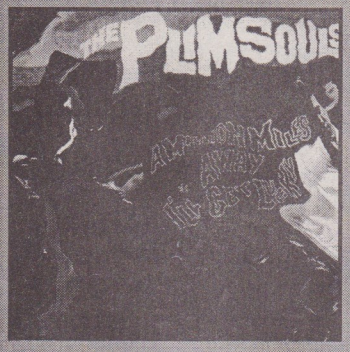
OHNO EXPRESS/SOON - Split CD

This CD pairs English pop punkers OHNO with Japanese raw, melodic rockers SOON. OHNO EXPRESS sound like LA pop punk refugees gone to rot in England, what with their clean production and high voiced, sunny sounding singer. They moved me not. SOON, on the other hand, do a beautifully shambling JAWBREAKER impression. Good hooks, firecracker energy, and a hot choked and croaked vocal delivery. With such great anti emo song titles as "I Hate Spring" and "I'm So Into Blue", how could you not love 'em. Forget OHNO, buy this and fast forward straight to the SOON tracks. (BG)
(Crackle, PO Box 7, Otley, LS21 1YB, ENGLAND)

ONE INCH TALL - "Back Harlowe Road" CD

Are you a snowboarding automaton? Do you crave companionship from punk rock man-





nequins? Well, have we got a band for you! These folks don't let any cloying emotion get in the way of their product, nor do they deal in such complicated muck as "soul." These guys deal exclusively and professionally in machine-like, scientifically incubated pop punk, made for the thirteen-year-old in all of us, searching for the perfect, safe consumer music that gives the impression of youthful rebellion , but is in fact, 100% safe for all you future Republicans. Look out SoCal... (BG)
(King Bee, no address)

ONE MAN SHOW LIVE - "It Don't Matter" EP

Simple and rough stuff here, with a real down-home, hand-made quality to it. Some powerful drumming driving the band, nice sheet-metal guitar sounds, neat addition of (Farfisa?) organ. Lyrically they're spinning tales of angst and disgust, along with the occasional call for ass-shaking (as in "Ladies & Germs") when their fun-loving side works its way to the fore. Real honest stuff, and good listening to boot. (JH)
($4: Call and Response, 1526 Westerly Terr. #4, Los Angeles, CA 90026, www.onemanshowlive.com)

PAINTBOX - "Earth Ball Sports Tournament" CD

This full length ratchets up the intensity found on their previous EP. Tight Japanese hardcore with an overdose of heavy metal drama. Just as guitar wank operatic build-ups has me headed for the stop button the speed, catchy sing-a-longs, and full volume slaps my hand away. I don't think I can ever approve of the trumpet, however. (TH)
(HG Fact, 401 Hongo-M, 2-36-2 Yayoi-Cho, Nakano, Tokyo, 164-0013 JAPAN)

THE PART-TIME POSEURS - "Born to Pose" EP

From the remnant members of CHINESE TAKEAWAY and EGO T. SUPERSTAR, spins the PART-TIME POSEURS on full-time punk spunk and teenage kicks. With three songs filled with high-energy and snotty Brit-like attitude, this little forty-five oughta soothe your inner adolescent, no problem. (DL)
(New Life Shark, Bismarckstr. 5, 45127 Essen, GERMANY)

PHOBES - "Something In the World/She's Into" EP

Pure non-boring power pop. Power pop, power pop, power pop. Good production, decent songwriting, I dig the vocals (always the tuff part). Slick like all the good stuff in this genre, so be warned. (RW)
(Beat Neat-O, Philadelphia, PA)

PIGNATION - "You Would Hate to Know" CD

Very tune-downed grindcore...but not to the point of noisecore. Very well written grind/crust with vocals that remind me of PHOBIA and TERRORIZER. Damn good debut from these Polish grinders....check it out. (MW)
(Shing, Konopnickiej 13/36, 38-300 Gorlice, POLAND)

THE PLIMSOULS - "A Million Miles Away/I'll Get Lucky"

...yes, the Spanish Munster does it again!!! I could tell you all endless stories about the PLIMSOULS...from '80 through '81 I was hooked on these guys like mad and I saw them close to a dozen times throughout various dives in Los Angeles, but I didn't suck their dicks, I was too young (I was only like 13, 14 years old, sex was alien to me then), but I gotta tell you kids, the PLIMSOULS rocked better than most of the power-pop wave that was hitting LA at the time...and there was *lots* of power-pop in LA in the early '80s...sadly, however, the PLIMSOULS disappeared just when everybody thought they were going to be as big as BLONDIE or the CARS...this single, which was also a 12 inch, was a big KROQ hit at the time...also, ever hear of that old teenage summer turkey called *Valley Girl*???....well, this song, "A Million Miles Away," was the movie's theme piece, as well as the boys playing live throughout the flick...see what I mean??? I think everybody was banking on these dudes being the next big thing...so along comes Munster to reissue this little gem for future generations of know-nothings to enjoy...I know I've gone on like a dog in heat about the importance of the 'SOULS...but they are oh-so worth it...just check out their one and only live album on Fan Club if you don't believe that those days were sonic ones... (SW)
(Munster, PO Box 18107 28080 Madrid, SPAIN, www.munster-records.com)

PN - "Our Pitiful Paradise" CD

Here is yet another decent release that is completely wrecked by "emotionally" sung vocals. This is your standard mid-tempo European hardcore release that plugs along pretty nicely with solid chunky metallic riffs. But like I said one of the vocal styles that is used throughout the record is those smoothly sung vocals that sound like they belong in some shitty goth song. Fuck I hate that singing style in hardcore. And the more I hate it, the more popular it becomes. (RC)
(Funtime, J. Quinten, Dutselhoek 12, 3220 Holsbeek, BELGIUM)

POZERZ – "Kids Against Assholes" CD

Terrible name—I'm glad to say that the music isn't as bad. Snotty adolescent punk from the Great White North. Enjoyable songs with silly lyrics about school, kids, and anarchy. It's a mess of influences—pop-punk, street-punk, and hardcore, even has the odd solo here and there. Eight studio

tracks and a bunch of (pretty gnarly-sounding) live ones. Basically it's your typical young, fun generic punk rock, zero originality, but who cares? Good. (AD)
(Pozerz/Ruin, 952 RR#3 Jarvis, Ontario, NOA 1JO, CANADA www.mountaincable.net/~ryanj)

THE PRICKS - LP

Man, what a slapdash effort bootleg. Not to say there isn't anything rocking and maybe a bit compelling about this seminal NY outfit (early '80s grit, alongside of the NIHILISTICS, HEART ATTACK and the like), but when a record is quality this crummy, what's the use? I can't tell from the back if it's live, unreleased, or what. Blank labels, photocopied sleeve, shitty vinyl, bad sound quality; yup, all the makings of a total shithouse boot. If, perchance, you happen across it and you were great friends of the band, or perhaps were in the band yourself, I might consider advising you to think about getting this. (RD)
(no address)

THE PRICKS - LP

Is the thin and beardless guitar player on this record the same Rick Rubin who went on to produce the BEASTIE BOYS, LL COOL J, and JOHNNY CASH? (TH)
(no address)

PROGRAMM C - "Karen" LP

More Euro hardcore from Austria's PROGRAMM C. One minute it's blistering thrash, the next your ears are pummeled by a tech rhythm section, then they pull some SLAYER-style metallic carnage, then top that off with MAIDEN harmonics. It's definitely on the metal side, but they've got the throttle wide open. By the time you read this we'll be into the year 2001, which is the actual start of the new millennium. This will be the soundtrack to the ensuing destruction. (AM)
(Invertebrata, www.invertebrata.net)

PROTES BENGT - "Manglar Som Ägg" LP

I tell you, people should be sending 625 Records thank you cards and flowers as a thank you for putting this re-issue out. Oh, what, you've never heard of PROTES BENGT? To put it simply and in terms people people can easily understand—this makes LÄRM look slow. Made up of members of MOB 47 and FILTHY CHRISTIANS, this is the standard, along with the aforementioned LÄRM, NEOS, DRI and DEEP WOUND, by which thrash hardcore should be measured. Blazingly fast and filled to the fucking brim with hooks. 46 songs all on one LP. Totally essential. (MT)
(625, PO Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142-3413)

PROTESTERA - "Kampen Går Vidare" LP

Blazingly fast anarcho-punk with female vox in Swedish—man if this isn't the perfect record, I don't know what is... The name of the band means "Protest" and the album title's English translation is "The Struggle Continues" and the rock contained within is the perfect soundtrack to watching modern society burn to the fucking ground or at least good noise to make popcorn to while you hang out with friends...but I digress...detailed song explanations in Swedish and English go along with excellent lyrics covering globalization, mainstream media, non-monogamy, and striving for punk as alternative culture, not just a rock scene. Ex-OPERATION, and similar to that project in sound, for those keeping score, and man-oh-man am I hating it that I didn't get to see them when I was in Sweden. (MT)
(Skuld, Malmsheimerstr. 14, 71272 Renningnen, GERMANY)

PSY-9 - "...From STP to Eternity..." CD

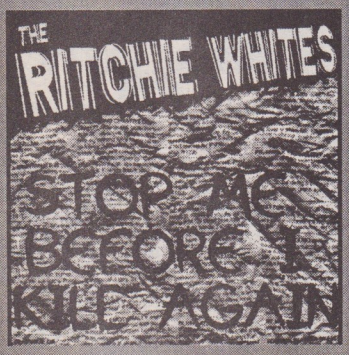
I hope they have big American cars in Austria, because these guys would look pretty silly driving around in le Cars or Audis or whatever kind of dorky little cars they drive there. This is good rock-'n'roll of the CRETIN 66 variety, but my only complaint is the restraint in the recording. The liner notes have a line "Thanx...to fiends forgiving us the anger and frustration," but I'm not hearing it in this recording. (DP)
(Amp, 92 Kenilworth Avenue, South Hamilton, Ontario, L8K-2S9, CANADA, www.cgocable.net/~amprec/)

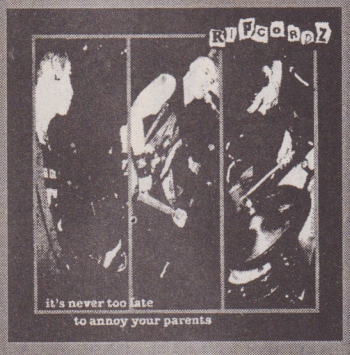
PUNISHABLE ACT - "Against the Stream" LP

Whoa! Can't quite figure this one out. The cover is made up of crudely-drawn punks surrounded by brass knuckles, mean dogs, skulls, bloody baseball bats...I think you get the picture. Hard to tell if it is tongue in cheek or for real. Nevertheless, the music is fierce and fast hardcore, with heavy meaty production. Think COMMIN' CORRECT meets KILL YOUR IDOLS and you will see where these guys pull their influence from. Wish this release came with a lyric sheet, because I am definitely curious. Especially with song titles like "No Face No Name" and "Holocaust Pt. II." Hell they even throw in an INSIDE OUT cover. Go figure!? (RC)
(M.A.D. Mob, Oranienstr. 37, 10999 Berlin, GERMANY, www.coretexrecords.com)

RATOS DE PORÃO - "Guerra Civil Canival" 10"

Well, this is a tough one. Although this doesn't shine as nearly as strong as their first three LPs (shit, even the *Brasil* LP I fucking love), it's not bad at all. Ripping, heavy, fast hardcore thrash that reminds me of LOGICAL NONSENSE. Plus, I can't help but be taken in by the song "Kill the





Varukers." (MW)
(Beat Generation c/o Munster, Apdo 18107, Madrid 28080, SPAIN)

RAW POWER - "Trust Me" CD

I don't know if there is a person at *MRR* more ill-suited to review a RAW POWER CD than myself. The *Wop Hour* EP and the *Screams from the Gutter* LP are all I've ever bothered with. So sue me! Years and years down the road, these Italian veterans haven't suffered the ravages of maturity. Other than big-time production, even more guitar noodling, and less rip in the vocals they are still very much the same RAW POWER. I proved this to myself by listening to this CD and the *Screams...* LP on the same stereo, switching between the simultaneously playing formats. There's an awesome song about how excited they were to come back and play in the US. (TH)
(no address, self released after all these years!)

RAW POWER - "Trust Me" CD

Oh, how the mighty have fallen. The first time I heard RAW POWER was in 1987, it was on a tape my friend had made for me and the track was the version of "Fuck Authority" from *MRR's* own *Welcome to 1984* comp. Hearing that song made me want to smash my head through a wall and kick the shit out of every cop or teacher I saw. But this...man, nothing more than mediocre psuedo-hardcore (*a la* H2O or GOOD RIDDANCE yuck!!!!!!!) pop punk drivel. It hurts me to listen to this—mostly because I know there was a time when this was the most powerful band in the world. Don't waste your time on this—instead score a copy of the *Screams from the Gutter* reissue on Ugly Pop or the *Burning the Factory* CD on Grand Theft Audio. As for RAW POWER, it's time to hang up your boots boys... (MT)
(no address)

REACHING FORWARD - "For the Cause" LP

Did someone say the Netherlands? From the icy land where only music sprouts in the darkness, yet another hardcore gem from REACHING FORWARD sees the light of day! I won't lie this is pretty straight up youth crew, but it's accompanied by a hell of a lot of heart. If you can't get behind sXe chants like "I put a cross on my past" or maybe you're "over" breakdowns or something crazy like that, then maybe this isn't for you. Otherwise, this will keep you wind-milling into the wee hours of the night. (TJ)
(Reflections, De Nijverheid 30, 7681 MD Vroomshoop, The NETHERLANDS, info@reflections.demon.nl)

RE-SISTERS - "Riots Not Diets" EP

The great title of this record does not delude. A thorough, generous booklet rolls out the RE-SISTERS' mission statement: a base of punk and activist women of many stripes challenge the heterosexual patriarchy by exposing its evils and making a stand for women and girls in the process. I get the impression that this pissed, dirty, fucked-up and fuzzed-out punk record is only one nail in poppa's coffin. (AC)
(Skuld, Malmsheimerstr. 14, 71272 Renningen, GERMANY)

RETARDED - "Back to Lose" LP

Another gem from the same label that brought us the FAVORATS (from Germany). Straightforward, melodic, RAMONES-style rock 'n' roll from, of all places, Italy. Nothing fancy about the music, lyrics, or production. Seven songs per side, most in the two minute range. While I must admit that most RAMONES copy-cats do a pretty OK job, I find these guys to be among the better ones. Again, nothing terribly innovative or earth-shattering, but a very enjoyable record. (KK)
(Stardumb, PO Box 21145, 3001 AC Rotterdam, NETHERLANDS)

THE RICHIE WHITES - "Stop Me Before I Kill Again" EP

This Austin band plays sweaty, sloppy beer-soaked old school punk. The A side is catchy as well as insolent as all-get-out. They manage to navigate this overdone style with an esthetic and emotional purity. They seem like they'd be a great drunken ball to see live. (BG)
(Rapid Pulse, PO Box 5075, Milford, CT 06460)

RIGHT TURN CLYDE - "Sippin" EP

I don't mean to be an ass, but the kitchen was obviously not a good place to record this 7". The record is over run by fuzzy guitar and bass that often takes the vocals almost completely out of the mix. Aggressive three chord rock that is played in a pop song structure. Like many pop punk bands the guitar does it's fare share of muting and cute little pop solos but they also have a noisy aggressive side to them. Four songs that obviously aren't done justice to on this record. (PA)
(TFC, PO Box 150877, Austin,TX 78751-0877)

RIPCORDZ - "It's Never too Late to Annoy Your Parents" CD

This is like street punk with heavy rock 'n' roll undertones including bass lines all over the place, gruff vocals, and tons of chanting along. A couple of ok songs, a cheesy one, and a few crappy ones. (SR)
(Sudden Death, Moscrop PO Box #43001, Burnaby, B.C., CANADA, V5G-3HO, www.suddendeath.com)

ROT - "Sociopathic Behaviour" LP

33 tracks of unrestrained madness. I say this at track 5, what I say at track 32 may be a different story (if you catch my drift). Crunchy guitar parts, lots of blast beats, monster-like vocals (with the occasional yelp in the background). Some of the vocal interplay and time changes kind of

reminded me of SPAZZ, yet a little more drawn out and streamlined. Good, but by track 33, my ears are a little sore. (SP)
(Rhetoric, PO Box 82, Madison, WI, 57301, rhetoricrecords.com)

SAFETY PINS - "Invite Us to Your Funeral" CD

A decent punk rock outfit from Bilbao, Spain. They're sort of all over the place, but relying heavily on group shouted vocals and heavy guitars. "Really, heavy guitars?", you say. Yes, indeed, and a classic '80s AGENT ORANGE-type sound. Yet they also have their own take on the surf/psych instrumental, and the crunch metal riff. A few throwaway tracks but not bad overall. (RY)
(Dead Beat Records, PO Box 283, Los Angeles,CA 90078)

SANBOX - "Cool Being Through" EP

Bad SCREECHING WEASEL. Arrgh, why do the kids keep doing this generation after generation? They reenacted the incredibly stupid SAVES THE DAY's *Through Being Cool* record cover and made it their own. But it's not a more humorous interpretation, nor does it belittle the ignorance that is STD (SWEATER TRANSMITTED DISEASE). SANBOX is silly and poppy, but not really that good. (TJ)
($3ppd:Umbilical, PO Box 397, Piscataway, NJ 08854/umbilicalrecords.com)

SCARED OF CHAKA - "Seven Stories Tall—Singles '94-'99" CD

More millennial irony for you: I gave one of the singles comped on *Seven Stories Tall* a real lousy review back in the halcyon days of '94 (when *MRR* still had its plush offices on Clipper St., Tim Yohannon was still hale and hearty, and bluebirds sung gentle melodies in the trees). Of course, SCARED OF CHAKA have become household words since then, while I've only made it to the liquor store and back again for my trouble. *Touché!* If you're a fan in search of their early single material you need look no further, as it's all here...for the greater part, it's consistently catchy and memorable stuff in the tried-and-true '90s speedy pop-punk mode. Rough edges intact. (JH)
(702, PO Box 204, Reno, NV 89504)

SCARRED FOR LIFE - "Far from Home" EP

Former members of PIG CHILDREN, DOGMA MUNDISTA and GLYCINE MAX pull out the stops and do wall of noise punk circa any of the UK greats. Simple (repetitive) structures, short songs and charismatic delivery - you pick up on it quickly, and it's immediately memorable. They do a BATTALION OF SAINTS cover as well—and pull it off well. I especially liked songs like "Master Race Control" where the speed is carried throughout and the song is kept short—but it certainly doesn't drag anywhere. Good stuff. This is apparently a European tour release, so not sure how available it is over here—best move quick! (TM)
(Know, PO Box 90579, Long Beach, CA 90809)

SCAT RAG BOOSTERS/DIXIE BUZZARDS - spilt EP

Two bands with the same set-up, two guitars and drums—no bass, doing their best CHEATER SLICKS impersonations. Having been know to be anti-bass in the past, I am immediately intrigued. SCAT RAG BOOSTERS come across a bit flat. The "poor" production hides some good-sounding songs, well at least what I think may be good-sounding songs. The harmonica on the second song picks things up a bit. DIXIE BUZZARDS pull off the CHEATER SLICKS thing better. The guitar sound, which is my favorite aspect of the CHEATER SLICKS, is done to a tee. Impressive. (CK)
(Goodbye Boozy, via Villa Pompetti, 147-64020 S. Nicolo, Italy, digregoriog@sgol.it)

SCHIZMA/TEARS OF FRUSTRATION - split CDEP

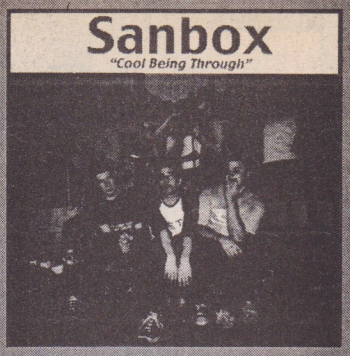
POLAND's SCHIZMA teach NY's TEARS OF FRUSTRATION a lesson in fucking shit up '90s brutal NYHC style. Too bad these two SCHIZMA songs were on their '96 full length *Pod Naciskiem* just re-recorded for this 7"/CDEP. They're good songs, but it points out that it must take 'em quite a while to write new songs, though there is rumor of a new full length this year. Watch for it. It should work ya over and leave ya bleeding. TEARS OF FRUSTRATION put too much oi in their hardcore and too much USA pride in their wardrobe to take seriously. They are pretty average in a boots-and-shaved-head kind of way. (TJ)
(Shing D.I.Y. Industries, Konopnickiej 13/36, 38-300 Gorlicce POLAND, shing@w.pl)

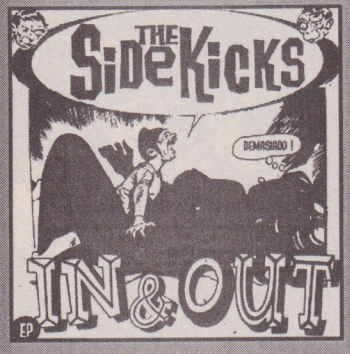
SCREAMING LORD SUTCH/SCREAMIN' JAY HAWKINS - split 7"

Wow, this record is going to cost a lot in a record store. A 7" picture disc from Spain. SCREAMING LORD SUTCH does LEE HAZLEWOOD's "She Was a Cheat" recorded in 1966. It is a very dramatic version with heavy instrumentation, sounding like an outtake from the *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls* soundtrack. SCREAMIN' JAY HAWKINS' track "Potluck" is his last studio recording from 1998. It sounds great and if someone told me it was recorded in 1960, I would have believed them. A funky number with bizarre lyrics that shows off his great voice and a twisted sense of humor. (CK)
(Munster Records, PO Box 18107, Madrid 28080 Spain)

SEWING WITH NANCIE - "Same Three Chords" CD

These guys are very Fat Wreck and BLINK-influenced, but there's something else...they can't just be written off as a generic skate rock band...there is some SCREECHING WEASEL appreciation





there too...let's go for the multi-purpose generic pop punk band term. They don't suck half as much as I thought they would, but they also aren't a band worth listening to every day... I got it!! They sound like NERF HERDER doing BLINK and NOFX covers!!!! Yeah, that's it. If you are into that kind of stuff it's worth checking out; it's fun and goofy but it's nothing new. (BM)
(358 St John Windsor, Ontario, CANADA, N8S 3T5, sewingwithnancie@hotmail.com)

SERVO/PEAR OF THE WEST - split EP

This is a fucking great EP! Two emo pop punk bands with gal vocals. SERVO dishes out their DISCOUNT (R.I.P.) type of sound. The PEAR OF THE WEST is a Japanese version of this sound also. All the songs on here pretty cool. Snuffy has a made of habit of putting out great stuff. (RL)
($6 ppd: Snuffy Smile, 4-1-16-201, Daita, Setagaya-ku, Tokyo 155-0033, JAPAN)

THE SHIVERING - "Behind Broken Eyes" CD

Taking the classic emo sound and infusing it with pop punk, but not in that Midwest way. They still have the throaty screams, but the music is often pretty straightforward. At other times, they use a more complex song structure that brings to mind bands from California's earlier emo days, like EMBASSY. The guitars aren't heavily distorted, but are loud enough to give it power. Some vocals are sung, some are screamed. Better production could have done a lot for this record. (PA)
(No!, PO Box 14088, Berkeley, CA 94712, norecords@hotmail.com)

SHONBEN/MY WINTER JANE - "The 'Real' Split..." EP

SHONBEN play two songs, both in the vein of J CHURCH although not vocally. The first song is slower and tends to get a bit dull but the second one picks up the pace a bit and is quite enjoyable. MY WINTER JANE are testaments to the effect of the PROMISE RING and BRAID on Japan. In fact a couple of the riffs could be basically taken strait out of a BRAID song. The only major differences are the female vocals and the fact that MY WINTER JANE just isn't as good. Not that they're necessarily bad though. (PA)
(Snuffy Smile, 4-1-16-201 Daita, Setagaya-Ku, Tokyo 155-0033, Japan)

SHORT HATE TEMPER/SCALPLOCK - split EP

Two fucking great bands team up for a good split EP. You have probably already heard from both (SCALPLOCK's recent debut LP on Sound Pollution destroys). What I love about SCALPLOCK is you can hear some of their member's old band, HARMONY AS ONE, in the tunes. Pete and crew have been going at it for years, and it shows. SHORT HATE TEMPERS tracks are what you would expect—fast, brutal, crazy. Plus they have August from SOCIETY OF FRIENDS doing some vocals which adds to the overall craziness of the songs. Fucking great split EP. (MW)
(S.H.T. c/o Javier, 7501 Monterrey Dr, El Paso, TX 79915)

SICK TERROR - "Peste Catalica" CD

This is why hardcore fucking rules. 10 songs, I can't understand a fucking word of it, and I love it. Fast, no-frills hardcore with vocals stolen right from the throat of a victim in pain and breakdowns that got my fist into the air even in front of this computer screen. Guitars distorted almost to oblivion, and 1-2-1-2 drumming that speeds the whole thing right into my heart. This CD is also available as a 7 inch to give you an idea as to the urgency of this record. Don't be scared of the South American address, get out a pen and paper and order this now. (WN)
(Caixa Postal 205, Sao Paulo - SP, Cep 01059970, BRAZIL, negativecontrol@bol.com.br)

SIDEKICKS - "Butt Candy" 10"

"Wellllllllllllllllllll....Everybody! ...You Know You Make Me Wanna Puke!". What's with these funny bands on Spanish labels? I'm not sure, but I love it. The SIDEKICKS have got the raw garage guitar sound and distorted bass to boot. Throw early NEW BOMB TURKS in the cuisinart with the REATARDS and this is the foul shit you'd end up with. The singer has an anal fixation and sounds like he gargles razor blades in the morning. This is the kind of band you'd go see on a Friday night, get drunk and then heckle them at their show telling them how much they sucked, even though you thought they were the greatest thing to pass through your one horse town in months. After the show you'd drive around smashing mailboxes, pass out, wake up in the morning in a strange place, and think to yourself "I've really got to get my life together." This band is what rock 'n' roll is all about. (AS)
(Electro-Harmonix, c/o Munster R., Apdo. 18107-28080, Madrid, SPAIN)

THE SIDEKICKS - "In & Out" EP

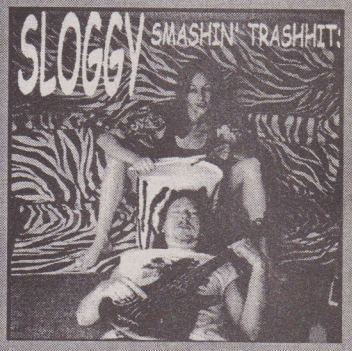
To my ears, it sounds as if the SIDEKICKS are fronted by a cigar-chompin' troll. Not the cute lawn-ornament variety, but the kind with open sores, throat cancer (from the sound of the bullfrog-style singing), and who'll bugger you if you don't watch him carefully. Songs are a cool mix of psychobilly, garage muck, and a surf accident. Four tracks of sickness. I can't put it any better than they do themselves, on the sleeve: "raw & rampant, retarded rockin' punk!". (BG)
(Munster Records, PO Box 18107, 28080, Madrid, SPAIN)

SIN DIOS – "Solidaridad" LP

Live benefit album by this Spanish anarchist band for imprisoned comrades in Brazil. Fast political old-school hardcore with a lot of power and melody. A very worthwhile (and worthy of your support) project, it contains a lot of information on the political/punk scene in Spain, Brazil, and internationally. Recorded in Madrid in 1999 with the help of the C.N.T. (Spain's long running Anarchist trade union and former Civil War militia organization) and K.R.A. (Anarchist Resistance Collective), the sound is decent and the music's good, but what makes this special is the spirit of hope and solidarity, which makes me, at least, want to go check out Spain, having already heard great things about the country. The whole thing comes well packaged with a booklet in Spanish and English,on top quality vinyl. (AD)
("La Idea" [don't mention 'Sin Dios'], Apdo.18251, 28080 Madrid, SPAIN, sindios@nodo50.org)

SKREWDRIVER - "The Early Years - 1977-1979" LP

The sleeve takes great pains to say that the SKREWDRIVER on this record is different from the regressive band that would emerge later. Indeed, this emerges as the definitive statement on their early street punk years form 1977-'79, and the best tracks—which include their classic first and third EPs, and their immortal cover of the STONES' "Satisfaction." Like the band itself, it's uneven from song to song, but all in all, it's hard to knock the band's stinging guitars, rock-solid melodies, and trademark growled vocals. (SS)
(no address)



SLOGGY "Smashing Trash Hits" EP

Wow, I'm in love. This German (?) brother/sister duo record all their songs in the living room on a 4 track, and what a gangly, pock-marked set of beauties these songs are. They deliver the goods in an honest, skewered and warped-yet-infectious manner. This is the kind of thing that ROYAL TRUX would kill to call their own. I don't know where to begin in trying to describe this. Let's try...think KRAFTWERK's obsession with motion and speed, not to mention their fondness for lo-fi machine percussion, add some nice distorted bass,with trashy '60s/'70s guitar creeping through it all like a sewer snake. Oh, and the vocals...man o man. Both the bro and sis contribute to the proceedings, both in a detached German diction that, despite the remote delivery, ooze with sexual need, a longing for transcendence and obsessive energy. Four essential songs documenting two people's sidelong view from one small corner of this sprawling mess of a universe. This is the kind of personal vision that deserves your hard earned money much more than the newest crap being shoved down your throat from either the larger, or even so called underground media mafia (including this here magazine). Punk rock that doesn't sound punk (thank God). (BG)
(Hell On Wheels, 31 Rue Abbe Lemire, L 4208 Esch/Alzette, GD OF LUXEMBOURG)

SMECHT - "Neo Punkz" CD

This is one of the worst CDs I've heard in the past decade! They begin this joke disc with some bonkers techno meets Christmas song that basically set the tone for this waste of space! They proceed by playing some of the most lifeless and limp-dicked, '77-style punk rock I've heard in a while. Avoid this lemon like the clap! (NF)
(Neo, no address)

SOLVENT DRAG - "Krieg Ist Frieden" EP

These guys are trying to hard to be one to many things. Try mixing groove metal, fast thrash punk and chugga-chugga hardcore and more than likely it isn't going to work. This had a few stand-out moments (the thrash parts) but it really didn't do much for me. (RC)
(Martin Fabriz, Mainzer Landstr. 94, 60327 Franfurt, GERMANY / solventdrag@gmx.de)

SPEEDBALL BABY - "Mekong Sue/The Diddler"

.....this single sucks dick...straight up!!!...college shit-heels who dig that Jon Spencer kinda studio experimental shit will dig this jive....no doubt about it...I can see this band packing the Bottom of the Hill with chain-wallets, bowling shirts, Bettie Pages and other counter-culture know-nothing-about -nothing youth...you can surely get your dick sucked by playing this kind of music, but is it worth it???????????? (SW)
(In The Red, no address)

SPLOTCH - "Two Million Fuckheads" EP

Noisy rhythm based mid-tempo electrocution with crashing guitars and a high-pitched troll sounding like he's searching through the basement on speed, shouting and screaming. Then in the middle of the song, some girl with a phone sex voice says "So soft and fuzzy, its fur, its fur I like to touch it I like to run my hands through it..." Hm. (JT)
(Menlo Park, PO Box 1652, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276-1652)

THE STANDELLS - "Why Pick On Me" LP

French reissue of their second album, the one that included that MINOR THREAT song "Sometimes Good Guys Don't Wear White", as punkers usually refer to it. THE STANDELLS have a bunch of memorable songs, create a cool rock sound, feature Mouseketeer Dicky Dodd and put on a great performance at this year's Las Vegas Grind, but to me I will always remember them as the guys who do my dad's favorite song "Dirty Water" (not on this album) and then I found out they weren't even

from Boston. (CK)
(Pegasus Production, 15, rue L'Amiral Roussin, F-75015 Paris, FRANCE)

THE STANDELLS - "Dirty Water" LP

.....reissue????!!!...French bootleg??????!!!...it's hard to tell these days, but from the sound of this, all the crackles and the mud, I'd say this turkey was a boot...but no big deal, cuz as far as I'm concerned, the STANDELLS only got about four or five good tunes, the rest are just boring covers and shit...so why bother?...hmmmmm...well, there's two big oldies hits on this one, but still they ain't as good as "Try It"...and any fool knows that "Try It" is the ultimate STANDELLS song...so when it comes down to it, you don't need this LP... go out and buy the unedited version of the "Try It" single and see how horny that song makes you...I swear to god, there's never been a hotter '60s rocker about the joys of fucking...com' on kids, get with it...go out and "Try It"... (SW)
(Pegasus Production, 15 Rue L'Amiral Roussin, F-75015 Paris, FRANCE)

STATIC 84 - "The Servants Are Rising" CD

This reminds me a lot of GOOD RIDDANCE. The guitar tone and style, the general song structure, etc. Yet STATIC 84, to their credit, do try some hooks that I really liked: the subtle build ups, the occasional quiet melodic guitar picking part. Besides the obvious derivative nature of their music, the one thing that bugs me about STATIC 84 is the vocals. This could be good, it really could, but the singer lacks any sort of concept of melody or style and just blurches out these monotonous shouts with the occasional "whoa-whoa" chorus. Decent, if you can get past the vocals, but not really my cup of tea. (SP)
(Join the Team Player, Altottingerstr. 6a, 81673 Munchen,GERMANY, jointheteamplayer.com)

STRAP-ONS - "Geeking Dream" CD

Silly drunk punk that may be trying to fit into the SLOPPY SECONDS niche, but SLOPPY SECONDS are funny, and this is just depressing. (DP)
(CNF, PO Box 9152, Virginia Beach, VA 23450)

STRAP-ONS - "The Pimps R.I.P." EP

How appropriate to name their EP *The Pimps R.I.P.,* since the STRAP-ONS rose from the ashes of the band the PIMPS. These Virginian delinquents are full of juvenile, obnoxious ideas and dirty, I-don't-give-a-shit punk 'n' roll. This stuff's usually right up my alley, but something's missing on this EP. (HM)
(Rapid Pulse, PO Box 5075, Milford, CT 06460, www.thestrap-ons.com)

SUK - CD

Motherfuck. This is incredible. Not in a good way, mind you—this is the sloppy garage punk band everyone's town has, and these guys are nothing different—save a little less interesting, and with more of an air of self-seriousness. The opener had me running for the doors; I laughed the first time I threw it on. A noisy, drunken screamer of a tune about heroin (truly convincing—how many bands are there right now whining about hitting the needle?), truly awful. I've heard more melody coming out of my arsehole. (RD)
(Incriminating, 1021 E. Broadway #125, Long Beach, CA 90802)

SULTANS - "Ghost Ship" LP

No money was spent in the recording of this album. It was taped live to 7-track and mastered onto a used DAT. It sounds like it. This is the way I like my punk—raw, messy, fuzzy, smart, silly. Did I say raw? (DP)
(Swami/Sympathy, no address)

SUPER BEES - "Got this Feeling/Teenage Animal"

Sixties-influenced "heaviness," man. Faster paced rock 'n' roll with lots of heavy guitar, heavy lyrics and a heavy vibe. I'm sure that it's bands like this that are out there making all those "60s" garage punk compilations. If you open your mind enough, brother, to get past the fact that it's kind of retro-sounding, it actually is real good. "Teenage Animal," in particular, rocks pretty damn hard. (Why is it that if something sounds like late '70s punk, I think it's a good thing, but if something sounds like late '60s rock 'n' roll I dismiss it?) I dunno. (KK)
(Cabeza de Tornado, 203 1/2 Acacia, Huntington Beach, CA 92648)

SUPER SPORT - "Nowhere Fast" CD

The ten songs here are melodic punk which focuses mainly on the vocals. BAD RELIGION and SCREW 32 are fair comparisons in that aspect and their cover of DAG NASTY's "Circles" helps prove my point. The music behind the vocals is a little bit similar to those bands, but with a peculiar mix of rockabilly, BRYAN ADAMS songwriting, and SST bass rumblings. (TH)
(Hi Roller, no mailing address, www.hirollerrecords.com)

THE SURGEONS - "Sid Never Did It/Breaking Rocks on Rikers Island"

This joyfully fucked-up punk, heavy on the vocal reverb and riff-heavy guitars, brings the late '70s back from the grave, though I really liked the flip, which is analogous to the SICK THINGS gone to '78 on a limited production budget. (SS)
(Plain sleeve, no addresss)

SURPRISE PACKAGE - "Volume 3" EP

This sweet little 7" X-Mas comp includes the MHz, the REAL PILLS and the DIRTBOMBS. The REAL PILLS are kind of pop punk, MHz is all laid back strumming guitars, very '60s sounding. The DIRTBOMBS remind me of later ROLLING STONES—which means I like them the best! I think X-mas songs are annoying, I hate them and I would never want to cover one, but I guess X-mas is sort of a big deal. Whatever. (JT)
(Flying Bomb, PO Box 971038, Ypsilanti, MI 48197)

SWANKERS PMS - "Anti Oi" EP

A reissue of an impossible-to-find (305 copies pressed) Swedish record from the early '80s. Definitely influenced by early British punk, this also has the beginnings of the Swedish sound that is so distinctive now. Think of bands like the FLYING FUCKERS or the BRISTLES, if that helps at all, and you get the idea. I hope this record is easier to find than the original. (WN)
(Stuart Schrader, 9 Fenwick Road, Whippany, NJ 07981)

TARAKANY - "Pop Fodder, or We Taught the World How to Suck 2000" CD

At first I was bored listening to this, but it definitely grew on me. This Russian band plays a style of pop punk that I know I have heard before, but I can't pinpoint who it sounds like. The closest comparison I could give is that this sounds like a really upbeat LILLINGTONS, if they sang in Russian about sex, beer, and the military. Unfortunately I can't tell exactly what they're singing about, but it helps me focus more on the music which is really good and special. My favorite song title on here is "From Russia with Punk," although there are several runner-ups. I would recommend this if you like pop punk and you're tired of listening to dumb Americans sing about love. (WT)
(FeeLee/Tarakany, 121309, Moscow, FeeLee, Dk Gorbunova, RUSSIA, www.cultura.ru)

TEAR IT UP - "I Feel Better Already" EP

"1, 2, 3, Go!" Pucker up for one of Dave's vans because it will be in your face! TEAR IT UP fucks shit up with this balls out trash attack from four ex-members of DEAD NATION. One listen to this 7" will reinstate why you are involved with hardcore: fast, catchy, cynical, untrusting and pissed. Wipe away those tears of mourning for DN's break up, TEAR IT UP is here. (TJ)
(Havoc, HC-7024, PO Box 8585, Minneapolis, MN 55408/ tearitup666@hotmail.com)

THE TEMPLARS - "The Return of Jacques de Molay" LP

Hey skinheads! This is the real shit! Previously this TEMPLARS material from November 1993 to March 1994 was available only on CD. Now you get a chance to own it on lovely vinyl in several different colors. This era of TEMPLARS music has Mr. Fritscher playing all guitar and bass tracks with international skinhead player Phil Rigand on drums. Many discussions have transpired about the recording techniques employed by Mr. Fritscher, but you know what? This shit kicks ass! Listen to "I Believe In Myself"—fucking great! Just as pertinent now as it was in 1993. Classic TEMPLARS songs like "New York," "Those Who Build This Country," "Pride," and "The Waiting Is Over" have all stood the test of time. If you are a TEMPLARS fan, this LP will put the more recent recordings in perspective. If you are just learning about the TEMPLARS this is a good place to start. (BR)
(Dim, Postfach 11, 96232 Ebersdorf, GERMANY)

THE DEVIL IS ELECTRIC - "This Means War" EP

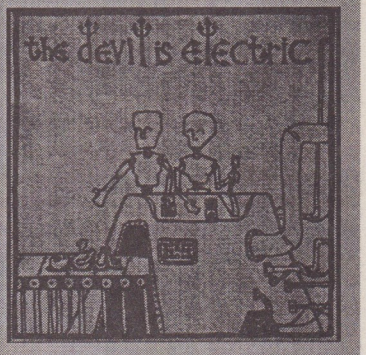
Peace punks (and when I say peace, I mean flowers in the rifle barrel) playing FLA-style pop punk. Boy and girl singers take pretty Midwest college-town punk to new levels of innocuousness. Fortunately, I'm not bothered. Sing me pages of your journal, see if I cringe... Lyrics from the personal to reflections on class war (but mind you, no Molotov cocktails). (AC)
(Plan-it-X, 5810 W. Willis Rd, Georgetown, IN 47122, thedevil@xmulletx.com)

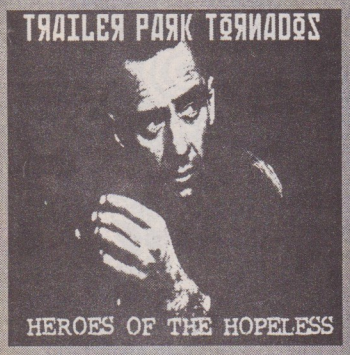
13 GHOSTS - "..Tribute to the Misfits" CD

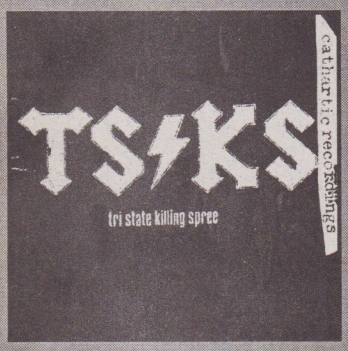
I hate the MISFITS. It's not that the MISFITS suck (though a lot of their stuff is pretty awful), but in high school it was the only band anyone listened to... and it was all they listened to. I was burnt out before they even reunited. Yet for some reason this looks promising... It says surf instrumental so I'm going to give it the benefit of the doubt before I hit play, but if I hear one "whoa-ohh" I'm going to totally change my mind.. OK.. here goes... I'm liking this... I'm liking this a lot... something's wrong... I'm doing the "whoa-ohhs"!! Can it be that I have rekindled my love for the MISFITS thanks to these surf ghouls??? Probably not, but I really like this album. At first I didn't see the point with all of the other MISFITS cover bands, but this brings something new and dare I say it, fun and exciting (not to mention ear-pleasing) to the table. I'm keeping this and the next time I see my old classmates. We're listening to this instead of *Walk Among Us*. (BM)
(PO Box 58 Boston, MA 02134, john13ghosts@yahoo.com)

THIS WORLD IS MINE/MILES APART - split EP

Snuffy Smile Records has great taste in music. Once again, they have picked up two more good pop bands. THIS WORLD IS MINE from Japan opened with a part that was really reminding me of the POLICE, but they started rocking out and ended up being a really good pop band with just a touch of punk. They have a steady rhythm, but they keep the songs interesting with hooks and a guitar which switches between clean and distorted. MILES APART from Italy sounded very similar, with a little more rock and a few more minor chords. They reminded me of PARASITES. The whiny vocals got on







my nerves after a while, but I still liked them. In conclusion, this is not great, but really good. (WT)
($6 ppd: Snuffy Smile: 4-1-16-201, daita, Setagaya-ku, Tokyo 155-0033, JAPAN)

JOHNNY THUNDERS - "Panic On Sunset Strip" LP

This is a live show from '87, when I figured THUNDERS was just some heroin ghost that forgot to die. Not so apparently; this show finds him in top form. His guitar lines bristle with adrenaline and electricity. His voice, never his strongest point, is inconsistent, but excellent at times. Doesn't matter—this is a great document of what he was capable of, even in an advanced state of disrepair. He had a way of bridging the '50s early rock 'n' roll/rockabilly with '70s hard rock/punk. There is even a revealing acoustic portion of the show, that is just as rocking as the distorted classics. Give Johnny one more chance... (BG)
(Munster, PO Box 18107, Madrid 28080, SPAIN)

TOM THUMB - "You're Gonna Miss Me" EP

.....four songs from New Zealand, 1967...the sound quality is hot, but fuck me, three-forths of this disc are staple '60s covers...yawn...*but* the one original, "I Need You"(not to be confused with the killer KINKS b-side) is FANTASIC!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!...a lot of pretty nifty shit has come out of New Zealand over the past four decades...check out the HUMAN INSTINCT if you don't believe me...or Mr. Eddy G. Budds' faves, the SPLIT ENZ...P.S. suck my dick... (SW)
(Action, PO Box 8282, Symonds Street, Auckland, NEW ZEALAND, www.records.co.nz)

TRAGEDY - "The Point of No Return" LP

By now, everyone knows that TRAGEDY is members of HIS HERO IS GONE and DEATHREAT, so just for shits and giggles, I pulled out the last HIS HERO IS GONE record, and after a thorough listen, rocked the TRAGEDY LP. Boy, was that worthwhile. The songs here have twice the substance and feeling than the HIS HERO IS GONE record, but retain that raw energy for which HHIG was known. Stylistically, some evolution has definitely occurred with more melody being integrated into the songs (both vocally, and with awesome guitar licks). TRAGEDY even uses an acoustic intro to the first song on the record (that won it for me right there). When I saw this band at Gilman a few months back I was completely floored, and the record lives up to the live performance 110%. Essential. (SP)
(Tragedy, 4506 N. Gantenbein, Portland, OR 97217)

TRAILER PARK TORNADOES - "Heroes of the Hopeless" EP

Filth. Fuzzy and fucked-up. Sends a fire though yer ass like bad Indian food. Unholy lyrical subject matter, and I get the feeling they're real ugly too. A real complete package. Someone's got to preserve the MENTORS honor. (RY)
(Big Neck, PO Box 8144, Reston, VA 20195)

TRI-STATE KILLING SPREE - CD

Very crossover-esue thrash hailing from Richmond, Virginia. I've been in contact with this group for a little while so I'm stoked to finally see some output from 'em. Think a mix of metallic crossover, grind, and a vocal delivery that some times reminds me of BENUMB. Not your average mindless lyrics either: topics deal with modern (Western) society in all its ungloriness. Props for the DIY effort as well. (MW)
(Cathartic Recordings, PO Box 4909, Richmond, VA 23220)

TROOPERS – "Troopers" LP

Metally street-rock from Germany. reminds me a little of ANTI-SEEN and LIMECELL, etc. and a slowed-down CRO-MAGS. Singing in German with no translation or lyric sheet, so I have no idea what their songs are about, but judging from the name, song titles, and artwork I'd say it's, y'know, mean tough-guy stuff. Does little to ring my bell personally, though if I was a big drunk German dude with a taste for rock I'd probably love it. Actually, it's not bad. (AD)
(Bad Dog, Oranienstr. 37, 10999 Berlin, GERMANY, coretex@berlin.snafu.de)

TROOPERS - "Gassenhauer" LP

Mid-tempo German oi that's alright I suppose, but there's this fruity metal quality on this record that fucks things up pretty bad. I mean there's some pretty catchy tunes, and the singer dude sounds pretty damn gnarly, but it's not enough to make me like it. (NF)
(Bad Dog, Oranienstr 37, 10997 Berlin, GERMANY)

TRUE NORTH - "We Speak In Code" LP

Florida just seems to keep pumping out good hardcore bands. TRUE NORTH consists of former members of a number of great bands like, PALATKA, ASSHOLE PARADE, 12 HOUR TURN, etc. While bringing with them the chaos of the former two, TRUE NORTH lean more toward the latter with slightly slower tempo and catchiness yet retaining their aggression and power. Screamy vocals, thick guitar, pounding drums and a perfect mix of chaos and catchy make a pretty good record. (PA)
(No Idea, P.O. Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604, noidearecords.com)

TRYPANOSOM - "No Idols" EP

TRYPANOSOM start off their EP with "No Idols," a blazing thrash tune, then deliver a heavy, punchy mid-tempo number and back to their no nonsense thrash. The flip side has more angry anti-

social kickass punker tunes. A solid band with a great EP. (HM)
(Angry & Wild, M. Seehuber, Stinghamerstr. 45a, 84503 Altötting, GERMANY)

TURNEDOWN - "Broken Necklace" CD EP

I thought I might want to rip into this when I first put it on, but then upon listening again, I decided it really didn't deserve it. Sure it's derivative and SoCal based, but there is something redeeming to it, really. Especially when they go for a sound that combines the best aspects of SNUFF and SAMIAM, rather than the worst aspects of, well bands like SAMIAM and SNUFF, not to mention the Fat roster. There's some nice thick two guitar parts, and hurt, yet anthemic vocals. A mixed bag, but I gotta admit, they are definitely maturing as a band. (BG)
(Sessions Recordings, 15 Janis Way, Scotts Valley, CA 95066)

TUULI/BLACK HALOS - split EP

A Christmas single with two originals, which is good considering I'm maxed out on punk covers of "Silent Night." I love TUULI, who have a KENICKIE and ELASTICA kind of punk gal pop thing going on. They have yet to put out a bad release and are good live, although I'm sure their sights go beyond this thing called punk. Shit, I even saw them on Comedy Central the other night. The BLACK HALOS have a good DEAD BOYS-type of song, "Homeless for Christmas" on their side. A good split. (RL)
(Sympathy, www.sympathyrecords.com)

TYME SOCIETY - "Leaves Are Turning Brown/Wonderin' Why" EP

The fragile years when pot fumes first started to build to dangerous levels in suburban bedrooms, when PAUL REVERE started to seem kinda...*stupid,* when garage started to mutate into early psych: these are the moments being mined by our earnest Italian friends on this single. The rub: they can sing, which is always the bobbing buoy on the sea of mediocrity. Dive for the ring without fear... (RW)
(Psych-Out, P.zza l Maggio, 44 Ostuni, ITALY, c.cubo@tiscalinet.it)

THE UK SUBS - "The Revolution's Here" EP

It's kind of cool to see a bunch of old geezers like these guys, who actually were playing '77-style punk circa 1977, churn out a couple of new tunes that smoke the balls off of todays candy-ass '77 and street punk bands. This is a great release. (RM)
(Combat Roc, 7, rue du Paquis - 57950 Montigny-les-Metz, FRANCE)

UP FRONT - "Movement" LP

Eighteen songs recorded a few years ago (1997) by this New Jersey band, making it to vinyl on a German label. They certainly progressed since their previous full length LP on Smorgasbord ("Spirit", 1988) whereas they were another of many second rate East Coast straightedge bands. They've dropped most of the blatant SxE stuff (no X'd hands in any band photos) and show a bit more maturity, both musically and lyrically. There's some hints of their former leanings (see "Meat to Please You") but the bulk of the songs are vague, and honestly, I can't even figure out what the hell they're talking about much of the time. Musically, it's upbeat hardcore, generally very quick, with some slower interludes and breaks. The music holds up better than the lyrics, that's for sure! (TM)
(Grapes of Wrath, Oranienstr. 37, 10999 Berlin, GERMANY)

THE URCHIN - "Another Day, Another Sorry State" CD

Well, this Japanese band at least gets it half right. They take equal parts LEATHERFACE and FIFTEEN, mix them with their own thing, and create something reasonably moving. They have the necessary passion and intelligence to be a great hardcore band, but they need to work on their songwriting a little before they truly realize their potential. Still, these guys are worth checking out, and should be something to watch for in the future. (BG)
(Snuffy Smile, 4 1 16 201 Dalta, Setagaya ku, Tokyo 155 0033, JAPAN)

VATOS LOCOS -CD

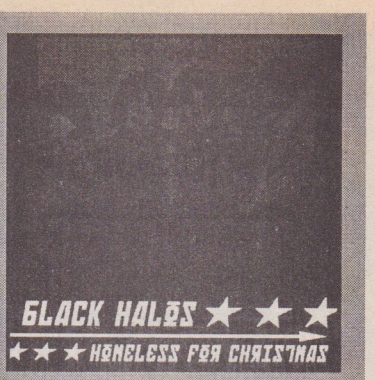
Rock and roll through and through, *a la* JEFF DAHL or the ZEROS. Mostly nice and easy going, and not the most punk rock thing I've ever heard, but when they get crazy, it rocks... Lots of instrumentation reminiscent even of early LOS LOBOS. Not from So-Cal but Houston, TX. Skateboards, tacos and cervezas. Why the fuck not? (RY)
(Pinche Flojo Records, PO Box 540151 Houston, TX 77254)

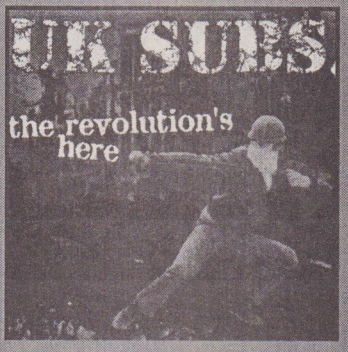
THE VERMIN - "P.S.—I Hate You.." CD

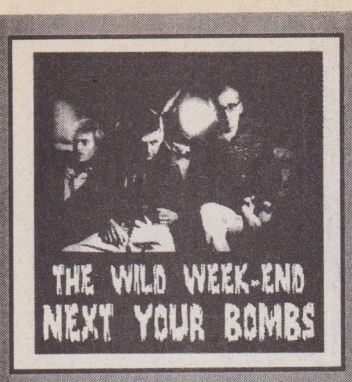
This isn't bad; it's kinda pissed off SCREECHING WEASEL-ish, with less-nasally vocals. Nothing worth writing home about, but also nothing worth tearing to shreds. My advice to this band would be to do some record shopping and find a new band to sound like—there are millions to choose from... (BM)
(4471 Sir Richard Ave, North Royalton, OH, 44133, benvermin@aol.com)

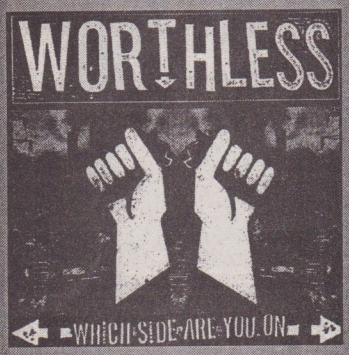
VICE SQUAD- "No Cause for Concern" CD

Essential very late '70s early '80s British punk! Here's the re-issue of their first release on EMI in '81. All original tracts are included plus 8 "bonus tracks," five of which are from the self titled. The new shit is such a fucking disgrace! (SR)
(Captain Oi!, c/o PO Box 501, High Wycombe, Bucks, HP10 8QA, www.captainoi.com)









VICE SQUAD - "Stand Strong Stand Proud" CD

Oh god, get that crimping iron out and start teasing...here's a reissue of the '82 release with five bonus tracks, and upgraded artwork. It includes a few more photos plus a short introduction. Have to admit this will be nice to get a hold of again...let us not forget the legendary vocal stylings of Ms. Beki Bondage. (DL)
(Captain Oi!, PO Box 501, High Wycombe, Bucks, HP10 8QA, UK)

THE VOIDS/NARCOLEPTIC YOUTH - EP

The VOIDS keep the spirit of '70s/'80s punk alive with an attack of five ferocious numbers, fronted by strong girl vocs reminiscent of the DISTILLERS. On the flip, packaged with a photo of a matador being impaled in the ass by a bull's horn, is NARCOLEPTIC YOUTH playing hard, fast and generic. (DL)
(Straitjacket, PO Box 136, Fullerton, CA 92836-0136)

THE WILD WEEK-END - "Next Your Bombs" EP

Wow. Incredibly melodic, mid-tempo punk 'n' roll from Italy. I've always given the Italians about as much credit as I give the French when it comes to punk rock—not much. However, both countries have been making it a point lately to destroy my credibility by putting out quality stuff like this. Actually reminds me of early Australian punk rock—VICTIMS, NEWS, PSYCHO SURGEONS. (If not in sound, then certainly in spirit.) Nothing like a record review full of prejudice and stereotypes, huh? Limited to 300 copies, so you better move fast. (KK)
(Lo-fi, Piazza 1 Maggio, 44-72017 Ostuni (BR), ITALY)

WORTHLESS - "Which Side Are You On" CD

Well recorded, well played, it's just too bad that it sounds way too much like RANCID. There are obviously some BOUNCING SOULS influences as well. Up-tempo punk with a hard edge yet catchy at the same time. This falls into that category of Americanized late-'70s English punk. Six new songs and six re-released from comps. and a split 7". If your not sick of this yet I'd have to say that this is one of the bands to listen to. (PA)
(Chunksaah, P.O. Box 974, New Brunswick, NJ 08903)

X - "Home Is Where The Floor Is" EP

This authorized release by legendary Australian punk band X showcases four songs recorded in 1978 by the original line-up. This shit is primitive chug-punk at its best. If you are a fan of stripped down rock 'n' roll played by sand-crazed punks way down under, you must have this! Fans of the LEFTOVERS and the FUN THINGS should drop what they're doing and go acquire this gem! Look for a re-release of the classic X LP *Aspirations* from the same era next year on Rock 'n' Roll Blitzkrieg Records. (BR)
(Rock 'n' Roll Blitzkrieg, PO Box 11906, Berkeley, CA 94712)

THE YOBS – "Christmas Album" CD

The great tongue in cheek release from the BOYS' alter ego from 1980. Punk versions of every Christmas song imaginable with bonus Christmas 45 tracks tacked on. BOYS completists must have this, as this was a fun romp before they toned it down on future releases. Silly but good. (RL)
(Captain Oi, PO Box 501, High Wycombe, Bucks, HP10 8QA, UK, www.captainoi.com)

YOUTH DEFENSE LEAGUE - "Old Glory" 12" EP

Oh brother. This is the perfect release to demonstrate why American oi sucks. First of all, the moronic lyrics. "Hail the flag boy, so strong and true. Take pride in your culture and your heritage too. Our national spirit will never die as the stars and stripes is raised to the sky." Now, add to this slow, power ballad-like background music, with really fruity leads that call to mind JUDAS PRIEST, and what you're left with is a big pile of shit. Carry on. (RM)
(Vulture Rock, PO Box 1796, Stanwood, WA 98292)

YOUTH ENRAGE - "Gore—Rights" LP

Holy Shit... this is fucking awesome!!!! This band goes all-out on the craziness factor, and I mean all out. Out of fucking control dual vocal attack making you constantly crave more, and boy does YOUTH ENRAGE give you more—22 tracks and never a dull moment. The recording sounds raw, but in the best way I've ever known a raw recording to be. Every member of this band must have drank a triple-shot-eye-opener before recording this... I mean, seriously. There is so much energy here that I almost find myself shaking and shortening my sentences. Awesome cover art with a fresh poster/liner notes insert. This is hands down the best record I've reviewed this month. Hands Fucking Down! (SP)
(625, PO Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142-3413)

THE YUM-YUMS - "Funzone" 10"

This is the perfect good mood record... it's poppy, it's fun and it will give you a cavity. It's not just pop punk, it's not just power pop... it's power pop punk!! I bet these guys get a lot of girls. It's those "sweet sensitive and a wuss" guys who write these kinds of songs, and what woman or record reviewer (or woman record reviewer) can't fall prey to them? These Norwegians know how to serve up the good time music. (BM)
(Alien Snatch, Mörikeweg 1, 74199, Untergruppenbach, GERMANY, www.aliensnatch.de)

THE YUPEEZ - "The Experiment Continues" EP

Alright. First off, I really like the sound on the record. It is straight up punk rock that sounds like BLACK FLAG or at times, the GERMS. The vocals are screamy or really off key singing and there is a lot of energy in the music. The thing that throws me off are the lyrics, which are just terrible.There are songs about blueballs, jock itch, poseur punks, and cover bands. The YUPEEZ were a fun live band, though, and I think if the singer worked on clever or funny lyrics instead of just stupid ones, I would like them more. (WT)
($4 ppd: Defect-o, 1548 Roseanna Dr, San Jose, CA 95118)

V/A - "Zero to 60 in 73 Bands" CD

First off, this is a 73-band comp, 'nuff said. The bands come from all over the globe, and styles run the whole spectrum, from folk to techno to crust to really bad pop punk. Standouts include GULIVER (reminds me of the HARD-ONS), ANAL BEARD (techno), the UNCALLED 4 (oi), FLESH EATING CREEPS (fuck yeah!!!), HATE TO STATE (political crust), ARAUKANA (hardcore), and HOTBOX (punk 'n' roll). Considering how much I was dreading reviewing this disc, it was pretty damn good. (WN)
($7 PPD from NO!NO! Records, 1826 Virnankay, Ann Arbor, MI 448103)

V/A – "Ataque de Nervos" CD

(Wait a minute—there's a *South* America?) There used to be a band called OLHO SECO, and one called COLERA, they were quite good. The guy from SEPULTURA always wore DISCHARGE shirts... That is the extent of my knowledge on Brazilian punk rock, sorry. This comp has very little to do with any of the aforementioned bands being made up of a wide variety of modern pop-punk, street-punk, metallic and melodic hardcore bands all sounding very ...em, *North* American. It's well played for the most part; RIVERBOYS are good (though how can you not like a band that at the end of the song goes into the chorus of "Hey Suburbia"?), as are DOMINATRIX who remind me of WHIRLPOOL. WHITE CHRISTIAN DISASTER, GULIVER, OS PEDREIROS and CHOCOLATE DIESEL are also worthy of a mention. 28 tracks by fourteen bands, (most of whom sing in English); this is actually really good, and it's refreshing to hear a big slice of what is going on in another part of the world, though it would be better if there was more information on the bands included. (*Maybe* somebody down there involved with this will send in a cool scene report on the São Paulo area.) (Maybe they already did and I didn't bother to read it...) (AD)
(Teenager in a Box, Caixa Postal 205, São Paulo, SP CEP 01059970, BRASIL, teenagerinabox@hotmail.com)

V/A - "Genetic Mutations, Vol. 2" CD

This is a pretty mediocre comp made up of mostly punk rock/ska bands, many of which are Norwegian; some from other parts of Europe. As with a lot of comps, it has a few good songs and a bunch of songs that annoy the heck out of me. Still, I think most of this is previously released—it would be worth checking out for some rad tracks by the CHERRY REDS, TEEN IDOLS, the GUTTER-SNIPES, and CHINKEES. It also gives you an idea of some of the music that is going on outside the United States, which is nice even if you can't decipher the lyrics. (WT)
(DHMG,16 Frinton Rd, London E6 3HA, UK)

V/A - "H.E.A.R. This" CD

A benefit CD for hearing loss awareness. This disc features a mix of new and old stuff including the AVENGERS' "Teenage Rebel" (which was on a single a couple of years ago), VKTMS, LEWD, CONTRACTIONS, and more currently, SCARED OF CHAKA, ELECTRIC SUMMER, and the BELLRAYS to name a few. An interesting comp for a good cause. (RL)
(Sub City, PO Box 7495, Van Nuys, CA 91409, www.subcity.net)

V/A - "The Hostage Situation" CD

Some rough stuff, this. Two tracks each from fifteen lean-and-hungry bands (figuratively speaking) that hail from the wilds of Southern California's beach communities: the NUMBERS, SMUT PEDDLERS, the NEGATIVES, SMOGTOWN, the DECLINE, CURB, the FAKES, INSTAGON, BLEEDERS, oldsters the CROWD, and the BODIES (from "Sonoma Beach", apparently). Good noise. (JH)
(Hostage, PO Box 7736, Huntington Beach, CA 92615, www.hostagerecords.net)

V/A - "Human Stench, Vol. 1" EP

Well hello there, yummy little treat! With a line-up reading like a who's who of the current hardcore punk world, this 7 inch of joy melts your face off with its sheer ferocity and power faster than being dipped in a vat of molten lead. You can't really go wrong when you throw GORDON SOLIE MOTHERFUCKERS, MUKEKA DI RATO, NO SIDE, CRUCIAL SECTION, LAST IN LINE, POLICE LINE, AND CLOSE CALL all on a record together. Get it or fucking pose. (MT)
(Human Stench, PO Box 3783, Pittsfeild, MA 01202)

V/A - "Missing in Action" LP

This comp, of primarily German bands, appears to benefit the Zapatistas, if the jacket propaganda is a clue. The bands are all over the hardcore spectrum, many of them obscure, like the PROPAGHANDI styled DER TRICK IST ZU ATMEN. Best known in these parts would be ACTIVE MINDS, JUGGLING JUGULARS, and DIAVOLO ROSSO. The rock is up and down too, but overall this is a fine piece of work—my favorite track belongs to INNER CONFLICT. (AC)
(Twisted Terror, Postfach, 76327 Pfinatal, GERMANY)

V/A - "Punked Up Love" Double CD

Wow, two-and-a-half hours of punk, ska, and metal divided into a good love CD and a bad love CD. Yep, lots of crummy songs including bad pop punk, bad SUPERCHUNK-style bands, bad ska bands, and some terrible lyrics. There are a some gems that shine thru the shit like NEGATIVE NANCY, MY 3 SCUM, KILL ALLEN WRENCH, the SEA MONKEYS, the FREEZE and my personal fave 2 PUMP LOUIE. I was pleasantly surprised that the SLACKERS, LINK 80, and STICK FIGURE SUICIDE all pulled off some good cover tunes. (HM)
(VMS, 615 W. 176th St. Apt. 2EF, New York, NY 10033, www.vmsrecords.com)

V/A - "Revolution Inside" LP

This sampler from Revolution Inside Records is really weak. CRAVING is fucking awful—some of the crappy modern rock shit is better than this. IMPACT is no good meaty hardcore. Yeah, and there's more shotty stuff but ODDBALLS' BAND, TOO FAR GONE, and LUNCH BOX definitely stand out as flowers amongst the trash. (SR)
(Revolution Inside, c/o Le Sabot, Breite Str. 76, 53111, Bonn, GERMANY)

V/A - "Sick & Tired" LP

Right here for your easy consumption are fourteen unknown tracks salvaged from mid-sixties garage punk USA. This is very decent garage fair mixing catchy go-go boot tunes with the more cryptic. It makes for a good party mix to say the least. Standout rockers are the CONTINENTALS, TORQUAYS, CHOZEN ONES, 4-SCORE, and IDOLS. (DL)
(no address)

V/A - "Songs of the Dead II" CD

This compilation has an interesting premise. All of the songs have to do with horror/scary movies. (Except the ULTIMATE WARRIORS song, which was intentionally put on the CD even though it had nothing to do with the concept behind it.) Well with bands like FORCEFEDGLASS, FACADE BURNED BLACK, DEVOLA, USURP SYNAPSE, LOCUST, CURB, RACEBANNON and many more, you know this is going to be a crazy feast of rapid-fire drums, harsh screechy vocals, nutty time changes and loose jangly guitars. There are a few bands that stray from the path, but "screamo" is in full effect here. Good job! (RC)
(And Here My Troubles Began, PO Box 421, Mooresville, IN 46158)

V/A - "South America in Decline" LP

Six Weeks delivers the goods once again with this excellent comp of South and Central American mayhem. Sort of a lesson in what goes on in the Southwestern global hemisphere for punx who think that the punk universe begins and ends in the USA. Ranging from brutal grind, to D-beat attack, to melodic punk, to straight-up hardcore, to the mosh metal, it is simply excellent across the fucking board. My personal favorites are NEGATIVE CONTROL, FUERZA X, DIOS HASTIO, PUTREFACCIÓN INTESTINAL, ENEMIGOS DE LA CLASE, RENUENCIA, REDENCIÓN 9-11 (who are touring the east coast of the US soon so get your ass out), DISCORDIA, 200 MUERTOS, F.D.S. and APATIA NO. Hell even the RATOS DE PARÃO tracks are good, despite the one dude being the most popular VJs on MTV Brazil. Get this now and stop wasting your fucking cash on shitty contrived crap. (MT)
(Six Weeks, 225 Lincoln Ave, Cotati, CA 94931)

V/A - "Tomorrow Will Be Worse, Vol. 2" LP

Hardcore hellions rejoice, and put this on your shopping list ASAP. 24 tracks of brutal thrash from all over the globe. The standouts are REAL REGGAE, MK ULTRA, 9 SHOCKS TERROR, and SCALPLOCK, but don't miss KRIGSHOT, MUKEKA DI RATO, UNCURBED, or RUIDO either. (AM)
(Sound Pollution, PO Box 17742, Covington, KY 41017)

V/A - "Voodoo Voodoo" LP

A 1950s and '60s compilation with old rock-a-billy, rock 'n' roll and pre-garage that (if you're into this stuff like I am) is well worthy of your attention. RUSTY & DOUG, CLYDE STACY, GLEN WENDELL & THE EPICS, and JERRY PAUL are among the winners on this record. (NF)
(Wendi, no address)

V/A – "We Are the Mods" LP

Wait a minute, aren't punks supposed to fight mods? *Mods*...with their stupid scooters, parkas, and smart clothes, go beat 'em up. This is a "dodgy" (a word fashionable with genuine mods and British people in general) bootleg comp of Mod Revival (late '70s/early '80s) demos from such esteemed bands as the JAM, the PRISONERS, the CHORDS, and many more well-dressed geezers. It's yer typical '60s sound meets pub-rock/punk, the production is awful—leaving this for fanatics only. THE JAM (their track here is a cover of "Give Me Just a Little More Time") were a great band of course, as were the lesser known PRISONERS (who used to play in full [old school] Star Trek outfits) who added a new dimension to the sound with their wacky organs. The MODS and BACK TO ZERO were all right too. This stuff was huge back in England in the early '80s; the newspapers used to be full of stories of riots in seaside towns between mods and...em, punks and skins. (AD)
(no address)

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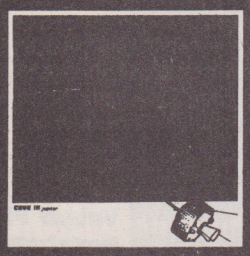
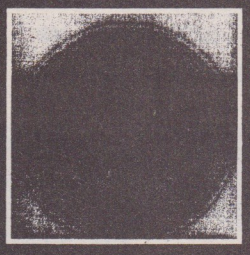

CAVE IN "JUPITER" CD/LP (HH666-52)

HARKONIN "SPIZZ" 7" (HH666-54)


BARBARO 7" (HH666-55)

SUNN "O))) VOID" CD (21H-012)

ALSO : *CAVE IN* "UNTIL YOUR HEART STOPS" CD, "CREATIVE ECLIPSES" CD EP, AND "BEYOND HYPOTHERMIA" CD, *DISCORDANCE AXIS* "THE INALIENABLE DREAMLESS" CD/LP [VINYL FINALLY AVAILABLE], *SUNN* LIMITED CD, *AGORAPHOBIC NOSEBLEED/CONVERGE* SPLIT LP, *CATTLEPRESS* "HORDES TO ABOLISH..." CD/LP, *ISIS* "CELESTIAL" CD/2XLP, *OLD MAN GLOOM* "MEDITATIONS IN B" CD, *BOTCH* "WE ARE THE ROMANS" CD/2XLP

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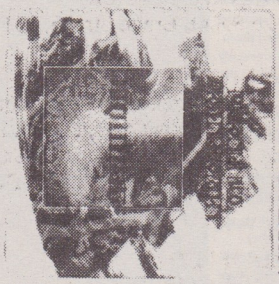

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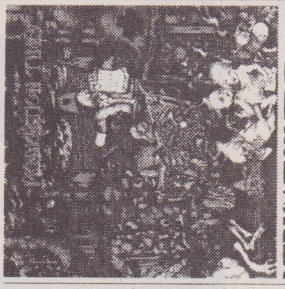

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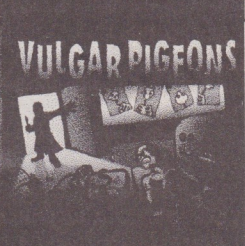

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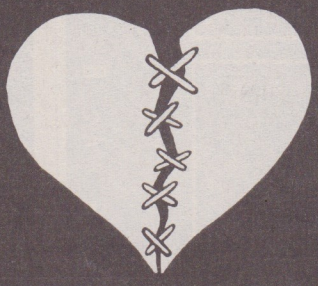

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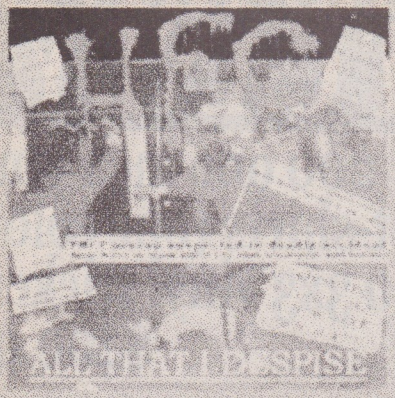

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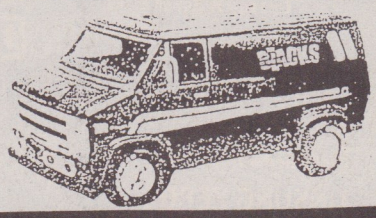

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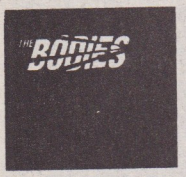

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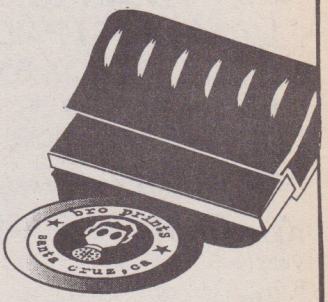

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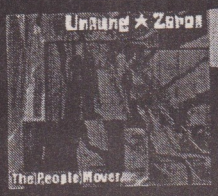
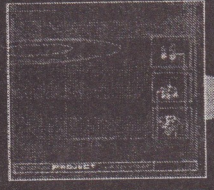


UNSUNG ZEROS
The People Mover

UNDER THE GUN
One Nation...



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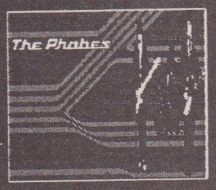

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ZINES

Reviews by: (AC) Arwen Curry, (AR) Aragorn, (KC) Karoline Collins, (MD) Mikel Delgado, (RD) Raphael DiDonato, (GF) Gardner Fusuhara, (HH) Harald Hartmann, (MK) Mark Kessler, (JM) Jeff Mason, (JL) Jennifer L. Mushnick, (NN) Nellie Nelson, (MN) Mimi Nguyen, (CR) Casey Ress, (DS) Denise Scilingo.

Please send your zine in for review. Write down any information you want included in the review; method of printing, number of pages, issue number and post paid price. If you want us to include a foreign post paid price, tell us. If you accept trades, tell us. The only information we will include is what you provide us.

ACTION! #4 / $3
7 x 8 1/2 - offset - 72 pgs
Photobooth pictures are just plain cool, especially black and white ones. This zine is a result of the editor asking for photobooth photos as contributions for the last two years. It contains originals, found photos, copied and very little text. Even though the concept of this zine is very simple, it is totally engrossing. (DS)
PO Box 11906 / Berkeley, CA 94712

ALTERNATIVE PRESS REVIEW
Volume 5, Number 3 / $4.95
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 68 pgs
It's been a while since I've seen this, but I didn't remember there being so many reprints before. Definitely more interesting then a bunch of book and magazine reviews. This issue has selections from *Clamor*, *Working for the Man*, and *Rouge State*. There are also reprints from *Turning the Tide*, *Guinea Pig Zero*, and *Race Traitor*. Like a lot of those zines, *Alternative Press Review* is a pretty serious and academic magazine with little or no connection to punk or youth culture. Somewhat interesting but definitely has the potential to out one to sleep. (CR)
PO Box 4710 / Arlington, VA 22204-4710

ANTIMIDIA #3 / postage
11 1/4 x 12 1/2 - offset - 20 pgs - Portuguese
From what I can discern, this is a well put-together and entertaining read. Interviews with Armagedom (very lengthy), and with garage band Forgotten Boys, and a smattering of columns, local punk news, and reviews. A must for the death metaller in your life. (NN)
Caixa Postal 205 / Sao Paulo - SP / Cep 01059970 / Brasil /
antimidia@hotmail.com

AVOW #10 / $2
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 44 pgs
Before I say anything else, send away for this zine right now dammit! Ok, here's why, *Avow* is a cozy combination of personal, self-deprecating stories, a little bit of romance, reviews, and some rad, if just a little bit disturbing, drawings. It's nice to get a personal zine that isn't just another tired imitation of *Cometbus*. *Avow* is unique and really well made. They must be putting something in the water up in Portland, cause there's some damn fine zines coming from up there. (CR)
20 NW 16th Ave #306 / Portland, OR 97209

BARRICADA #1/ 50¢
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 16 pgs
Barricada is a Class conscious anarchist magazine out of Boston. Sophisticated in its analysis, with a focus on tactics and contextualization instead of just action for actions sake. *Barricada* alludes to good things coming out of the Northeastern scene although I would be a bit concerned that (it appeared) that the collective only has one person capable of actually writing for the magazine. (Although a collective of one is the easiest type to come to consensus.) (AR)
POB 73, Boston MA 02133

BERZERKER #1 / $2
4 1/2 x 5 1/2 - offset - 44 pgs
The dream of this zine is that you carry the editor's life in your back pocket because of its mini size. Made up of personal stories, starts off slow and gets more interesting. Boy, if you thought you had health problems, read this zine and you won't feel so bad. Also, talks about being a gay dad. Interesting; has potential. (DS)
PO Box 2181 / Issaquah, WA 98027

BMN #3 / stamp
8 x 14 - copied - 2 pgs
A bicycle-oriented perzine. There's a description of some of this year's Cycle Messenger World Championship events, a story of a few days' stint as a rookie bike messenger, a review of a Portland Critical Mass, and reviews of bicycle zines and books. The writing quality is mediocre, and the best thing I can say about the formatting is that at least it's legible. But if you're interested in bike messenger-ing and advocacy, there are way worse things you could spend a stamp on than this zine. (NN)
5470 W Military Dr #2715 / San Antonio, TX 78242

BROKEN PENCIL #14 / $4.95
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 88 pgs
This issue's "theme" is "After The Riot: Indie Grrrls and the New Creativity." I wanted to like some of the articles more, but couldn't. Despite a number of interviews with the women behind a few on-line journals, the e-dairy article offered no substantial analysis of the need/desire to engage in "public confessions" in the first place. What's behind the impulse to share the both intimate and banal details of your life? Whatever it may be, I got no hint of it from this piece. The insightful essay about artist/illustrator

Shary Boyle, however, made up for the lack elsewhere. (Her disturbing renderings of female domesticity and adolescence defy easy analysis.) Filling out the grrrl factor are an article about museums, female nudes, and feminist critiques and a question-answer session with fifteen female Canadian zinesters. There are the usual write-ups of "underground" cultural events (super-8 film festivals, art exhibitions, and more), smart art/film criticism, fiction, and the wordy zine reviews I've come to love. I don't understand just one thing—what happened to all the punctuation?! (MN)
PO 203 / Stn. P, Toronto / ONT M5S 2S7 / Canada / editor@brokenpencil.com

BROWN ROT #6 / $?
5 1/2 x 8 - copied - 28 pgs
This is a self-described ecozine, though it's just as much an emozine. Not so much for the music covered, but because of its reflective rambling. Only some of the pieces are affected by this, though—there are good articles on living car-free and on how schools are basically factories. The rest of the zine is comprised of a show review, a review of all the releases of the band Atari, an interview with Francois Marceau (of *Mastock Experimental Music Zine*), some basic stuff about veganism, and cut and paste art. Even though I agree with a lot of the ideas here, I wasn't particularly impressed by the zine overall. (NN)
PO Box 6626 / Boise, ID 83707

CHUMPIRE #132, 136 / stamp
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 2 pgs
This is a broad sheet cranked out fairly regularly. It blends interviews, rants, show pictures and a friendly classified kind of feel. (AR)
PO Box 680, Conneaut Lake, PA 16316

CLENCH #1 / free
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 1 pg
This is fucking awesome! One page, both sides entirely devoted to Void...do you really need more information?! You must send away for this right now, if not sooner. Okay, okay, if you must know more about this, there are a few photos of Void, a Void discography, an intro of how the author first heard about Void, and some examples of Void worship. Almost forgot, there's also a nice bit on the top ten records to blast while driving through a conservative small town (and not to worry, Void is on it). Remember, there will be a big Void in your life if you don't order this! Be nice and send a stamp while you're at it. (KC)
Earlham College, Drawer 1034 / 801 National Rd West / Richmond, IN 47374-4095

DEFCULT #4 / $2 Argentina, $3 world
8 x 11 - offset - 32 pgs - Spanish
This is the most likeable sXe zine I've ever read, probably because it has much more than just that one dimension. Funny, smart, politicized, and not annoying or militant about their outlook. Another notable feature is the substantial number of columnists—their anti-censorship goal is to have as diverse a forum as possible. Also has interviews with Catharsis, Sol Perpetuo and Decameron; music and zine reviews. Definitely check this one out. (NN)
PO Box 1424 / c1000wao / Buenos Aires / Argentina

DIMESTORE #4 / $1 or trade
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs
Disarm interview, reviews and a lot of personal writing about small town life, email obsession, girls, camping, and a tribute to a friend who recently died. Considering the editor is just out of high school, I was impressed by the maturity and sincerity this conveyed compared to similar zines. Definitely for fans of the personal type zine. (MD)
Pranay / 10 Yellow Flax / Littleton, CO 80127

DISASTER STRIKES #1 / free
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 40 pgs
In its intro, Disaster Strikes expresses its interest in "women's rights," heterosexism and homophobia, and "labor rights." All of the articles are extracted from previously written zines and text accompanying compilations like *Give Me Back*. I would much rather have read original writings by people regarding the subjects that the editor cares so much about, instead of just recycling text from other sources. Maybe some unique, less dogmatic insights would have been produced, instead of the simplified political catch phrases that seem to dictate a "correct" political analysis and response to people. Despite my problems with the zine, the article about Chiapas was interesting, though sorely lacking in critical discussion or recognition of the author's relationship to the people she was "helping" in Chiapas, in terms of race, ethnicity, class, and cultural imperialism practiced by leftists and activists. I also really enjoyed the article about women and sex work. (JL)
207 N Main St / Sharon, MA 02067

DJENNIRATE #3 / 2 stamps
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs
This is an interesting, more "mature" anarchist zine. There is decent (if short) criticism of D.A.N. tactics. There is touch of a perspective on fighting the cops on their terrain (and its foolishness) and a small bit of optimism. (AR)
PO Box 11142, Eugene, OR 97440

DUCKY #6 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 - copied - 40 pgs
In a style similar to a personal journal, *Ducky* consists of descriptions of various experiences with family, friends, how holidays were spent, complaints about the scene at work, and feminism. This zine has a sort of lighthearted tone to it and could be called mundane, but not really boring. *Ducky* is kind of unique in that it does not really fall into the approach typical of many "personal" style zines that I have reviewed where authors engage in "deep," "honest" emotional disclosure to readers. This zine tells stories very specific to the authors' lives, without making generalizations (political, emotional, physical, etc.) or simplifications regarding other people. There are also some noteworthy quotes, and reviews of shows, zines, and music. I can't say that *Ducky* was revelatory, but it was fun to read and respectworthy in its style. (JM)
PO Box 1582 / Piscataway, NJ 08855

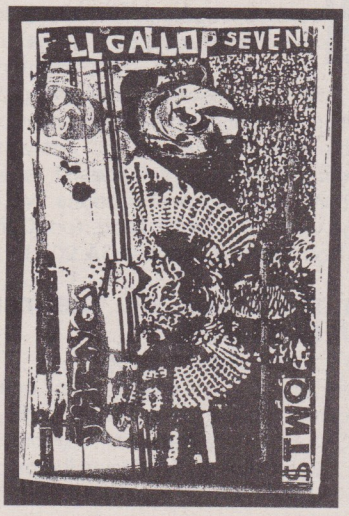
DURGA #3 / 55¢ or trade
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs
It's rare to find a zine focusing on sexism that doesn't seem like a sad reproduction of an early '90s riot girl zine. *Durga* definitely breaks away from that style and maybe loses just a little something because of it. The writing is intelligent and the author's ideas are well formed, but like

the zine itself, it lacks just a little bit of life. Somehow in her attempt to incorporate her own personal feelings into the zine she actually failed to inject it with any vibrancy. Aside from that rather mild criticism, some of the writing stands on it's own. There is an analysis of what she terms, "job culture" and the connection/ responsibility everyone shares in the coercion of labor by our consumption of commodities, an anti-pornography piece, and a sort of grocery list of her identity. The best writing, and what makes this zine relevant and worth buying, is the couple of pages she devotes to sexism within activist circles which could just as easily be applied to the scene, the workplace, or any other group setting. The point she really emphasized, and I feel is so important, is that it is time for men to stop looking to women to educate them on sexism. The article goes on to provide examples of behavior that is used to marginalize and silence women. I only wish that men would begin to write such articles. It's worth getting if only to read that one piece. (CR)
PO Box 5841 / Eugene, OR 97405

ELEMENT #13 / ?
5 1/2 x 5 1/2 - offset - 36 pgs
Christ almighty! I've never skated in my life, and after reading this I'm ready to grab a deck, crank up some Suicidal and hit the pools. Not only does this dense little cube of punk rock and skating have gobs to say, they're visually appealing without falling into the slick, glossy trap that fanzines like Thrasher did. Interviews with Kevin Seconds, the Swarm and Ed Templeton. An excellent effort recommended for those both new and veteran to the punk/skate scene. (RD)
23144 Cleveland / Dearborn, MI 48124

FAXMASTER 2000 / $1
4 1/4 x 5 1/2 - copied - 40 pgs
The ins and outs of an office job—in more detail than anyone could possibly want!! Seriously, the idea has potential (like the movies *Clockwatcher* and *Office Space*), but a lot of this is boring and there's just way too much information. I don't care if you eat Nile Spice soup cups for lunch every day. Then the editor does something that drives me crazy in zines—halfway through, they write "well, I'm halfway done, I hope I can finish this zine this week"—as in, "I have nothing of importance to write now, so I will waste paper." *Edit edit edit!!* Every word you write does not need to be printed! The other kind of weird thing was...last I knew, James Squeaky (the editor) was pissed at Srini of Unamerican Activities for (among other things) killing his kitten. Now, he's graciously accepting handouts from Srini when he can't afford to pay his rent. It seems a little...hypocritical. (MD)
PO Box 5964 / Portland, OR 97228-5964 / james@misterridiculous.com

FBI ZINE #3 / $1
8 1/2 x 10 1/2 - copied - 34 pgs
"Not-so-outrageous DEMANDS, conspiracies, good food, and revolution," the worthy FBI collective promises. Only it's ALL in capitals. And they deliver: human-sized, challenging idealism with harder politics thrown in, essay form. Think CrimethINC junior; methinks they grow on the same tree. Visually catchy, but the heart and soul goes into content. They want control, and who can blame them? (AC)
15 W Dayton Hill Rd / Wallingford, CT 06492



FOOD GEEK #3 / $1
4 x 5 1/2 - copied - 38 pgs
I predict years of fulfillment, culinary and otherwise, from this bouncy zine. It's recipe for success? Editor Carrie's profound, even frightening, passion for food. The more basic the food, the more, it seems, she gushes over its virtues. Rice, for instance, elicits lines of praise. More than simply being obsessed, Carrie also has a talent for attracting like minds, whose food-related stories and comics make this a great, funny—though short—read. (AC)
PO Box 481051 / Los Angeles, CA 90048 / asswhine@hotmail.com

FULL GALLOP #7 / $2
4 x 7 - copied - 92 pgs
I'll do my best to describe this zine, but it's not going to be easy. A good portion of it is near impossible to read, another third or so is just hard to understand and extremely obtuse comics, and what's left are stories, excerpts and, what appears to be notes the editor found laying around his house. Maybe my mind doesn't have the appreciation for art that it should, but this zine kind of seemed like a cacophony of words and images, of which I could make little sense. Sorry. (CR)
PO Box 582514 / Minneapolis, MN 55458

GAME OF THE ARSEHOLES #4 / 1 stamp?
Pretty intense early '80s inernational. hardcore devotion going on—GISM, Crow, Mob 47—you know the deal. Very well done; check it out if you long for the days of *Profane Existence* and Negative Approach. (RD)
9 Fenwick Rd / Whippany, NJ 07981

GO METRIC #12 / $2
7 x 8 1/2 - copied - 48 pgs
This was a pretty entertaining read. I think the highlight was the Russ Forster (8 Track Mind) interview. But the interview with Beatle Bob, a older man who goes to shows constantly, was a close second. It did have some old record reviews but otherwise is was enjoyable. (DS)
2609 L Village Court / Raleigh, NC 27607

HARBINGER #3 / free
11 1/2 x 17 - offset - 20 pgs
The antidote to purism in punk publications, *Harbinger* exemplifies the extreme quotability of all CrimethINC literature. The Cliffs Notes for a revolution? Part 72-A of

their manifesto contains the statement: "When you're young, and it feels like you're invincible, it's because you are. From this moment forth, no one shall ever die." Charismatic leaders, the contributors are. A Cult? I, for one, admire the collective's obvious reverence for the power of words, which occupy every centimeter that doesn't already house fantastic images. Rescued from boring hedonism by wit and analysis, this is worth it, for free, or shall I say, for freedom? (AC)
2695 Rangewood Dr / Atlanta, GA 30345

HOPE SPRINGS FROM SOMEWHERE #1 / $1?
5 1/2 x 8 - copied - 24 pgs
Hailing from Las Vegas, this rather brief, mostly hand written zine consists of descriptions of significant, warm and fuzzy moments of bonding with friends and loved ones, working at a coffee shop, the author's perspective on life, and an account of her experiences living with cancer and healing. Despite the title, this zine had a really heavy, ominous, sad tone to it, even the anecdotes that intended to be positive. Overall, this zine was interesting and worth reading. (JL)
PO Box 60242 / Las Vegas, NV 89160

KEEP THE FAITH #5 / ??
8 1/2 x 11 – offset – 36 pgs
Sheesh, I can't remember the last time I reviewed a zine where the writer(s) are so passionate about the scene—and due to the extensive knowledge of the hardcore scene exhibited here, you know they aren't some flash in the pan. Totally intense and incredibly well written for having English be the second language (hell, it'd be incredibly well written if English was their first language...). Intelligent and cogent interviews with Avail, Sick of it All, Haligua and many others. Hand numbered, too; how cool is that? Check it out or forever pose. (RD)
Benno-Benedicter Str. 31 / 86609 Donauwoerth / Germany

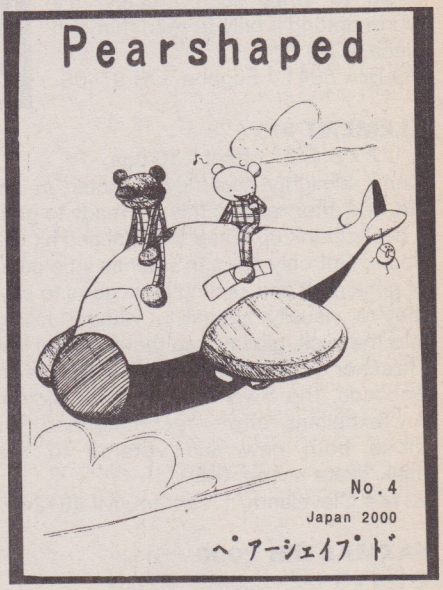
KING-KAT #57 / $2
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs
You know you love it. This one seems a little extra abstract and sad, but that may just be after I read the intro where he talks about his divorce. I'm not a comic buff, but I always enjoy this one. Be sure and write him a nice note when you order it. (GF)
Spit & A Half / PO Box 881 / Elgin, IL 60121

NO MAN IS A RIKER # 2.7 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 18 pgs
This zine is published by a group of friends in Orange County, apparently active locally in all sorts of punk activities. Officially the "anti-kid" issue, apparently they don't mean "anti-kid" in the sense they don't like 'em, but that they're hoping to offer alternative perspectives on childhood, parenting, and family planning (including abortion, adoption, and sterilization). A few other tidbits about Nazi skinheads, vegetarians, and the dreaded "horrorscopes." (Please, no more of these ever, anymore, in any zine, from now on.) Nothing groundbreaking, mostly sincere, and occasionally problematic—there is an analysis of racism and sexism that doesn't take into account uneven power relations. My copy came with an avocado seed, too. (MN)
PO Box 1273 / Cypress, CA 90630

ON THE BANK OF THE TUMID RIVER #2 / $3 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 – offset – 64 pgs
If this isn't the smudgiest, most beautiful art-damaged zine ever, I don't know what is. One of the darkest zines (layout-wise) I've come across—the design jumps out at you like a highly stylized No Idea ad. My hands have never been so dirty after reading anything, even an issue of the bible of punk rock you're holding in your hands this very minute. This issue, the "immortality issue," has interviews with Cave In, Elliot (the band, not the doofus), Agoraphobic Nosebleed and a few others. Intensely visually appealing; fans of both screamo and eye candy will be satisfied. (RD)
17 Sparkhill Ave / Toronto, ON / M4K 1G4 / Canada

OX #40 / $6
11 x 8 - offset - 156 pgs - German
This issue of this long running zine has loads of great interviews with such bands as Teen Idols, ZSK, Killrays, The Satelliters, Briegel and the Lombego Surfers. There are also plenty of interesting columns, lots of record reviews and loads of eye catching ads. Plus least not to forget, there are also some worthwhile articles including one on Chaos Days, The Simpsons, Nazis on the web and finally scene reports from Eastern Europe. *Ox*, always a staple of the German scene, plus it comes with a free CD featuring 21 bands. (HH)
PO Box 10 22 25 / 42766 Haan / Germany www.punkrawk.com

PEARSHAPED #4 / $1 or trade
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 44 pgs
I like the cross-continental thing happening here. It's two gals, one in the UK and one



in Japan, collaborating to bring you this swell zine. There's an interview with the Crabs about their Japanese tour, an article on the state of feminism in Japan, as well as a myriad of tales of experiences in Japan: drinking, a yeast infection (it's actually funny!), plus lots of other cute tidbits, very girl-positive, great writing, nice layout, it's two thumbs up. (MD)
Megan Dickens / 26 Third Ave / Oldfield Park / Avon / Bath UK BA2 3NY
Mia Ellis / Yamamura Haitsu 203 san-no-machi 8-24 / Tsuruoka, Yamagata / Japan

PROPER GANDER #21 /$?
11 3/4 x 14 - offset - 18 pgs
This is newspaper style publication. Lots of weird comics and 'art'. Also an Article

on police reaction at the conventions etc. This is a cool paper, although feels a little "college" to me. (GF)
PO Box 434 / San Marcos, TX 78667

PUNK FLYERS #12/ $2
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 18 pgs
This is an interesting creation. It is indeed 90% just a reprint of old punk flyers, it is printed on one side of each page (I assume so you can pull them out and hang them) and while I am reminded that the hey-day of flyer art is long since over, I am also reminded that most of these shows were pretty damn forgettable (GG Allin with Elvis Roy and the Dry Heaves?). The rest of this is just the author name dropping shows he's been too and rock he likes. (AR)
502 Minor Ave N #6 / Seattle WA 98109

RAW PUNK BASTARDS #3 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 - copied - 32 pgs
Decent hardcore zine of the 'wear lots of black and swill cider' variety. Features mail interviews with Sin Orden, Armistice, *Ripping Thrash* fanzine, *Rehash* fanzine (which you should most definitely try to score a copy of if you see it), BBP Tapes, and Polish by way of Chicago punkers Dzieci Czarnobyla. Most of the interviews are short and to the point and it's a quick read—making it perfect for when you're lounging on the toilet. (MT)
PO Box 197 / Steger, IL 60475

ROCKET QUEEN / $2?
7 x 8 1/2 - copied - 48 pgs
Like many books on the subject, this zine analyzes women's experiences of working in the sex industry, without coming to any real conclusions. There's the whole "it's easy money" argument, the "dancing can be empowering" discussion and "it's work just like yer office job" piece. I don't want to belittle this zine; the subject is interesting, if not groundbreaking. The parts that reach out the most to the reader are when the editor focuses more on her personal experiences—the skewed sense of economy it created for her by making huge amounts of money for work that is psychically damaging in some ways. The breakdown of the different men you encounter in strip clubs was pretty funny too, if not really surprising. From reading this, it seemed this zine has a strange tone of detachment that I can't really put my finger on—but, if it sounds interesting to you, check it out. (MD)
PO Box 64 / Asheville, NC 28802

THE ROMANCE OF REVOLUTION #3 / $2
4 1/4 x 5 1/2 - copied - 32 pgs
Excellent collection of writing here. Great

bits on self service technology, American eating habits and how they tend to be controlled by big 'ol corporate interests, the pitiful prisons we refer to as zoos, anarcho-syndicalism, education and self determination, and a few zine reviews to wrap it all up. I'm just giving you a quick run-down on what's covered...you really need to order this. *Now*, people! That means *today*! Spend a few minutes of quality time, sit down and write a real letter to Tommy—you know, communicate...and you will receive this incredible little zine. You won't be sorry. Well worth your two dollars. (KC)
PO Box 1244 / Denton, TX 76202 / Silver942@hotmail.com

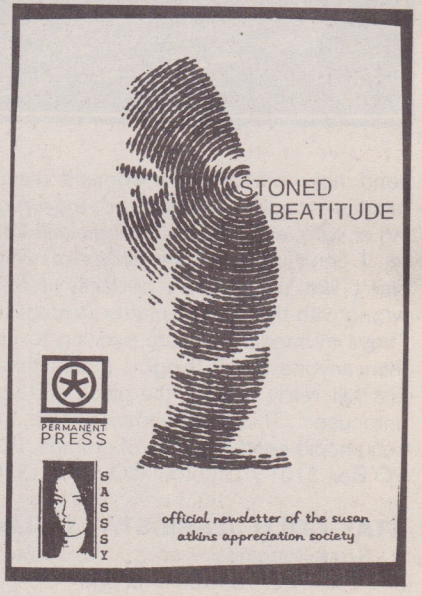
ROCK N ROLL PURGATORY #2 / $3
7 x 8 1/2 - copied - 50 pgs
This Ohio zine's second issue pays tribute to the marriage of rockabilly and punk, on their own and mixed up too. Mostly interviews fill this out: Heptanes, Hudson Falcons, Hayride to Hell, and more. An intelligent approach makes this a fine selection for psychos out there. (AC)
PO Box 3055 / Kent, OH 44240

SAFETY PINNED AND SICK #1 / $2
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 48 pgs
It's all music here, and the music is raw rocking punk. Interviews with One Man Army, SNFU, Blanks 77, Reatards and more. This guy is really into this stuff and it shows. A lot of his record reviews gush almost as hard as Bruce Roehrs! (GF)
Box 8033 RR2 Dunrobin, Ontario / K0A 1T0 Canada

SCANNER #8 / $2
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - offset - 76 pgs
This zine from England has a little too much Woody Allen in it for me but beside that it was a good zine. The standout is an interview with Don Fury, who was a New York scenester and is closely tied with the NYHC scene of the '80s. Also includes interviews with All, Avail, Annalise and more bands that don't start with the letter 'A'. Has music and zine reviews too. (DS)
6 Chatsworth Drive / Rushmere Park / Ipswich, Suffolk IP4 5XA / UK

SKYSCRAPER #8 / $4?
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 212 pgs
What can I say? This is a very straight forward music magazine. It's huge and filled with lots of slick indie rock advertising. The bulk of this is interviews—the Make Up, Royal Trux, Unwound, Modest Mouse, Nashville Pussy, Hot Snakes, just to name a few. The reviews cover music within the same wide spectrum. It's great on the music coverage. My only complaint is the lack of editorial commentary or writing left it a little too impersonal for my tastes. You might want to send more money to cover postage—the post paid price wasn't clear. (MD)
PO Box 4432 / Boulder, CO 80306 / skyscraperzine@hotmail.com

SLINGSHOT ORGANIZER 2001 / $5
4 x 5 - offset - 90 pgs
Like an old friend the yearly Slingshot organizer has returned for the seventh year in a row. Pocket sized, as usual, so you can keep track of all those important state smashing events and the phone



numbers of those dangerous bomb throwing anarchist friends of yours with ease. Also included are a menstrual calender, radical contacts from all over,vegetable planting guides, and how to legally say no to the cops. Seriously worth the cash, if for nothing else, because it keeps the *Slingshot* paper coming out and free for the kids. Support, support, support. (MT)
3124 Shattuck Ave /Berkeley, CA 94705

SO WHAT? #6 / free
4 1/4 x 5 1/2 - copied - 52 pgs
I really wanted to like this, as I have a huge soft spot in my heart for personal zines, but this just didn't do it for me. Topics covered in here include: personal obsessions/thoughts, riot grrl, revolution, crushes, the excitement of kissing a boy in a band, how to organize a woman's march, recipes for quick / cheap food, the wrecking of cars, and working in an animal shelter. I can't really put my finger on why I didn't like this...there's certainly nothing wrong with the subject matter (except the "boys in bands are more exciting to kiss than anyone else" thing). I guess that it just felt really all over the place and very unfocused. This is supposedly free, but you should send a couple of stamps. (KC)
PO Box 3101 / Littleton, CO 80161-3101

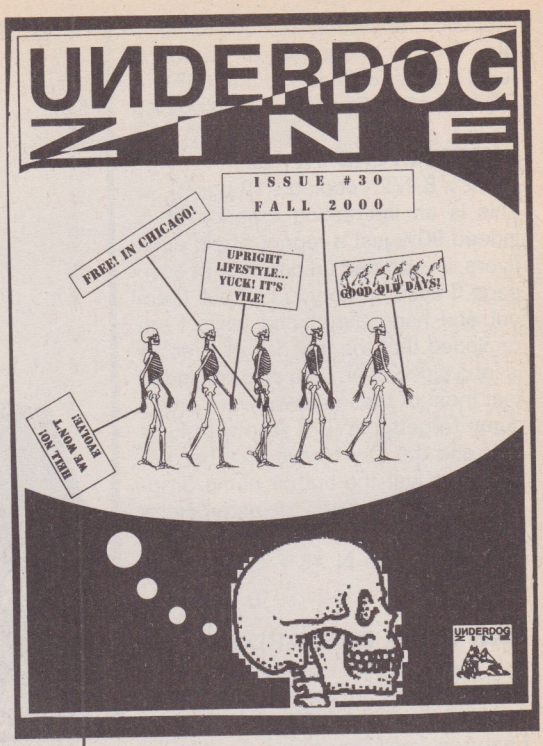
STAY GOLD JESSE STAY GOLD #
5 - $1 or 2 stamps
5 1/2 x 4 1/2 - copied – 32 pgs
Stay Gold is hand-written, hand-illustrated, and all pocket-sized goodness. At the juncture of the personal and the political, Jesse records here some engaging stories about protests, organizing, and social justice with conviction, compassion and humor. City permits, a parade, a friend's arrest, and a fascinating account of local radicalism and black upheaval in the pivotal year 1970 make this a must-have. (MN)
845 Missouri / Lawrence, KS 66044

STONED BEATITUDE #? / ?
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs
This is the official newsletter of the Susan Atkins appreciation society. Susan Atkins was a follower of Manson and participated in the Sharon Tate killing, I believe. This is an odd zine full of poetry, thoughts on fame and collage. Not a lot of facts or gruesome details. The editor requests you send things of interest or whatever you can afford for the zine. (DS)
2103 N Santa Rita #A / Tucson, AZ 85719

SUBSIDIZED MESS #3 / 1 stamp
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 4 pgs
Very Radio Riot-esque hardcore punk zine from the Jersey shore, filled with random thoughts, record reviews and short yet decent interview with Ernie from Life's Halt. Reading a zine like this makes me feel all warm and fuzzy towards hardcore. Short good and to the fucking point. Pick it up at the next show you see it at or send a stamp and a nice letter to... (MT)
70 Plum St #2 / New Brunswick, NJ 08901

3RD GENERATION NATION #20 / $5
11 x 8 - offset - 72 pgs - German
In my opinion still one of the best punk zines from Germany. In this issue there are interviews with Les Stitches, Mick Jones, Trashcan Darlings, Highschool Rockers, Nina Antonia, and the Zero Boys. There are lots of cool columns, with plenty of new record reviews. plus lots of great ads and photos. Always a fun read. (HH)
Muhlenfeld 59 / 45472 Mulheim / Germany / Realshock@aol.com

THIS SIDE UP #1 / $3(?)
8 1/4 x 11 3/4 - offset - 36 pgs
Ugggggghhhh!!! Why ME??! Glossy cover, shitty promo photos all over the review section, and interviews—er... fluff



pieces with such rock bands as The Get Up Kids, Madball, Shelter (what is this 1993?!), and Less Than Jake. Man, I hope the trees who lost their lives to make this zine come back and take these kids out in their sleep. A zine that reflects the total Warped tour punk world... and a total waste of my time. (MT)
PO Box 666 / Leicester, Leics LE2 7XH/ UK

TOO MUCH INFORMATION #3 / $2
4 1/4 x 5 1/2 - copied - 40 pgs
Tales on the woes of working in a hotel, personal stories, a short piece on pro-life vs. pro-choice, why *Seventeen* magazine can be irritating and a humorous sketch on tourists and their belly bags. Overall, I wasn't too excited by this. (KC)
Box 915 / Hyannis, MA 02601 / Critter@aol.com

THE TROUBLE WITH NORMAL #48 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 56 pgs
Wow, I can't believe that this zine has been around for eight years. It's pretty incredible that someone would have the dedication to, almost single-handedly, put out 48 issues. And I guess it's a pretty sad reflection on my attention to zines that this is the first one I can remember seeing. Most of this issue consists of show reviews, interviews, and reviews, and, although the editor claims that politics play a pretty important in the zine, I didn't find much. What I did find were interviews with Bratmobile and Dos, more show reviews then I care to mention, and a review of sorts of Ladyfest. A decent zine if not the

most eye catching. (CR)
PO Box 329 / Columbia, MO 65205- 0329

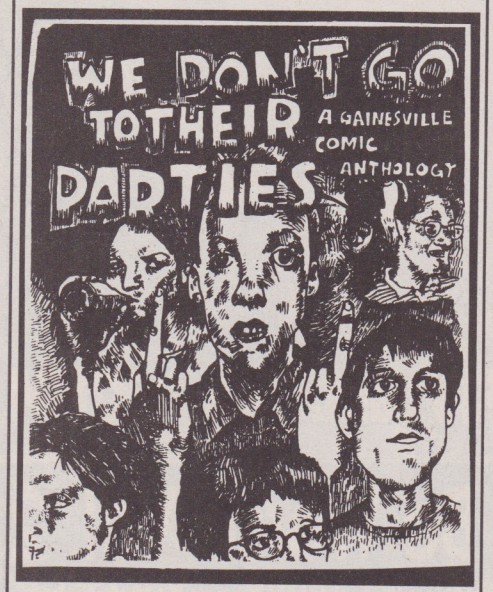
UNAFFILIATED #1 / $2
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 24 pgs
This is a one woman effort at a more literate, activist-focused zine with more than a little help from some friends. This has a lot more writing than you would expect from a 24 page zine (with advertising) which pleased me. Jennie and her friends discuss Neo-Liberal Capitalism, third party candidates for POTUS, and there is quite a lengthy (and good) narrative on the Republican National Convention (unfortunately titled "My attempt at free speech"). This will become more interesting over time. (AR)
720 City Park A116, Fort Collins CO 80521

UNDERDOG ZINE #30 / free
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 48 pgs
I find it pretty amazing that this zine (self-described) is the "longest running regularly published, collectively run DIY zine" in its Chicago home. *Underdog* includes contributions from "regulars" in addition to "Features," including a story about kicking the smoking habit, sunbathing, an account of the protests at the Republican National Convention in Philadelphia, miseducation, and other anecdotes that failed to make a lot of sense to me. I appreciate its longevity and some of the interesting subjects that were not typically covered in the zine genre, and it must have a pretty loyal, probably local following, but, overall, *Underdog* didn't grab me. (JL)
1513 N Western Ave / Chicago, IL 60622

UNDER THE VOLCANO #58 / $2.95
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 64 pgs
This long time music mag is great if you are looking for reviews or interviews. This time around it's AFI, The Queers, The Casualities, and The Vandals. Pretty typical in most respects, but top quality. (GF)
PO Box 236 / Nesconset, NY 11767

WE DON'T GO TO THEIR PARTIES
#1 / $1 plus 2 stamps
7 x 8 1/2 - copied - 40 pgs
A comic anthology devoted to life in Gainesville, Florida. This rocks!!! Even if you've never been to Gainesville, you will be able to relate to the tales that fill these pages. Great art, nice layout, this is a must-have for everyone. There's a biking tour of the town, mullets, human garbage, postcards from California (tongue in cheek, that is...), fucking, listening to the radio, drinking escapades...I don't want to give everything away here! Be adventurous...order this. (KC)
PO Box 13077 / Gainesville, FL 32604-1077

WAR STORIES #5 / $2
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 28 pgs
I read this thing all the way through on the off-chance that there was some really rad artsy value to it that my undereducated little mind wasn't getting. Turns out that there's not. It's just a dumb collection of comics that consist of badly drawn people, cats, and baseball players. Oh and in case you get any funny idea's about swiping some of these terrific drawings, your out of luck, War Stories is copyright protected. No poignancy, no humor, no point, no fucking way. (CR)
327 Bedford Ave #A2 / Brooklyn, NY 11211



ZOOP! #14 / 10 ff
6 x 8 1/4 - copied - 48 pgs - French
Zoop lives up both to the fine Euro-zine tradition of cramming as much info into as small a space as possible, and to its self-descriptive front-cover phrase, "Fanzine informatif et musical." The layout is like cut-and-paste, but with a computer—hence, it's not one of *Zoop*'s finer qualities. But who cares, really...this is still eye-catching because its contents attract: comics, "humeurs et opinions," good book reviews, plus the usual. (AC)
43, Rue Mal Fech / 01000 Bourgon / Bresse / France

more listings

ANTIMIDIA #1 / postage
Interviews with Olho Seco and Russian School of Ballet; columns; music reviews. See review of #3 for more info.
Caixa Postal 205 / Sao Paulo - SP / Cep01059970 / Brasil / antimidia@hotmail.com

ANTIMIDIA #2 / postage
Interviews with Ulster (in great detail!) and Deserdados; local punk news, music reviews, and columns. I apologize for the delay in listing issues #1 and #2.
Caixa Postal 205 / Sao Paulo - SP / Cep01059970 / Brasil / antimidia@hotmail.com

UPRISING #9 / $1 or 3 stamps
Punk newsprint zine with interviews, columns and reviews (shows and music). Blah.
PO Box 2251 / Monroe, MI 48161

DAMP LAUNDRY #2&3 / $1 or stamps or trade
Simply drawn but intriguing comics with interesting stories about growing up, being Italian, college, and relationships.
D.V. / 30 Third Ave #909 / Brooklyn, NY 11217

PARADISE NOISE #6 / $2 ppd or trade
Not to badmouth this guy – he seems nice, and passionate about his bag (noisecore and grind), but he does write in horribly broken English, and he does go by the name "Filthy Dave". Interviews with Driller Killer, Piss Christ, Effigy and many others.
La Grande Bastide / Route de Pertuis / 84460 Cheval Blance / France

SPARE CHANGE #7 / $2 ppd
Cockroach pets and some badly drawn cartoons.
PO Box 6023 / Chattanooga, TN 37401

VILE TOOTHBRUSH #1 / stamps
Interviews with Dysmenorrheic Hemorrhage, Country Death Jamboree, JJD, reviews and an article on a disabilities fetishist.
PO Box 131904 / Houston, TX 77219 / Lordvacuum@hotmai.com

VERBICIDE #2 / $1
Local veggie restaurants, Trustfall and Skyward interviews, a short piece of fiction.
J.T. Ellis / 144 Towne House Rd / Hamden, CT 06514
jtellis@mchammer.org

UNITY SUCKS #4 / free
This glossy Dutch newsletter has interviews with Pro-Pain and Breakdown, plus record reviews.
Puostbus 426G / 5604 EG Eindhoven / Netherlands

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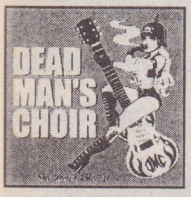

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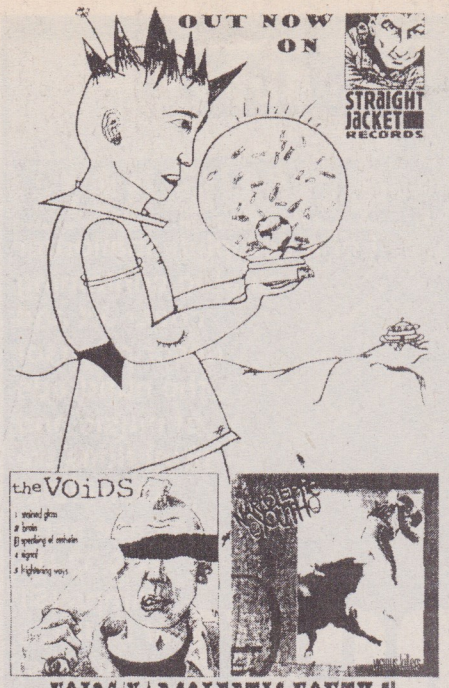

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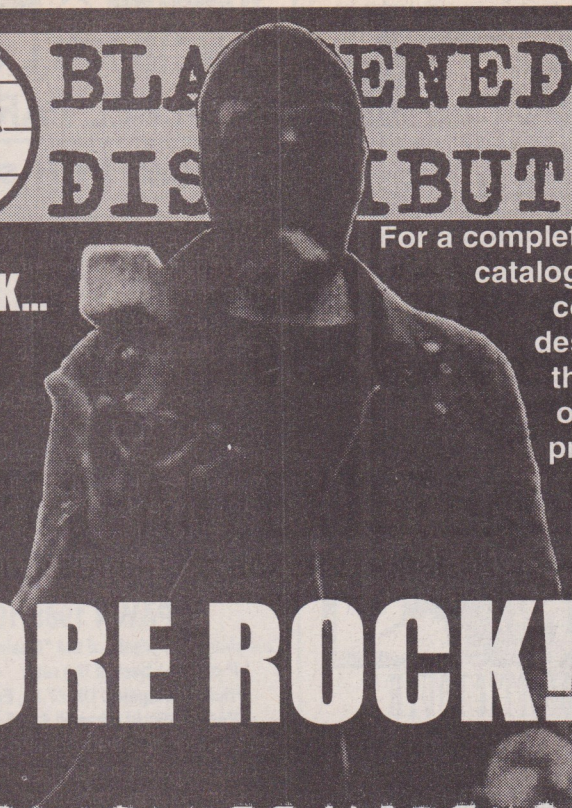

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Our stock on zines is now so good that we can run the grab bag in our ads so don't delay!

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Below is a tiny sampling of records we carry.

CODE 13-Complete Discography 1994-2000 CD....$10.00
ATOM AND HIS PACKAGE-BEHOLD, I Shall Do A New Thing 7" EP....$3.00
OPERATION IVY-Plea For Peace 7" EP....$5.00
OPERATION IVY-Live at Gilman 7" EP....$5.00
MURDER JUNKIES-THE Right to Remain Violent 7" EP....$3.00
YUM YUM TREE-Riot Up Your Ass 7" EP....$3.00
OPERATION: CLIFF CLAVIN-When Everythings Been Said Double CD....$9.50
SCREECHING WEASEL-Jesus Hates You 7" Picture Disc....$5.50
AUS-ROTTEN-The System Works...For Them LP....$9.50
ECONOCHRIST-S/T Double CD....$11.00
SEA MONKEYS-Secret Sign CD....$9.00
BIKINI KILL-New Radio and Rebel Girl B/W Demirep 7"....$4.00
BIKINI KILL-I Like Fucking I Hate Danger 7"....$4.00
SEX PISTOLS/THE UGLY-Split 7"....$4.50
SEX PISTOLS/THE CURSE-Split 7"....$4.50
SEX PISTOLS/SOFISTICATOS-Split 7"....$4.50
SEA MONKEYS-Live in Ape City picture disc 7" EP....$5.00
DEFIANCE-No Time 7"EP....$4.50
V/A-Blleeeeaaauuurrrrgghhh! A Music War 7" Compilation....$4.00
ASSUCK-Blindspot 7" EP....$4.00
PRINCESSED-Ripping Your Heart Out 7"....$3.50
INFEST-Slave LP....$9.00
ATOM AND HIS PACKAGE-Making Love CD....$10.50
BORN AGAINST-NINE Patriotic Hymns for Children + Battle Hymns CD....$10.50
I FARM-So My Kids Won't Have To CD....$10.00
BIKINI KILL-The Anti-Pleasure Dissertation 7" EP....$4.00
CODE 13-They Made a Wasteland and Called it Peace 7" EP....$3.50
LOS CRUDOS/SPITBOY-VIVIENDO ASPERAMENTE/ Roughly Living split LP....$7.50
ANTI-FLAG-DIE For The Government CD....$12.50
JAWBREAKER-Bivouac CD....$13.00
ANTISCHISM-Still Life CD....$10.50
SPAZZ-La Revancha CD....$10.50
YUM YUM TREE-Glittering Prizes and Endless Compromises CD....$8.00
ANTI-FLAG-Their System Doesn't Work For You CD....$11.00
MELVINS-With Yo' Heart and Not Yo' Hands B/W 4 Letter Woman + Anal Satan 7"....$4.00
NOFX-The PMRC Can Suck On This Song 7" EP....$5.00
MAN IS THE BASTARD/SINKING BODY-Protein split 7"....$3.50

All prices are postpaid. Make all checks(US orders only) or money orders out to Vital Music Mailorder or be a punk and send cash(well concealed). All orders sent 1st class or surface mail except one LP goes 4th class. For airmail to Canada add 1.00 per item or 2.00 per item for overseas airmail.

Visit our website at www.vitalmusic.net to select from our catalog of over 6000 items.

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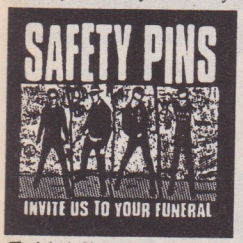
DEAD BEAT RECORDS

The Numbers- Music Design 10"

-What happens when the kids grow up you ask? The boards are a memory, the bars are a reality, and the Numbers release one of the most important records to come out of So. Cal. in a long long time. Here they are, Sunset Beaches newest (s)hit makers spewing forth a lethal dose of sonic, ear damaging shrapnel. Through brutally real vocals and frantic, reckless guitar solos, the Numbers attack back with 6 shit hot blasts that have already left Orange County shell shocked!! Are you prepared to be the next victim? Neither were we!!

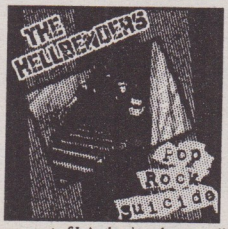
Hellbenders/Safety Pins- split LP/CD

-First up are the Hellbenders, demolishing nearly every pussy ass rock n roll band out there today. This is the band that everyone will be saying 'Where Was I When They Were Around?' Well here they are motherfuckers!! 5 tunes of bloody guitar pic, angst ridden Rock n Roll. Next up are those reckless degenerates the Safety Pins. They're back to invoke sonic subterfuge on the underworld screaming through 5 GG, LEWD, Dwarves style slashers. With a new second guitar player who only fuels this sick fucked up band, the Safety Pins maim you with every GODDAMN NOTE!!



Safety Pins- Invite Us To Your Funeral LP/CD

-The I don't Give A Fuck-ometer is totally in the red on this one!! After 2 completely smoking albums on Munster Records, these Spanish punks move over to Dead Beat for their debut American release. The Safety Pins are pure pissed off rage in songs like 'Suburban Twat', 'Plastic Punks' and 'Invite Us To Your Funeral!'. These guys bring a genuine sense of sheer anger and discontent reminiscent in early Jabbers era GG Allin. 13 songs on the cutting board floor including a cover by one of San Francisco's most hated bands... The Fuck Ups!!



The Hellbenders- Pop Rock Suicide LP/CD

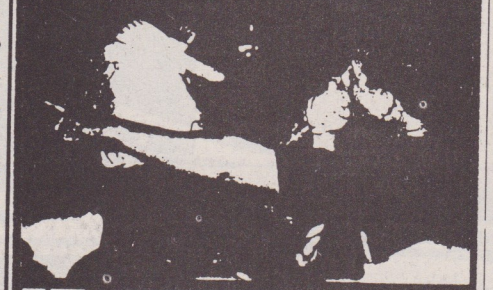
-Every few years a bands will come out of LA, that just destroys all the bands in its path. Lotta bands playing out here, but very few grab ya by the throat. Well here they are...The fuckin' Hellbenders. They just play their meaty as fuck blood, sweat and broken guitars strings Rock N Roll. The dual guitars rip through the top on this one with the 2 guitar players completely feeding off of each other. 200% energy all the way right down to the seering Menace cover. Better act quick, 500 collector scum red wax almost gone!!

	USA	Canada	World
LP/10"	$7	$8	$9
CD	$10	$11	$12

Dead Beat Records
PO Box 283
Los Angeles, CA 90078
www.dead-beat-records.com

Stores Contact: Revolver, Get Hip, Revelation, Sound of CA, Green Hell (Germany) and Disgruntled

DRAW BLANK RECORDS



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1991 KXLU RADIOSHOW 12"
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TURKEY BASTER RECORDS

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Chumps "Sleazy" 7'

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Trades are Great! Make money out to R. Magee

PO BOX 222059 Dallas Texas 75222 USA
Hijacker@Aol.com

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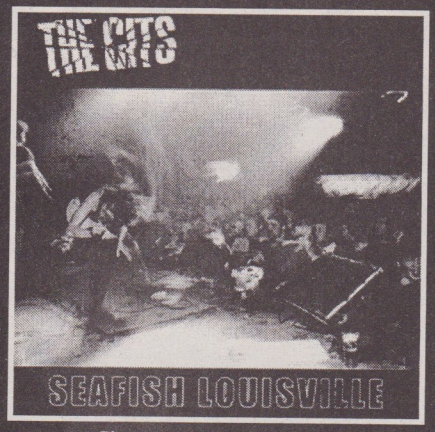
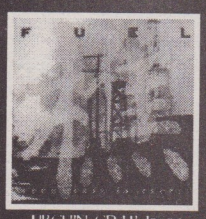


The Gits CD/180gram LP
Unreleased studio & live tracks

Registrators - Imagination World & 1 2 new songs, 7" vinyl only



VIRGIN CD EP Japan

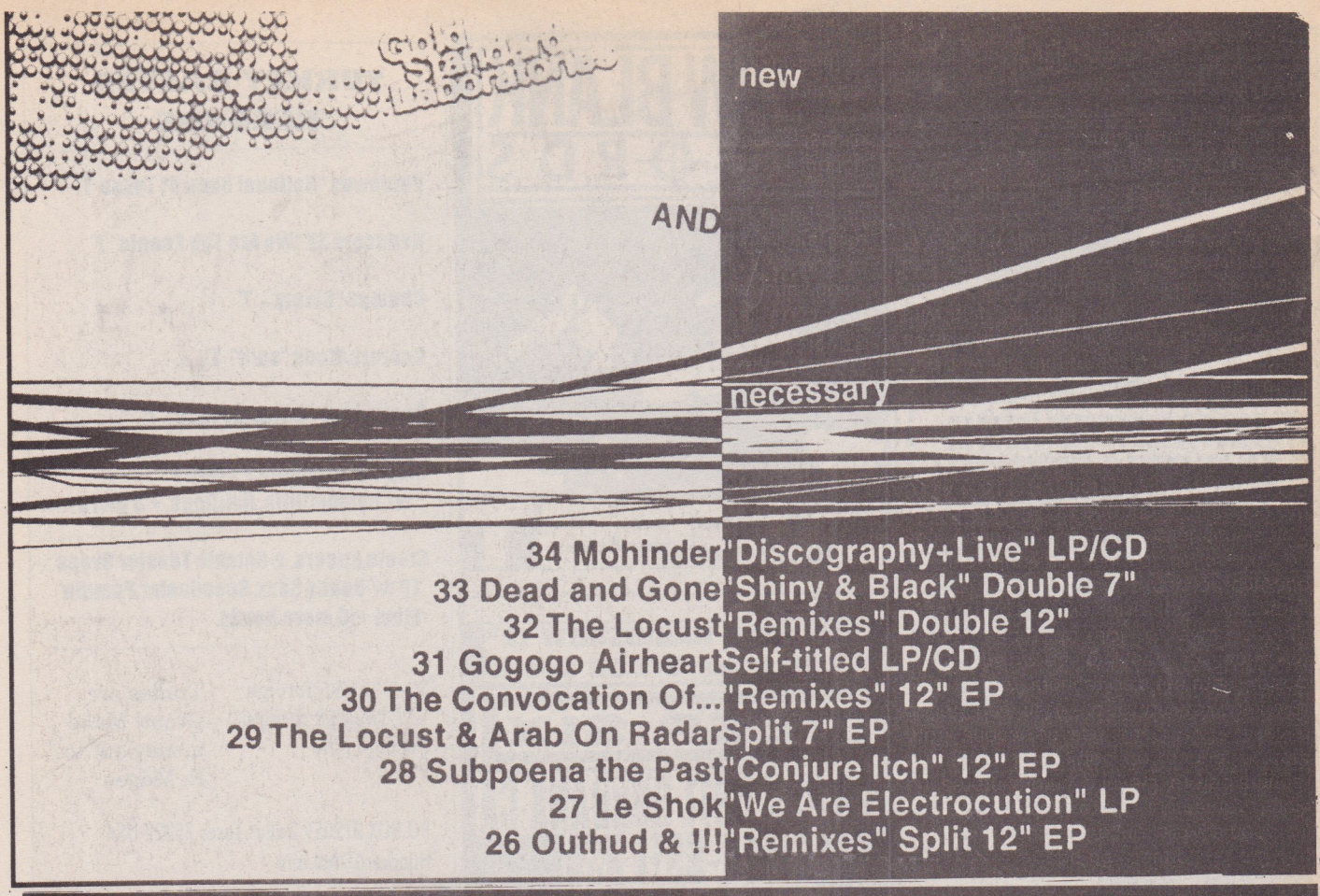
APPLE CD EP live 1987

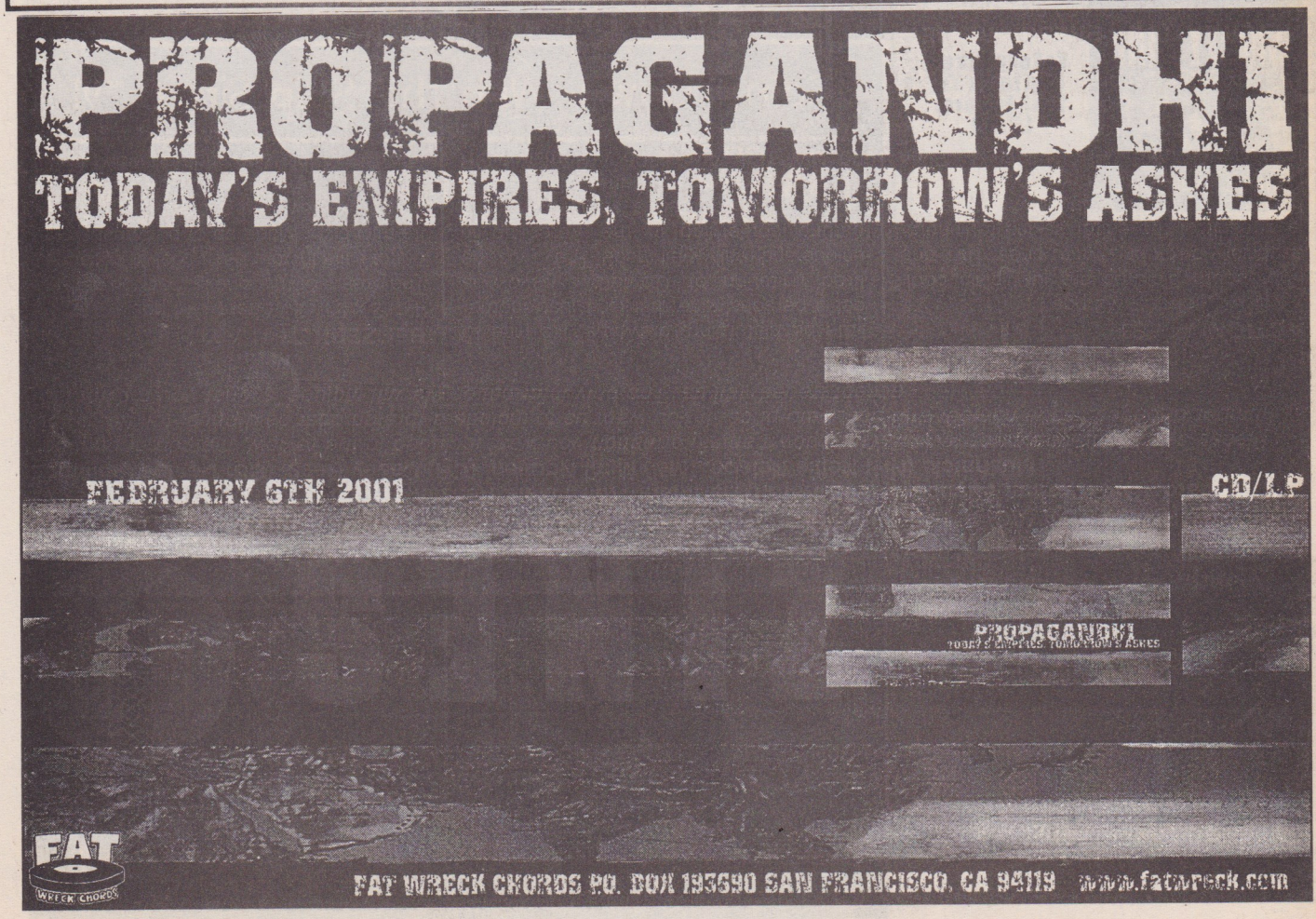
St Bushmills Choir CDEP

ASTRID OTO 7"

COOPERATIVE 7"

CD$10. CDEP $6. GITS lp$10. other lps $8. 7" $3.50 or (2) 7" for $6.00
pob 460402, sf ca 94146 - 0402 USA or www.brokenrecords.com


Global Satellite Laboratories
new
AND
necessary
34 Mohinder "Discography+Live" LP/CD
33 Dead and Gone "Shiny & Black" Double 7"
32 The Locust "Remixes" Double 12"
31 Gogogo Airheart Self-titled LP/CD
30 The Convocation Of... "Remixes" 12" EP
29 The Locust & Arab On Radar Split 7" EP
28 Subpoena the Past "Conjure Itch" 12" EP
27 Le Shok "We Are Electrocution" LP
26 Outhud & !!! "Remixes" Split 12" EP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CLASSIFIEDS

Attention Classifieds Readers: When responding to these ads remember that the world of MRR readers is not a punk rock utopia where everyone is looking out for everyone else and we're all cool... Be careful what you tell people and be careful who you send money to. There are people out there in punkland who will try to rip you off, exploit you or manipulate you. Really, it's true.

CRUSTY RECORDS is currently accepting submissions for our next compilation. Only punk rawkers need apply. Crusty comp Vol. 1 & 2 still available. $7.00 each. Deadline September 15th, 2000. Crusty Records, PO Box 59, 895 Commercial Dr., Vancouver BC, V5N 4A6, Canada.

CHICK MAGNETS first full length entitled "Low Budget Superheroes" available now. Only $10.00 ppd. Best described as if Buddy Holly sang for the Ramones, they'd be called the Chick Magnets. Crusty Records, PO Box 59, 1895 Commercial Drive, Vancouver BC, V5N 4A6, Canada.

VIDEOS - PAL (UK etc) & NTSC (USA etc). Trade/sale. Thousands of shows/promos/tv clips. Stuff like Propagandhi, Business, GISM, Specials, Zounds, Exploited, Poison Idea, DK's, Blitz, Queers, Conflict, Rancid, GG, Dickies, Descendents, Operation Ivy, Disorder, Ruts, Misfits, Subhumans, Dwarves, Leatherface, Turbonegro. SAE (UK), 2IRC's (overseas) or decent trades list : Dave, 50a Great King St., Edinburgh, Scotland. E-mail: gingoblin@easynet.co.uk

STAY ALL OVER THE WORLD FOR FREE. The World for Free was started by a touring band to help with accommodations in people's houses. Since then it's grown to over 250 members. You don't have to be in a band! If you like people more than hotels, find out about THE WORLD FOR FREE. For information write to: THE WORLD FOR FREE, PO Box 137-M, Prince Street Station, New York NY 10012, USA. Email: info@worldforfree.com or via the web:http://www.worldforfree.com

FOR SALE / TRADE. Rare punk rock vinyl and more. Few hundred titles available. www.coldsweat.8k.com

FREE 3-SONG CASSETTE #6 from Skidd Freeman, The Master of Chaos. Send request to Skidd Freeman, P.O. Box 4281, East Lansing, MI 48826. Or email: skiddfreeman@webtv.net (one per household please)

FREE CABLE PUNKS! Laid off punk cable worker tells all! Build your own descrambler with just 7 parts you can buy at Radio Shack. Easy 7 step instructions anyone can do. Fast service, will receive in two weeks guaranteed! Send $10.00 well concealed cash or make M.O. Payable to Christian Aliperti. c/o Ed Duckfield P.O. Box 157 West Sayville N.Y. 11796 DIY Punks!

FREE HBO, PLAYBOY, Showtime.. build your own descrambler with just 7 parts you can buy at Radio Shack. Simple seven step instructions anyone can do! Fastest service, you will receive in two weeks guaranteed! Send ten bucks well concealed cash or make M.O. payable to Christian Aliperti. c/o Ed Duckfield P.O. Box 157, West Sayville N.Y. 11796 D.I.Y. Punks!

THE LOCUST TREE ZINE distribution is looking for more zines to add to our mail order. Zinesters send samples and get in touch. Everyone: write for free updated catalog. PO Box 892554, Temecula, CA 92589.

CONTENTS UNDER PRESSURE 7" punk rawk compilation featuring The Piss Shivers, The Fux, Just a Product & Syphilitics. Only $1.00! Send to: Spine Punch Distro, PO Box 163, Barto, PA 19504.

THE LAST TRAIN TO BECHTELSVILLE 7" punk rawk compilation featuring: The Piss Shivers, The Snuffits, Looking for Elliot, & Stoopid Humor. Only $1.00! Send to: Spine Punch Distro, PO Box 163, Barto, PA 19504.

WANTS PUNK X HARDCORE RECORDS please your list to misfits@gmx.de or to Alex Herrmann Gelsenkircher Str. 27 13583 Berlin 030 / 3781631 Germany

WANTED: DR. KNOW Best Of and Plug in Jesus 12 inches. A.M.Q.A. -Cats are neat. WIll trade or buy, my list is posted at - www.geocities.com/preposterousrecords/vinyl.html. Email - leglesseye@hotmail.com.

MAXIMUM ROCK'N'ROLL BACK ISSUES NEEDED: #0-2, 8, 9 12, 13, 15, 29, 30, 42, 43, 45, 46. 49, 49.5, 69, 71, 73, 79, 79.5, 127, 129, 137, 141, 151 pt. 1. I need these issues in mint / near mint condition! I don't need any issues all fucked up from cutting out pages, spilling, writing, tearing, folding, shit all over them. I understand that the zines turn yellow with age, that's simply part of the zines. Top price paid. State description of condition, with quoting price. Kristopher Jolly/ 3114 School St. / Des Moines, Iowa / 50311

ATTENTION LADIES: If you've been looking for a true OUTLAW, look no further. 6' tall, 185 lbs., brown hair / brown eyes. Looking to correspond with a woman who isn't afraid of a little danger in her life! Edward Striley #32334, P.O. Box 1989, Ely, NV 89301

ATTENTION, INCARCERATED ASSHOLE WANTS YOU! I'm looking for a long term pen pal to correspond with. I'm a 20 year old stud, 5'11", 160 lbs, blonde, blue. So drop me a line!!! Jake Armstrong #49530 P.O. Box 1989 Ely, Nevada 89301

S.W.M. 43 MUSCULAR 5'7' 160 lbs, brown hair / eyes into 70s Rock & Roll, seeking friendship and more. Loyal, devoted, good heart, sense of humor, no games; life's too short. Any age. John Auer #42105 P.O. Box 1989 Ely, NV 89301

LOOKING FOR SOME MAIL. Locked up and forgot about. I am a big Metallica fan. I'm 33, 6', 220 lbs, blue eyes, long brown hair, tattooed. Looking to correspond with ladies 21 and older. Scott M. Sieber P.O. Box 1989-49202, Ely, NV 89301

ARE YOU HUNGRY FOR HARDCORE PUNK OR OI? Check Generator: rare items, cd's, limited editions, vinyl's, bootlegs, fanzines, demos, t-shirts... Hundreds of bands (RDP, What Happens Next?, Rain On the Parade, Congress...) from all over the world. (USA, Spain, Japan, UK, Germany, Belgium, Brazil, Australia..) Comments on all records. Good prices, the best postage rates, 24 hours or less service. Check everything at http://come.to/generator (Spanish / English versions).

20 YR OLD F. LOOKING FOR CORRESPONDENCE. Into old school punk, sarcasm, and humorous storytelling. L. Cantner 2076 W. Division Rd, Jasper, IN 47546

HEY PEOPLE FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD! I'm (24) looking for you to correspond with me I'd like to interchange me with you of ideas, music, the Punkrock-scene in your country and so on... I'm very interested in foreign bands where ever they come from. And of course, I'm able to record for you much German or European music. So please write to Andreas Rommel, Hedanstraße 4, 97084 Würzburg, Germany.

CAUSTIC TRUTHS! Is looking for scene writers, columnists, and cd reviewers for our punk rag. If you got what it takes, get in touch. We pay! Caustic Truths, POB 92548, 152 Carlton St., Toronto, ONT M5A 2K0, Canada, caustic@interlog.com.

MY AREA CODE IS 410 (noise band) cassettes can now be purchased at a new location for $3 ppd a pop: Twang and Bang Records 1003 Misty Lynn Circle Apt. G Cockeysville, MD 21030. Make checks out to Paul Timer. We still miss ya Ian.

THE EXPERIMENTAL FILM "Exit" by Paul Timer as reviewed in MRR #210 can now be purchased for $10 ppd. Make checks out to Paul Timer. Send your hard earned hard earned cash to: Paul Timer Films 1003 Misty Lynn Circle Apt. G Cockeysville, MD 21030. Or if you wanna trade films send me your tape and I'll send ya mine

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IT'S BAAAAACCKK...

BOOK YOUR OWN FUCKING LIFE!!!

DO-IT YOURSELF PUNK/HARDCORE RESOURCE MAGAZINE NO. 9, 2001

For eight years MRR has joined forces with various collectives and put together a resource magazine which many of you have sent in listings for, and many of you have utilized in booking tours, putting together compilations, traveling around the world, or just using to keep in touch.

We will be compiling the resources geographically, trying to give as complete a listing of punk/hardcore DIY and related activities as possible. The thoroughness of this project will depend on the response we get from people involved with different projects. Listings in this magazine will be free of charge; all you have to do is get on the web or send in a note with the information requested below. Please, if you're sending in listings of many types, break them down by the categories listed below so the typists won't go crazy trying to sift through a mountain of info, and keep the statements or descriptions concise!! If at all possible, please use BYOFL's web page to submit your listing (remember some libraries and computer stores have net-connected computers).

In an effort not to include too many abandoned listings from the web site database in the print guide (we can't tell any better than you which listings are dead), all listings in the database dated previous to May 1, 2000 will not be included. If you have access to the web, please read the instructions on the BYOFL web site to insure that your listing is accurate and will be printed in issue #9. If you don't have access to the web, then submit your listing as you always have by snail mail.

LISTINGS

BANDS: Name/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Brief Description (40 words or less please!)
DISTRIBUTORS: Name/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Specialty (vinyl, cassettes, CDs, zines, etc.)/Area of Coverage (mailorder, wholesale, gigs, etc.)
LABELS: Name/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Brief Description (40 words or less please!)
PROMOTERS/VENUES: Name/(Mailing) Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Hall Capacity/Lodging or Food Provided?/Working Terms (guarantee, percentage, etc.)
RADIO STATIONS: Station Name/Band Frequency/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Contact Person/Punk-HC Shows and Times
RECORD STORES/BOOKSTORES: Name/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Specialties
ZINES: Name/Address/Telephone No./Email Address/Web URL/Postage Paid Price/Frequency/Size/Description (40 words or less please!)
MISCELLANEOUS: We also ask people to send in tips on hangouts, cheap places to eat, free clinics, bulletin boards, crash pads, etc. These listings could be especially helpful for touring bands.

ADS

Display ads will be sold to help pay for this project (only for the print edition, not the web version). However, to make this resource issue as fair as possible there will be only one size. We are doing this to make ads just as accessible to the small 20 page fanzines as the big record conglomerates! The ad size available is 3 3/4" across by 2" down or 95mm x 51mm (basically, a slightly elongated business card size). The cost for ads is $25 which will help keep the cover price as low as possible. Please, only one ad per label, zine, promoter, etc.

DEADLINE: FEB 1, 2001 - DUE OUT: APRIL 1, 2001

SUBMIT!

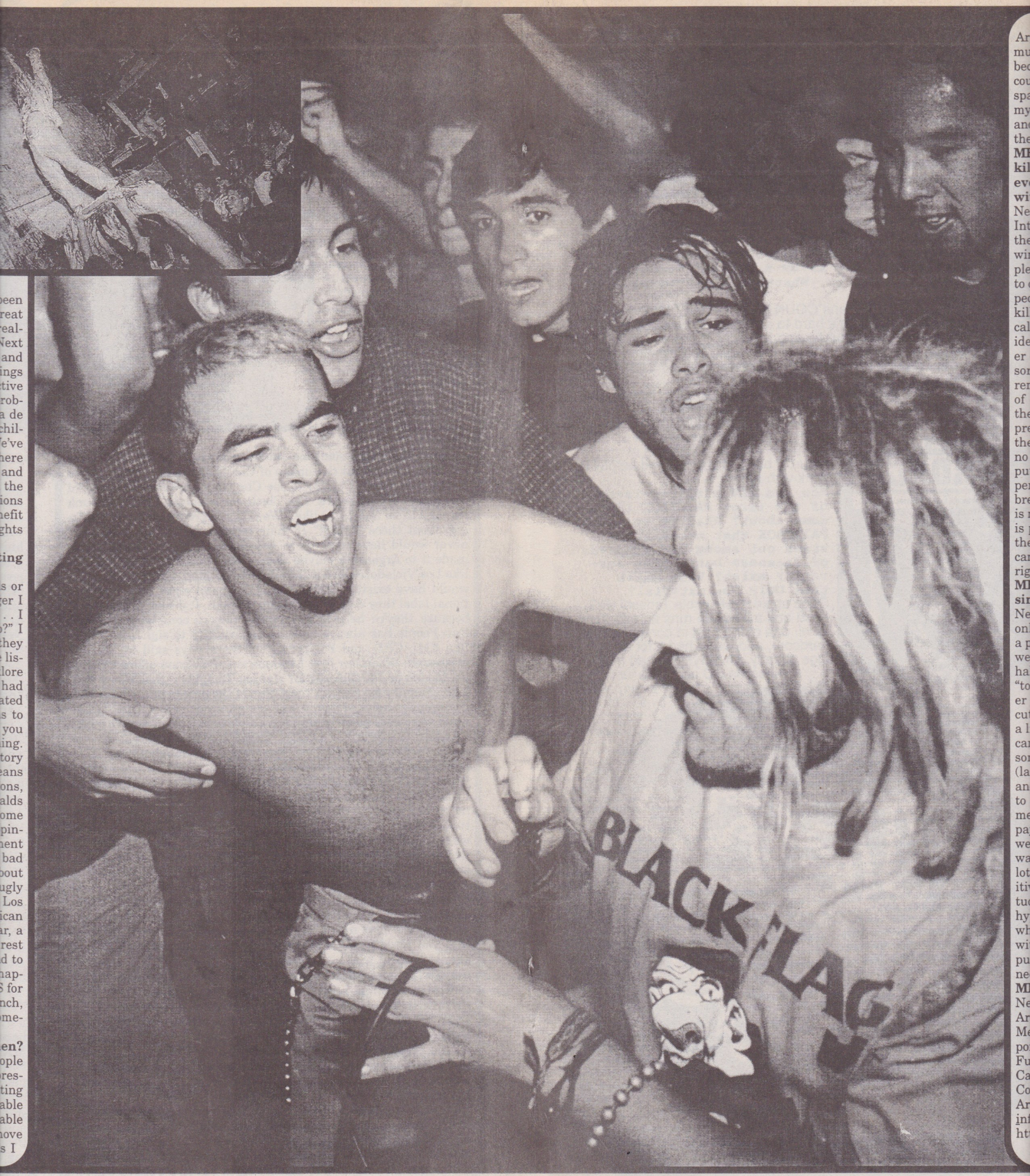
Mail Submissions:
Amoeba Collective
438 Donohoe St. #3
East Palo Alto, CA 94303

Web Submissions:
http://www.byofl.org
(preferred method)

Send Ads to:
Maximum Rocknroll
PO Box 460760
San Francisco, CA
94176

TOP TEN TIPS FOR SENDING IN LISTINGS!!! <----- READ THIS

1) Use the web submission page if at all possible! This will decrease the chance of inaccuracies or your listing getting lost in the mail.
2) If you submitted a listing last year and have access to the web, check your listing for accuracy and that it,s dated later than May 1, 2000.
4) Be brief! We,re not editors. If you snail mail them, send them in nice and typed or neatly printed.
5) Submit them early. Like now! If you go over to the web site it,ll only take you a couple of minutes and you won,t have to hunt for a stamp.
6) Don,t use all uppercase (or all lowercase) letters. It makes it really hard to figure out what is part of a name and what is just a descriptive word (and if you submit it through the web site, we,ll have to retype it). And punctuation is good.
7) We don,t need the address and phone number of every member of your band. Pick one!
8) Don,t send in 18 listings for all the semi-existent bands you,re in-just for the ones that are really active!
9) Maybe take responsibility for getting your whole scene,s listings done, but....
10) Check with people before submitting their info for them. Hassle your friends to get their listings in too (the Internet is your friend).


BLACK FLAG